June 3, 1939

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

LAWSON WOOD

War, Now or Never By Winston Churchill

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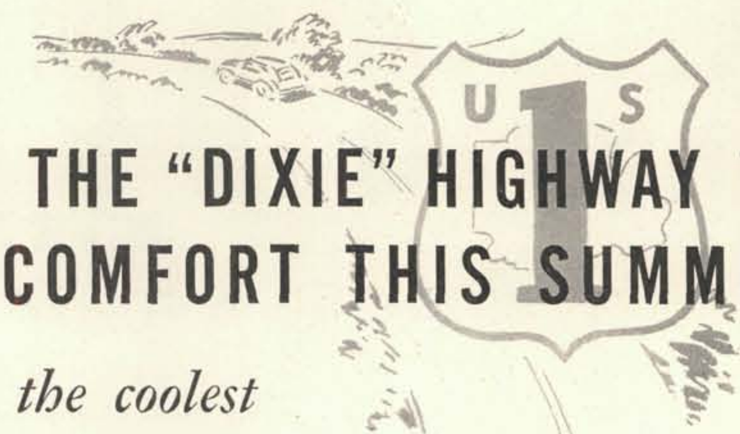
June 3-1939

NO MORE

OF THIS!



TRAVEL THE "DIXIE" HIGHWAY TO CRISP COMFORT THIS SUMMER

America's Route Number 1 to the coolest hot-weather months you've ever spent is via

Dixie Weave

the porous, all-wool summer suit that holds its shape and its press—and looks 8 a.m.-fresh the whole day through

THE SHADY SIDE OF SUMMER is the experience you'll get out of wearing a Dixie—but don't ever think you'll be sacrificing smartness for comfort in *this* summer suit! For Dixie Weave has all the suaveness of any year-round suit; it has the same style-rightness, the same fitting qualities that every well-dressed man insists on in any properly designed suit. You can be sure that the Dixie you buy will be as much at home at a buffet luncheon as it is at a board meeting; as smart at the country club as it is in town!

ECONOMY OF UPKEEP is one of the big features you'll appreciate about a Dixie Weave. For the trouble with most so-called "summer suits" is that usually, over the course of a season, you have to pay as much for cleaning them as you paid for the suit originally. But this isn't true with Dixie! Because this all-wool suit is just like a regular suit in coloring and styling—yet it's as refreshingly cool as a ride above the clouds.

HOT MUSIC—and a hot night—but even after an evening of active dancing your Dixie will still be crisp and fresh . . . and so will you.

DRIVING A CAR . . . sitting behind a desk . . . no matter what you do to a Dixie, it won't let you down—because Dixie's resilient *all-wool* fibers bounce right back into shape! And not only will Dixie keep you cool as a penguin, but Dixie will retain its smart, smooth appearance as well—on days when the heat has melted ordinary summer suits down to a bundle of wrinkles.

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR?

VISIT . . . *Man—His Clothes and His Sports*—one of the most interesting and unique exhibits at the Fair. SEE . . . Hart Schaffner & Marx *"Clothing of Tomorrow"* displayed by the greatest names in sport – including Sammy Baugh, Walter Hagen, Joe DiMaggio, Johnny Weissmuller, and a number of others. HEAR . . . these famous stars *personally voice for you* their own reactions to this sensational new "Clothing of Tomorrow."

Sammy Baugh

Walter Hagen

Johnny Weissmuller

Joe DiMaggio

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
. . . A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Get the Thrill of Full Power

PLUS OUTSTANDING ECONOMY!

NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. It's today's finest shifting.

No need to sacrifice power for economy! Plymouth gives you *both*—full-powered performance and remarkable economy—*in one car!*

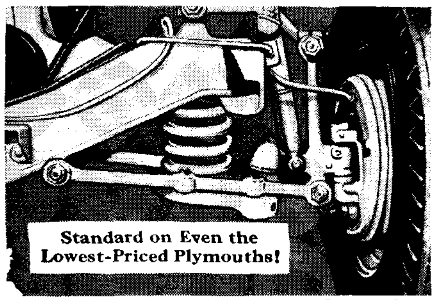
What's more, Plymouth is *biggest* of "All Three" low-priced cars...its fresh, modern beauty makes it the style *leader*...Amola Steel coil springs give it the smoothest, softest ride!

You'll find Plymouth a safer car with the *easiest* handling...thanks to Plymouth's time-proven hydraulic brakes and True-Steady steering.

And, remember, your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments.

Special Used-Car Values

Every Plymouth—new or used—is backed by the same great engineering. See your Plymouth dealer if you're looking for a *great* used-car value.



AMOLA STEEL coil springs—finest design in the industry—give Plymouth its wonderful new riding smoothness. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.

☛ **Of the three leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is roomiest, biggest...5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!**

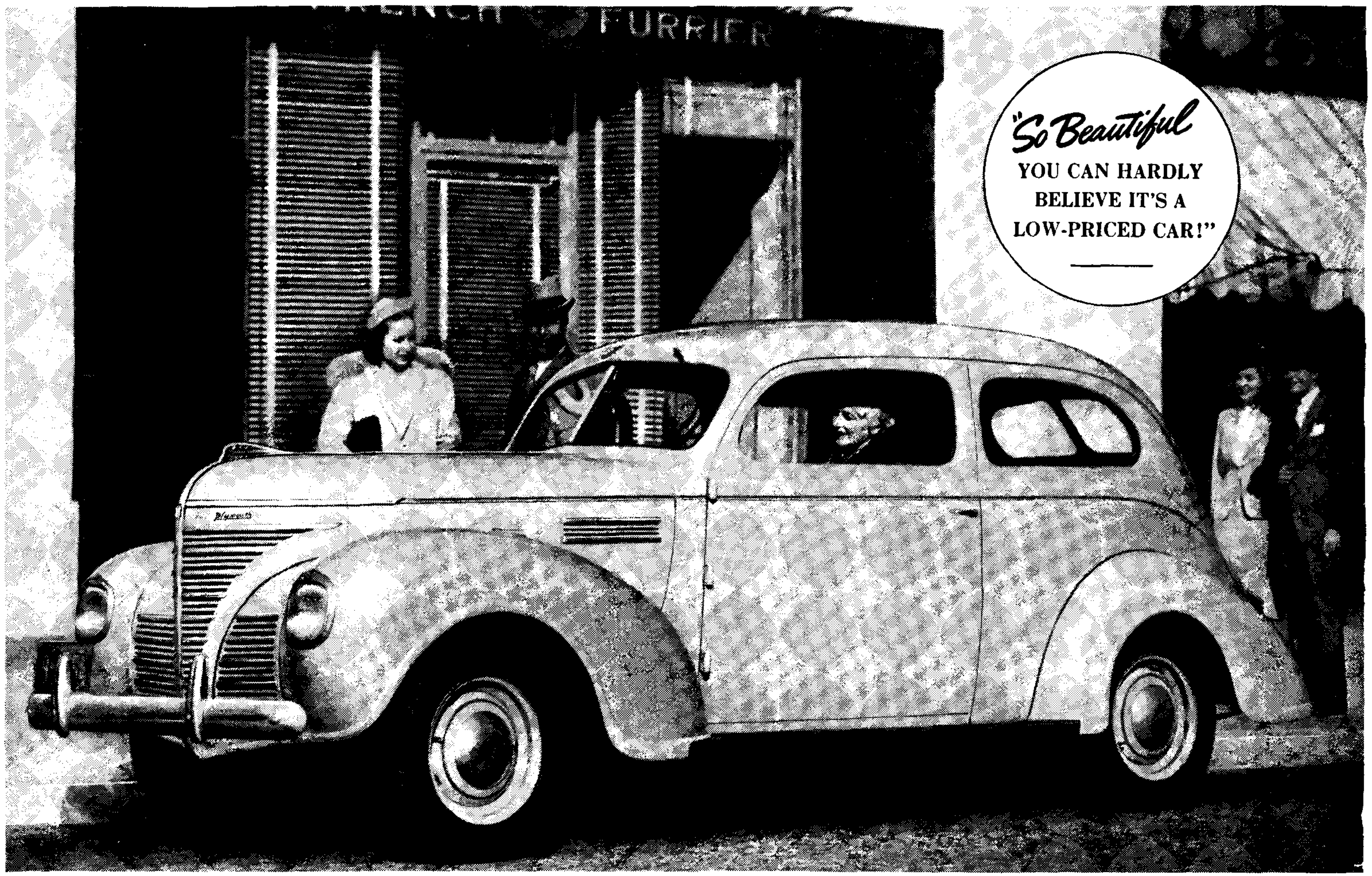
☛ **Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the matchless ride of independent coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.***

☛ **The only leading low-priced car with a completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.**

☛ **Plymouth alone of "All Three" low-priced cars has a steering-post gear shift as standard on De Luxe models at *no extra cost.***

☛ **Plymouth is the only low-priced car with the revolutionary, new "Safety Signal" Speedometer.**

☛ ***All* Plymouth models have the big, 6-cylinder "L-head" engine giving you the thrill of full-powered performance with great economy.**



PLYMOUTH GIVES YOU the world-famous safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes...plus patented Floating Power engine mountings.

COUPES START AT **$645**

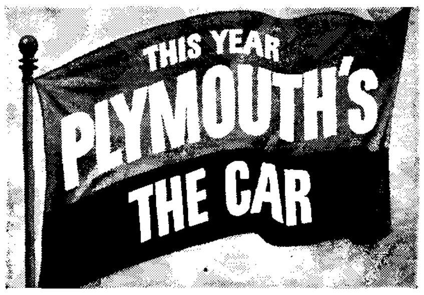
SEDANS START AT **$685**

—**DELIVERED IN DETROIT,** including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, are not included. See your nearby Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



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Collier's

June 3, 1939

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QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art		

Next Week

THERE are ways and ways of meeting Their Majesties, George VI and Elizabeth. Wires might be pulled and the right people might be flattered, and after an inconvenient amount of skulduggery and conniving you just might make it. And what would you do? You'd bow, or curtsy, and that would be *that*. But you wouldn't find out how George cured his stutter, or how Elizabeth learned to wear high heels, or any one of a dozen intimate details of their personal lives. To find out such things, to meet them as human beings instead of symbols of royalty, you will have to read "Meet Their Majesties," by Quentin Reynolds, who went to England especially to get the facts for this intimate human article.

YOUR tippling friend, Mr. Bill Crane, detective, comes back from where he has been hiding (in the typewriter of Jonathan Latimer, we suspect) to play a grim game with old Simeon March's assorted kin. The game he plays is in no wise hampered by the presence of Miss Ann Fortune, a girl as brave as she is beautiful, which is very brave indeed. It's a new novel called "Red Gardenias."

"I WAS invited to resign my commission," Private Simpkins said more coldly still, "to avoid court-martial for cowardice." And there was Private Simpkins, two miles up in a captive kite, with The Thing which busted him roaring below. He had to destroy The Thing. But not for himself. Too late, he found that destruction of it alone would not solve the problem, either. It was too powerful, too awful for one man, or a thousand men. "Terror Above," a story of the next war, is the finest piece Will F. Jenkins has written for us in a long time.

A FELLOW who is writing his magazine thesis on the "Magazine of Today" came in to ask us why the Short Short Story is so popular. We handed him the manuscript of Edward Stevenson's "Black Money." "Read this," we said. "It isn't the greatest ever written: it may not even be deathless literature. But it answers your question." You'll read it next week.

INNIS BROWN, one of the best golf reporters in the business, has picked the winner of the National Open already (it's Ralph Guldahl) and he has better reasons for choosing him than sentiment. Other articles by Kyle Crichton and John Durant. And fiction by Roark Bradford, Thomas Walsh, D. D. Beauchamp and others. A good number.

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This Week

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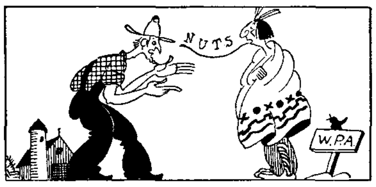
COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

IN ONE of our recent efforts to get to the bottom of things, we found it necessary to dash through Pittsburgh in a taxicab. The driver was large, young and violent, and every ounce of his great heart was in his work. Naturally we met considerable traffic, and when the going became congested our driver thrust his head out the window and uttered a bloodcurdling baritone roar, "Hey, you, git over!" and "Hey, buddy, gimme a hunk of this street, will ya?" Said we: "Why don't you blow your horn?" He looked at us pityingly. "Scares folks," he replied.



AND Mr. H. E. Perry of Hixton, Wisconsin, would appreciate it a lot if you'd write to your congressman demanding a law compelling the Indians to take back America. Mr. Perry is a farmer. "The other day," says he, with understandable irritation, "I was doing some prime kicking, the price of butterfat having gone down to 22 cents, pork seven dollars a hundred and eggs twelve cents a dozen. A fellow told me to shut up and give my farm back to the Indians. Being only six miles from the Winnebago Reservation, I met Charley Low Cloud and said: 'Charlie, I'm giving you my ninety-acre farm.' But the red man shook his head. 'Nuts,' said Charlie, 'I stick to WPA.' "

AMONG the problems we'd hate to have to solve is the one that's grinding the commissioners of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. Our informant tells us that Mecklenburg is one of North Carolina's dry counties, beer but no hard liquor being legal. Heretofore, when the upright commissioners have raided and confiscated hard liquor they poured it down the nearest sewer to the accompaniment of dry hallelujahs. But recently they grabbed several hundred pints of factory liquor, legitimately and expertly made. The county being in the need of a bit of revenue, the commissioners got the idea of selling the stuff to the state stores in the twenty-seven sinful wet counties. Imagine, if you can, the horror of the commissioners when they learned that it will be necessary for dry Mecklenburg to take out a federal wholesale liquor license before they can contribute to the moral delinquency of those dry counties!

WE WERE sitting here minding our own business when Mr. William J. Kellmyer of Bismarck, North Dakota, burst in to tell us of his recent experience in Washington. Mr. Kellmyer was rather put out by the treatment he'd received from one of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers. We'd like to reproduce Mr. Kellmyer's words but you'll *have* to be satisfied with a digest. As we gathered it, the statesman, in Mr. Kellmyer's opinion, is a bully without a punch, a boor without an audience, a mobster without a racket. "That man," said Mr. Kellmyer, "wears himself out looking for better ways to make bad government worse." Then came the ultimate: "That bum," said Mr. Kellmyer, "thinks he's got sex appeal too."

APPARENTLY a vast amount of incidental advertising matter is being mailed from New York. The idea is to arouse the tourists who'll be coming this way to see Mr. Grover Whalen's World's Fair. The mailed dodgers are very nice and personal. Sort of cozy, too. Drop in and shake hands with Jack. Bill will meet you personally at the door. Abe himself will greet you. Things like that. But we've just heard from Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas. "Will Grover Whalen be at the ticket window to say howdy?" asks the colonel. "I'd like to meet Mr. Whalen. We're thinking of having a fair of our own down here in Mena. And he'd be just the guy to run it."

SOMEBODY around here has been belittling Virginia and Mr. Hote Byers of Norfolk doesn't propose to stand for it. We don't know what was said that has aroused the ire of Mr. Byers, and he doesn't tell us. But the outlook is dark. "The reason we hire colored people in our kitchens and garages, as gardeners and in other intimate capacities," shouts Mr. Byers, "is because we had to take our choice between the Negro and the Yankee, and we chose the more honest. My grandfather horsewhipped a Yankee for singing a parody on the sacred hymn of the Southland, Dixie. He dared sing: '. . . to live and lie in Dixie.' It's a good thing my grandfather isn't living or he'd fill you with lead and make you sorry."

UNCOMFORTABLE, too. W. D.

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I Found Out How to Get the *Quickest* Non-Skid Stops

A SIMPLE TEST INTRODUCED ME TO A NEW KIND OF TIRE THAT SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!
Goodrich Silvertown

READ HOW THIS NEW GOODRICH TIRE GIVES YOU TWO GREAT LIFE-SAVING FEATURES *AT NO EXTRA COST!*

WET, slippery roads. Bad going "underneath." Sudden emergencies where the difference between a quick stop and a car-spinning skid might easily be the difference between safety and tragedy for your family. Those are the spots when you'll be mighty thankful for the protection you get from the new Goodrich Silvertown Tire.

Note the specially designed deep-grooved tread. It's *broader, flatter, deeper*—gives you maximum contact with every type of road. It's called the Life-Saver Tread because that's what it is—a life-saver!

Those never-ending spiral bars that you see act like a rapid-fire series of windshield wipers—sweep water right and left with every turn of your wheel. Instead of a "skid trap" under your car there's a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip. And you can *prove* that it's dry by *lighting a match on it.*

This new skid-protected Silvertown also gives you the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection. Thus, you are safe-guarded *two* important ways—against *both* skids and blow-outs. And this vital protection *plus* months of extra mileage and new streamlined beauty is yours AT NO EXTRA COST!

Long Easy Terms! Pay As You Ride!

For your convenience a liberal Budget Plan is available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers. Regardless of your income, you can use this modern way to buy and pay on *your own* long, easy terms. No red tape or credit detail. Remember, for safety *tomorrow*, get Silvertowns *today!*

HERE'S THE PROOF that Silvertowns are "tops" for Quick Non-Skid Stops

In *two* series of non-skid tests the *regular* and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including *new* tires which have just been introduced, were tested by the famous independent Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory. Read their report below.

"The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions."

Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory

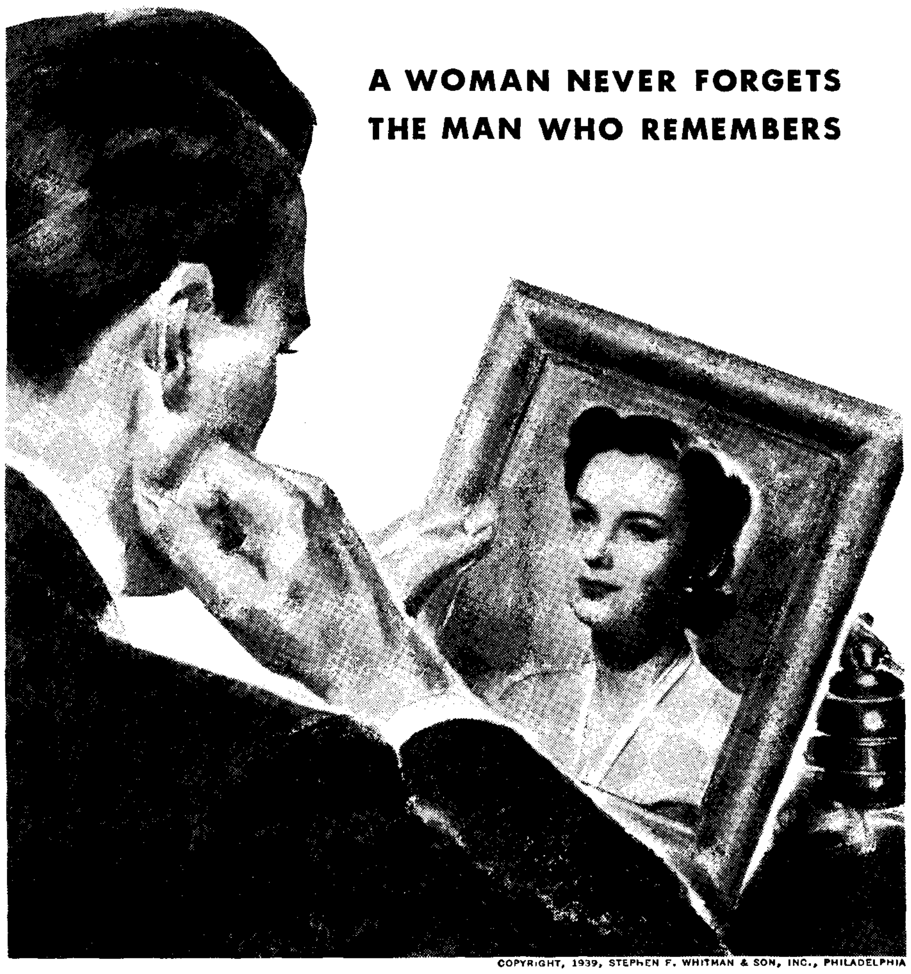
★ GOING TO THE FAIR? ★

See Jimmie Lynch and his Death Dodgers in daredevil demonstrations at Goodrich Thrill Arena at New York.

Don't miss the striking Goodrich Exhibit "What's new in the World of Rubber" at San Francisco.

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

First lesson for men...



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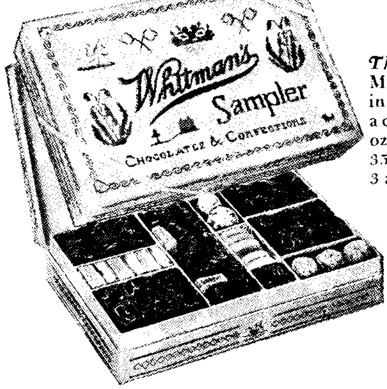
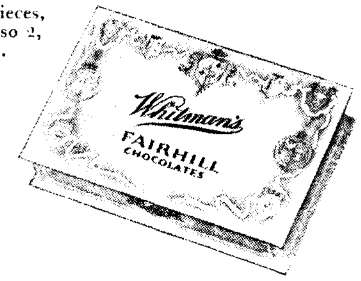
You have learned the first lesson in how to please when you know how important a man's thoughtfulness is to a woman.

A woman will bloom or wilt, according to your care. She will forgive almost anything, except neglect. Do not take her for granted. Occasions for remembering need not be marked by the calendar. It does not take much time, or effort, or money, to be thoughtful. The man who has learned to please knows this and finds frequent occasions to keep regard aglow, with a compliment, an unexpected gift, a little token that means so much to a woman.

For nearly a century Whitman's Chocolates have been the messenger of thoughtful men to appreciative women. It is a discriminating gift, complimenting her good taste, his good judgment. For no finer candy is made than Whitman's... no finer compliment can be offered. The joy is great when a man remembers... the hurt is great when he forgets. Don't forget! Put Whitman's Chocolates on your list today. A nearby dealer is ready to serve you *now.*



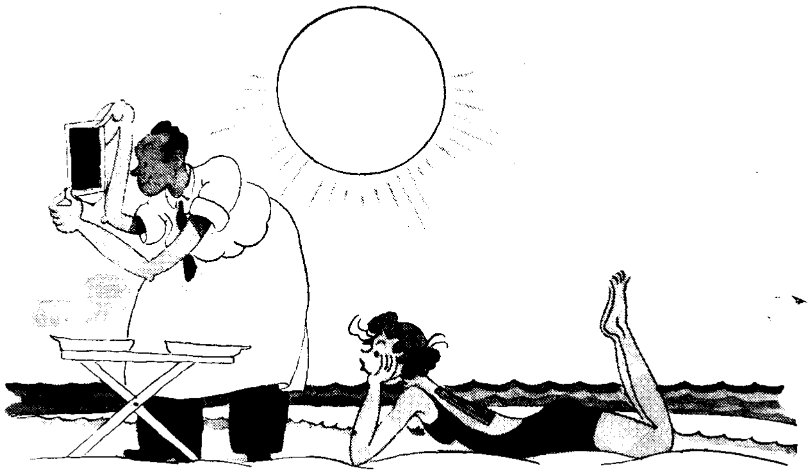
The SAMPLER, $1.50—Most famous box of candy in the world—every piece a chosen favorite. The 17-oz. Sampler has 100 pieces, 35 kinds—$1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Samplers.



The FAIRHILL. $1.00—Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 a lb. Delightful variety of mouth-watering quality confections. Also ½, 2, 3 and 5-lb. Fairhills.

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES

... it's the thoughtful thing to do!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Medical history records several cases of persons who had skin upon which a photograph could be printed by placing the negative in contact with it under strong sunlight.—*By Fred Delavan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Scattered throughout England are some four hundred "camping coaches," or remodeled railroad cars, in which about fifty thousand persons each year spend their summer vacations. The coaches, permanently located on beautiful country sidings, accommodate private parties of from four to ten and cost from $10 to $25 a week, which includes linen and tableware.—*By Larry Nixon, New York City.*

The rarest and most exquisite of all sea shells is the *Conus gloriamaris.* There are only twenty-four in existence, all of which were found more than a hundred years ago, and they are valued at $500 apiece.

Frederick Douglass, a Negro, was a guest at the White House of three different presidents. This former slave, who became a prominent antislavery orator and journalist, was entertained by President Lincoln in 1864, by President Hayes in 1878 and by President Cleveland in 1885.

Vitamin B_1, or thiamin, while being an essential factor in the production of the alcohol in wines and spirits, is also an effective remedy in the treatment of alcoholic neuritis and delirium tremens.

Of the twelve thousand race horses running on the tracks of this country, not more than one hundred have sufficient speed and stamina to enter stake or handicap competition.—*By George M. Hayburn, Parkesburg, Pennsylvania.*

In "The Westphalian Last Supper," a stained-glass window in St. Mary's Cathedral in Soest, Westphalia, Germany, Christ and His disciples are depicted in their customary places at the table, eating Westphalian ham and pumpernickel and drinking Westphalian beer and kuemmel.—*By Meno Spann, Iowa City, Iowa.*

The New York Institute for the Education of the Blind has a camera club composed of blind persons who have completed its course in amateur photography and learned how to take, develop and print their own pictures without assistance.—*By Bruce Cole, Clarinda, Iowa.*

Nitroglycerin acts with such rapidity that if a five-mile pipe filled with it were detonated at one end the entire column would explode—and produce ten thousand times its own volume of gas—in about one second.—*By Mike A. Ruggio, Urbana, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

THE COLDEST REFRIGERATOR ON EARTH

Maintaining Consistently Sub 40°
Temperatures . . . Neither too Wet nor too Dry

NORGE

COLD MOIST

SYNCHRONIZER

...AND THESE CONDITIONS PREVAIL IN THE ENTIRE FOOD COMPARTMENT

Every degree colder is important . . . This amazing Norge invention gives the world's coldest refrigerator in the hottest weather, without "fast" setting, approximately 37° in the entire food storage compartment . . . *only Norge has it.*

Not too wet . . . not too dry . . . sub 40° cold throughout the entire food compartment . . . more cold with less drying . . . foods stay juicy-fresh . . . better tasting . . . *only Norge has it.*

Near zero constantly . . . in the ice compartment . . . for more ice faster, frozen desserts and "below freezing" storage . . . *only Norge has it.*

And it's no experiment . . . practical use of the famous Norge Low-Temp of 1936-1937-1938 in thousands of homes gives proof of the perfection of this type of refrigeration . . . *only Norge has it.*

Buy the Coldest Refrigerator on Earth . . . for health, thrift and taste-fresh food storage . . . *only Norge has it.*

Only Norge has all These Exclusive Features!

Free Freezer . . . Zero Temperature for more ice faster.

Glacier-Sealed Ice Compartment . . . Purer Ice—No contamination. Only freezer sealed front and rear.

Handefroster . . . New, easier defrosting — Simplest, surest, safest.

Coldpack . . . a *real* Cold Storage Plant for meats.

Mobile Shelves . . . Fully adjustable, sliding and removable, storage space to fit *your* needs.

Hydrovoir . . . Keeps vegetables garden-fresh and crisp.

Ice-O-Bar . . . Removes ice cubes—one or a dozen—instantly and easily.

Special Bottle Storage . . . Slide the shelf, take the one you want.

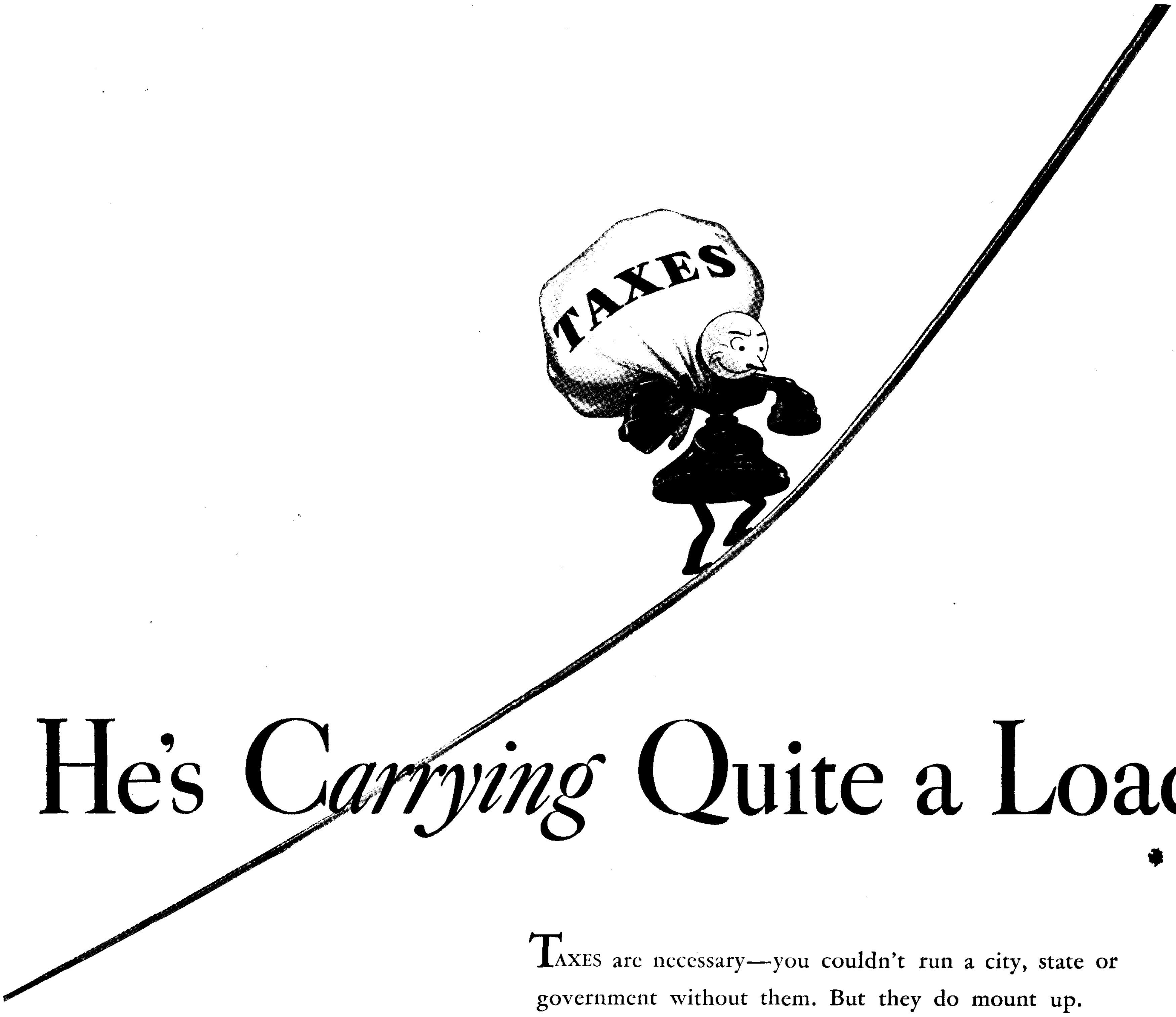
All Rounded Corners . . . for easy cleaning—Fully sealed, Lazilatch Doors.

Duo-Rollator . . . Norge invention that produces greater cold, greater moisture . . . Simplest, surest . . . Warranted for 10 years.

NEW LOWER PRICES

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY!

NORGE DIVISION • ***Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Michigan***



He's *Carrying* Quite a Load

TAXES are necessary—you couldn't run a city, state or government without them. But they do mount up.

Fact is, a considerable part of the money you pay us for telephone service goes right out in taxes.

Bell System taxes for 1938 were $147,400,000—an increase of 56% in three years. In 1938 taxes were:

Equal to about $550 a year per employee

Equal to $9.50 per telephone in the Bell System

Equal to $7.54 per share of A. T. & T. common stock

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

You are cordially invited to visit the Bell System exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco

Collier's The National Weekly for June 3, 1939

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WAR NOW OR NEVER

By Winston Churchill

If the dictators are going to make war they must do so soon, thinks Winston Churchill. In this brilliant article he shows you why time fights for the democracies

The French have twenty classes of trained reserves—two to three times as many as Germany

WILL there be war? Surely the state of the world today is the most grotesque, monstrous fantasy ever known. Of course, the history of the human race is a history of war, and the records of thousands of years show only a few uneasy intervals of peace, but we must remember that our generation is heir to the experience of all these vanished ages and that we have ourselves suffered in recent times the full pangs of a murderous world struggle. It is upon this background in every country that men's judgment proceeds.

The peoples have had their lesson. They also have the power. They have formed a very clear opinion and they loathe the idea of war. They wish to do everything in their power to prevent it and yet they appear absolutely incapable of arresting the fell, inexorable course of events.

If the world were polled tomorrow and every grown man and woman recorded an opinion, ninety-nine out of a hundred would declare their desire for peace. There never was a time when there was so immense a volume of resolve for peace among hundreds of millions of thinking folk in every land, yet they are all moving forward, step by step and day by day, toward the abyss.

The helplessness of mankind to avert or to control its destiny is more plainly apparent than ever before. All the vast populations long to be left alone to live their ordinary lives, to better their conditions, bring up their families and cultivate their gardens, and yet everything is in preparation to make them fall upon and rend one another with teeth and claws incomparably more deadly than any ever used in any previous quarrel. The sovereign people, the enfranchised masses, the will of the majority, parliamentary institutions, the mass thought of mankind—all these seem to be utterly impotent to stop the approach of another world war.

Why does the moth go to the candle? Its wings have been singed already. It has felt the bite of the flame. It would no doubt like to live its brief life and yet it flies to the burning candle with universal and

AUTHENTICATED NEWS

Her navy is the one thing that Great Britain can be sure about at present; the air belongs to what Bismarck called "the imponderabilia"

almost automatic resignation. All nations are now moving forward obdurately and blindly, as if in a trance, toward the infliction upon one another of indescribable horrors. Such a contrast between the will of man and his actions seems to spring only from madness or from a seizure of herd passion.

Let us see what are the forces drawing us remorselessly toward war. The Nazi dictator has gathered all power into his own hands. He has swept away every kind of check, whether by constitutional structure or public opinion. He commands modern means of propaganda in the radio and the press. These are directed so as to make it impossible for the German people to know the truth and to inflame them against whatever country is singled out for aggression. Rigorous police methods are adopted to prevent Germans from listening to foreign broadcasts. The English, American and Scandinavian newspapers are seized and suppressed if any paragraph reveals what is going on in the outside world. At any time the German people may be told the British, the French or the Russians are about to attack them, or indeed that they have already begun their attack, and then the clatter of mobilization and the roar of the cannonade will drown out all explanation.

No independent figures exist in Germany. Either a man is a servant of the regime or he is anxious and careful to avoid its displeasure. A hideous system of spying has been carried to perfection. Children betray their parents, traders betray their rivals, and in every street and factory are Nazi spies who listen for any word of criticism. All kinds of punishment, from the smallest inconveniences to the torments of the concentration camps, are inflicted for actions that would not be offenses in any free country. Alternatively, a German who is not thought to be sufficiently hearty and forward in support of the regime may be visited at his house and "beaten up" by gangs of brown-shirted ruffians.

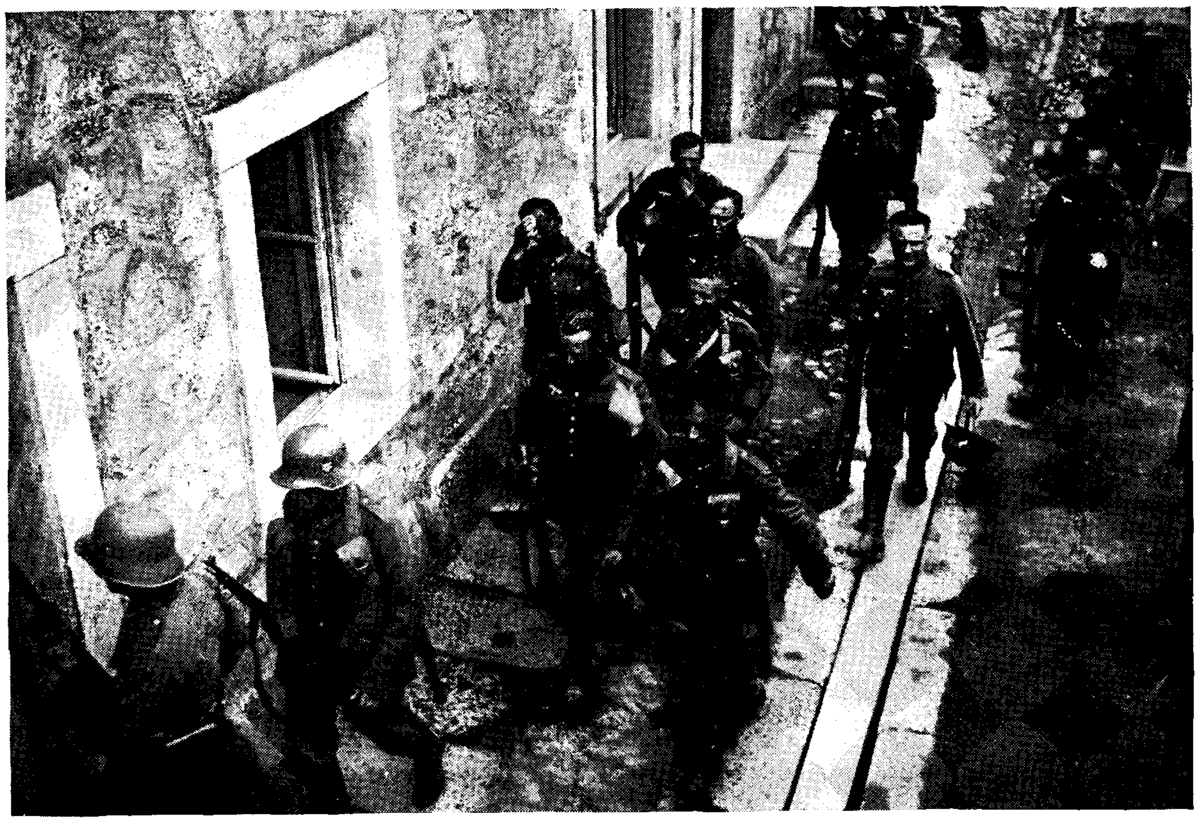
Twin Cults of Malignancy

The whole of this process rests upon the forces of a party organization comprising three or four millions of persons. These are all bound together by strict rules and saturated in party doctrine, and many of them are interested in corrupt gains, or are motivated by love of personal power or lust for persecution. In the maintenance of the system an almost religious flavor has been given to this vast conspiracy against German freedom, and the Catholic and Protestant churches of Germany are oppressed in the name of a creed of racial ascendancy bedecked with the trappings of Thor and Odin, with Herr Hitler as a messiah at the summit.

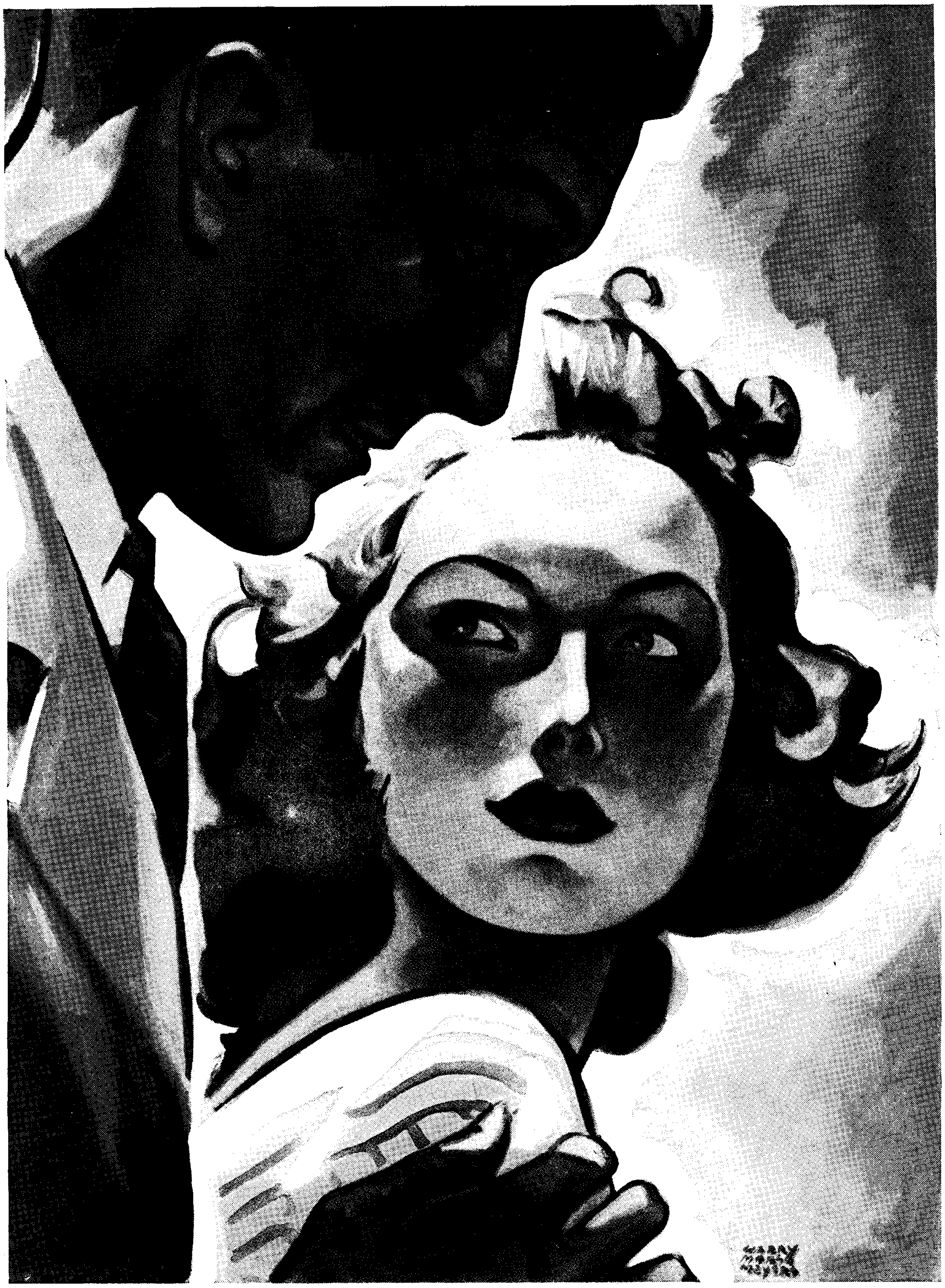
The most visible form of fervor that this hideous degeneration of the human mind manifests is the persecution on grounds of race and faith of the Jews, the subjecting of them to every form of insult and cruelty, and the theft of their money possessions and of the businesses and employments of their livelihood. The inculcation of race hatred against a helpless minority is the driving force. It is a cult of malignancy the like of which has never been witnessed on such a scale or with such power.

The Italian dictator follows his overlord at a certain distance. It would not be just to rank the Fascist system at the same level as that of Nazidom. In Italy, as in Germany, there is a complete suspension of ordinary liberties. Anyone can be arrested or maltreated by party hooligans. An attempt has been made to work up anti-Semitism on the German model, but none of the processes have been carried to the brutal length common in Germany.

A certain air of dignity, now wearing threadbare, has hitherto attended Signor Mussolini's regime. The immense influence of the Roman Catholic faith and the historic hold of the Papacy upon the Italian mind have hitherto preserved Italy from the anti-Christian excesses that follow the swastika. But though these important differences of degree may be observed by foreign eyes, both the German and Italian dictators have squandered (Continued on page 53)



Although 1,500,000 men are under arms, the German army is one that on mobilization will contain a large proportion of men inadequately trained



The Black Road

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Up the hill from the valley, and into their happy lives disaster walked on that day

Davie laid a hand on her shoulder, gave it a playful pinch. He was himself again. "Stop, sister, look and listen!" he said

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

WHAT made it funny was that Homan Ederly had slaughtered a calf that morning, and it was a fat one. He was butchering the carcass even now under the water oak down behind the barn.

In the store building on the black road, Papa Ederly was down in the cheese cellar. Up front, above, Mrs. Henley-Hard of Honey Hill had just handed Jenny May, the help, a twenty-dollar bill in payment for a pair of clodhopper arctics that it had taken Jenny May a quarter-hour to dig out of the cavernous hodgepodge of the hardware and dry-goods shelves. This meant a trip to the safe, since there wasn't change enough in the till box, but that was all right with Jenny May; she was getting as used to the size of their money as she was to the odd cravings of the wealthy who began to buy up farms and settle in.

The arctics, for instance, weighed pounds and were shaped like chunks, and Mrs. Henley-Hard had no more use for them than a pig has for wings, yet she seemed to expect green envy of Mrs. Orison of Grassy Vale, before whose eyes she displayed them now while she waited for change.

"Aren't they too divine! Where else on earth but here at Ederly's could you find their like, this day and age?"

Concurrently, these things were happening:

In the dusk of the cheese cellar Papa Ederly turned over at least his fourteenth cheese, laid the flat of his hand on it, and, being satisfied at last, blew his breath and dabbed at his neck with his handkerchief. He wasn't any too young, and some of them were seventy-pounders.

And down behind the barn his son Homan clove in two, with slow, knowing blows, the veal carcass hung from the water-oak limb. At thirty he was a heavy fellow; he had been a heavy fellow at thirteen. That excitement was in him, none could have guessed from his stolid, workwise face. But Homan knew it was a top-notch calf, and if he won for dressed veal at the Hammertown Fair this year, it would make three years running.

And concurrently: up on the black

road, up the hill from the valley of the Connecticut, a wanderer came walking. Here was what Homan wasn't; here was youth, charm and ready laughter. Though the swagger-cut suède jacket and flannel slacks were shiny in spots and the sole of one sneaker cracked right across, here was the lad that knew success from a hole in the ground; knew that no chance but the main chance is worth a nickel's bother.

Now this young fellow halted, and for once came near rubbing his eyes. He didn't rub them. He used them again to study the two immaculate station wagons, each with its chauffeur in decorous semilivery; then again the gaunt gray hulk before which they waited, "A. J. Ederly's General," more like a barn than its own gray barns downhill behind it.

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun," the young man said to himself, and walked into the store.

Finding no one to pay him attention at the moment he sauntered out of the way to the tonic cooler, took a perch there and helped himself to a bottle of lime and lemon while he waited. With his eyes he attended Jenny May, visible through the open door of the little side-room office, on her knees, methodically counting to herself as she worked the combination of the antiquated iron safe; with his ears he followed the chitchat of the two customers nearer at hand, plainly the ladies that went with the station wagons.

Mrs. Orison was being patronizing about Mrs. Henley-Hard's arctics.

"Lovely, yes. But you don't know the really wild secret of this place. Cheese, my dear! Talk about your imported Cheddar! Just common ordinary domestic rat cheese, Mr. Ederly swears they are, but don't ask him where he picks them up or he'll squelch you the way he did me one day—though I can't get half the solemn Yankee twang of it: 'When I was a small boy, madam, my pa said to me, says he, "'Tain't who makes the cheese, it's who picks it and who pets it."' Isn't that lovely? But here comes the girl with your change, my dear."

"I'm relieved. I was afraid a twenty-dollar bill might be a problem."

Mrs. Orison laughed. "Don't worry. I'll bet old man Ederly could sell us out twice over—couldn't he, Jenny May?"

Embarrassment touched the country girl's pale cheeks with pink. "Oh, no, ma'am." The color deepened as Mrs. Henley-Hard captured one of the counting fingers and clucked with kindly archness:

"Why, who's the lucky man? What a beautiful diamond!"

The girl couldn't let them see she was pleased. "It—it's not very big, of course."

"But, my dear, they're so much *nicer* not *too* big, don't you think?"

"But—it's real."

NONE of this pretty episode was lost on the young man on the tonic cooler. He gave the girl a tickled grin as she turned to come and find what she could do for him. It brought her to a standstill, abashed. Not in the least abashed himself, the stranger added a wink to the grin. Then he let her off by nodding toward where Papa Ederly came from the cellar stairs, treading under the weight of the great thick mill wheel of York State Yellow. "I'll wait for the boss," he told her in an undertone.

The stairs had been long; the cheese counter was high, these days, to heave up on it what had been a plaything of other years. But none was to guess it. Perhaps there was balm for a cricked back in Mrs. Henley-Hard's gush of enthusiasm. And perhaps there wasn't.

"My, what a bee-utiful cheese!"

"I've seen better, madam." Papa Ederly was a Connecticut storekeep and that kind of a liar, and he wished they'd shut up.

"It seems almost a pity to cut into it, doesn't it?"

They thought it a pity, eh? If they could but guess the reverent and exciting rite it was, that first slow cleaving of the heavy knife, better done in silence.

"And now," cried Mrs. Orison, as Papa measured off an angle for a second incision, "I think I'll have about four or five pounds."

"I'm cutting you two pounds, madam." And that was that.

Mrs. Henley-Hard put on a show. "I did think I'd take some myself, but I certainly don't want just a dib."

Almost the thinnest possible wedge was what she got, wrapped up in brown paper with the grave advice: "You ain't even tried it; you wait till you see how it goes at home, madam, before you tie up a lot of money."

Finally they went. Thinking the store empty at last, Papa was about to sigh and ease his back when there came a chortle from the tonic-cooler corner, mingled of mirth, amazement and derision:

"*Some* merchandising!"

That it gave him a start (perhaps the greatest start of his life, what's more) the old man betrayed by neither word nor turn of an eye.

"Look at it," the chortle persisted. "I bet you could have split that cheese between those dames and had it out of the store, not half trying."

Papa Ederly laid the flat of his hand on the cheese. Still not glancing toward the cooler, he spoke now with a curious hesitancy:

"It's a good cheese. They wouldn't know how to treat it."

"No wonder you kind of folks never get anywhere. What a spot for a store, *but* a store! All the easy money that seems to be moving in around here, what a spot for anybody with a red-front! It's a million!"

"Well—er—yes—maybe." It didn't sound like Papa Ederly. He took up by its knob the big glass bell with which he meant to cover the new cheese from the air, and just held it. "Well, I—I see you've grown some. But then, you do grow some between fifteen and twenty-three." He discovered he couldn't see the bell, for the water starting in his eyes. He couldn't feel it; there was a crash and shatter as it hit the floor.

NOW he saw Jenny May's face swimming near in the blur; heard her voice ask: "What's the matter?"

"Matter? Who with?" He fumbled out his handkerchief, blew his nose hard. "Meet David, Jenny May. . . . Davie, this is Jenny May. Her and Homan plan to be married before a great while."

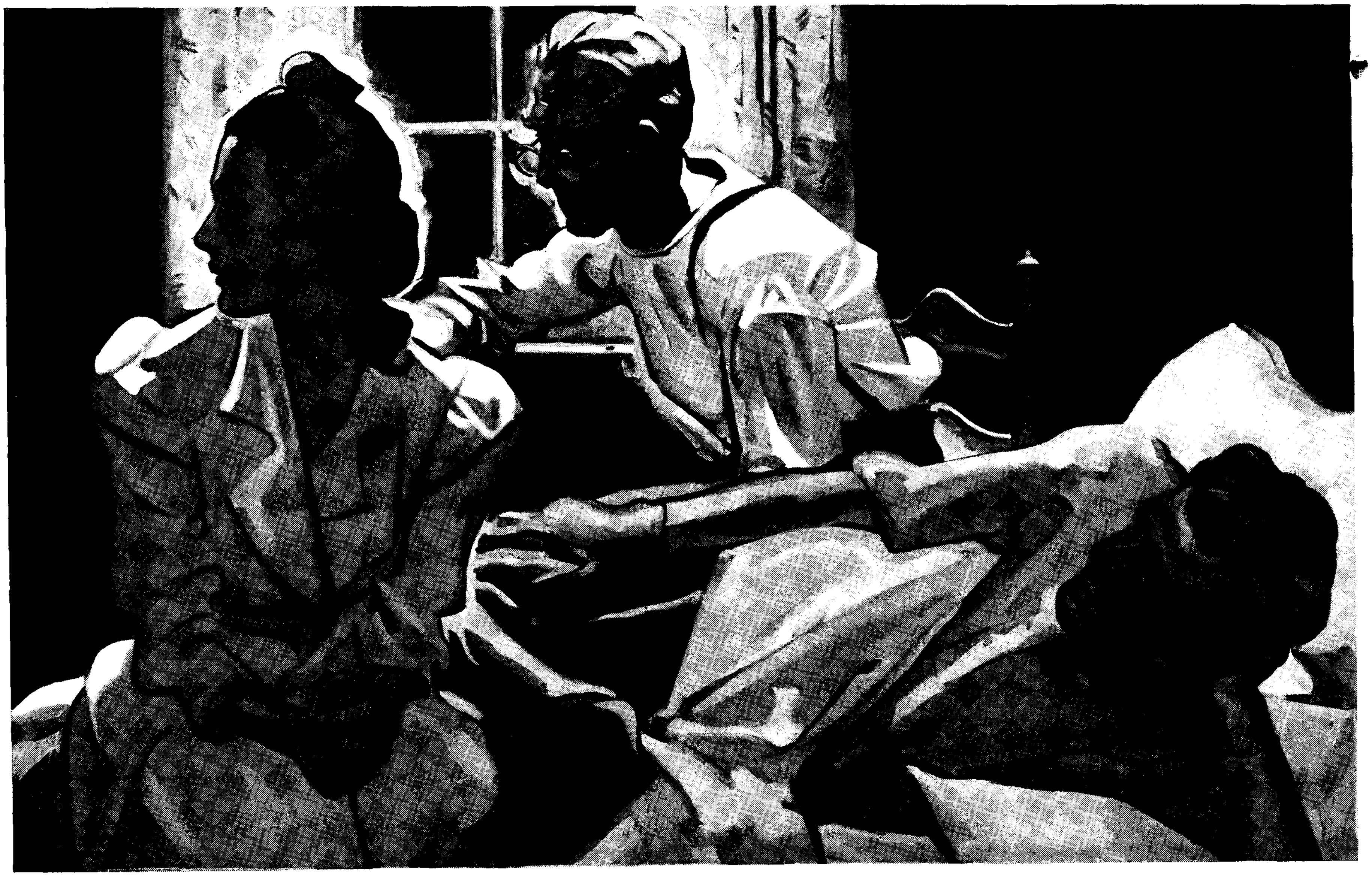
"Take care of the glass," said Jenny May. She steered his feet clear of the fragments as he started for the door to the stair to the living quarters above. There he called up: "Mamma! Mamma, come down here."

He sat on the bottom step and blew his nose again.

"Your ma hasn't been feeling top-notch lately. She'll be glad to see you, Davie. So will Homan."

There was a sound of footfalls coming in at the rear and sight of a pinky white half-carcass navigating among the piled merchandise. Papa called: "Homan—

(*Continued on page* 44)

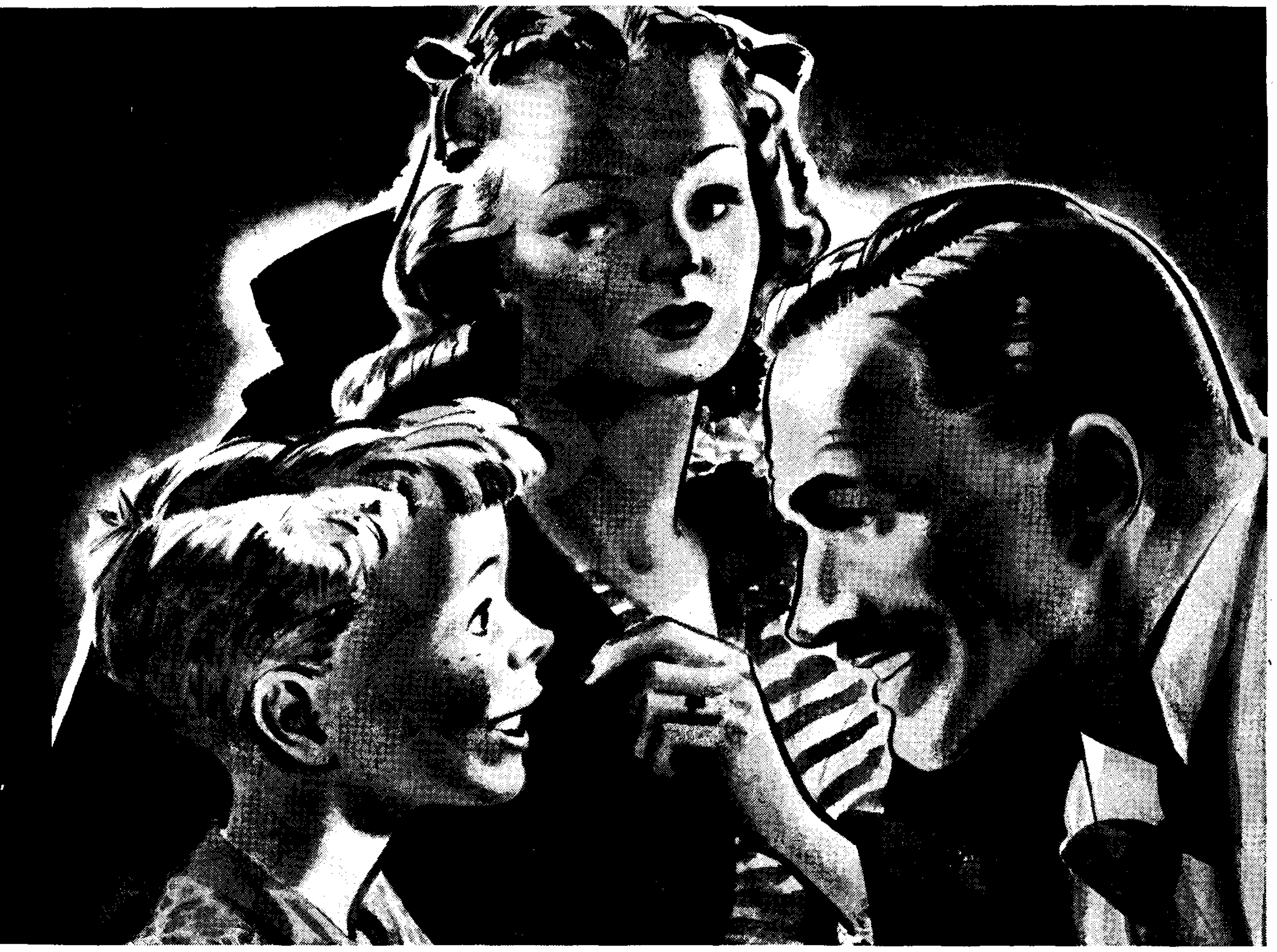


Papa, sitting by the window, shook his head. Women are weak things

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Big Brother

By
Richard Hoffmann



"You fix it for us," Fred said, "and a delivery boy's likely to leave a repeating air rifle here in the morning"

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

DANNY woke up from a dream in which he somehow owned the repeating air rifle that lay immaculate in Dempsey's window downtown: the excitement drained away when he realized it was pitch-dark and he'd only been dreaming. He was hungrier than all get out. He'd been a pretty sick kid, and Ma had said when he woke up that way it would be all right to go downstairs and get some cookies and a glass of milk.

It was sort of scary going down through the dark, quiet house that sometimes creaked to itself; but the cold milk with Ma's crisp cookies tasted wonderful.

He was pouring the milk by the little light that comes on as you open the icebox when it seemed to him there was a stealthy movement on the back stoop. It froze him there, unbreathing, his eyes enormous with fear.

There was a quick-caught breath that whipped him round and there stood Sis, a man's coat over her party dress. Beyond her stood Fred Jaeckel.

Sis looked pretty and excited, but sort of mussed. Fred was quite a little older than she, and that—so far as Danny could ever make out—was what worried Ma in Sis's seeing such a lot of him. Danny didn't get the logic. If Fred wanted to fool around with somebody so much younger, that was his lookout. And Fred was a good guy, what little Danny'd seen of him.

"Is Ma awake?" Sis whispered.

"Don't think so," Danny said. "She sounded asleep when I went past her door."

"It's open," Sis said in worried disappointment.

"Look, Danny," Fred said, coming forward and half-squatting in front of him so that their eyes met on a level. "Sis and I had some tire trouble and it's much later than it should be. We don't want to worry your mother, and you can help us. You walk upstairs in step with Sis and wait outside your mother's room until Sis gets into hers. And if your mother wakes up, just say it's you, see? You know how women are about worrying when a man knows there's nothing to worry about. Tell you what"—he said, touching Danny with the backs of his fingers—"you fix it for us, and a delivery boy's likely to leave a repeating air rifle here in the morning."

The rifle—*the* rifle: that beautiful blued thing with the slide action in Dempsey's window!

"Sure," Danny said. "Sure. I—I'll do anything you want."

"That's a pal for you," Fred said in satisfaction. He got up, took his coat from Sis's shoulders, and kissed her hand. "Till tomorrow, sweet. Make it as near one as you can, will you?"

THE stairs crackled and squealed, but there was no sound from Ma's room when they got to the top. Danny stood waiting while Sis went noiselessly from him in the dark. Then Ma called out, "Danny!" in unsure apprehension, and her bedside light went on.

"It's me, Ma," Danny said hollowly.

"Are you all right, darling?"

"Oh, fine, Ma," he said.

"My gracious, it's nearly four," she said. "Did you hear Sis come in?"

"Yes, Ma." Somehow that seemed very little to say for something as grand and incredible as that rifle now down at Dempsey's, and he added, "She came in a long, long time ago."

"That's good," Ma said, and you could practically feel relief fill her room and flow out from it.

"Good night, Ma," he said, and the tone sounded queer to him, as if it weren't his.

Danny was wide-awake when he got into the bed. He lay there tentatively, neither curled up nor stretched out. He sort of wished he hadn't added that about Sis coming in a long, long time ago. It hadn't been necessary and it had made him feel funny and uncomfortable, sensing how much that meant to Ma and hearing it in her voice. Before that, he hadn't been lying, really. He *had* heard Sis come in.

He tried to think hard and exclusively of the rifle. But that other stuff kept coming in—making him restive and taut somewhere inside, as if he weren't finished with what he'd done. It *was* done—over. It would make an awful mess for Sis and him and Ma too, if he said he'd lied. Maybe, when the rifle came, it would seem really finished and he'd be able to forget it. He hoped so. He wished that he could forget it now and go to sleep and not wake up till the rifle came.

Ma saw there was something the matter at breakfast. She asked a couple of questions, took his pulse and his temperature, and when those were all right she dropped the subject; but Danny could tell she was watching him with concern. Ma let Sis sleep, and Danny was glad because he didn't want to see anybody. Every time a car turned into the street, he ran out to see if it was Dempsey's. And finally, near lunchtime, it was.

His heart began bumping when the driver took out the long, neatly wrapped package and came in the gate with it. "You Daniel Fairchild?" he said.

"Yes," Danny managed.

"This is for personal delivery to you personally," he said, "but don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes."

Danny grinned a little, said, "Thanks a lot," and took the package in both hands to the porch steps. The shot chinked against the barrel inside as he sat down with the package across his knees. When he unwrapped it, felt the steel and wood in his hands, it would be his—forever: to keep in his room, to take wherever he went, the way the frontiersmen did, to present for the admiration of everyone he knew. All he had to do was unwrap the package. And his hands didn't move to do it.

He looked up at Sis when she came down the porch steps. Her kiss was an especially tender one, but she didn't say anything, would have gone on without saying anything if Danny hadn't suddenly said, "Sis, you're going to see Fred Jaeckel, aren't you?"

She looked startled. "Yes. Why?"

Danny got up and held out the package. "Look, will—will you give him this and tell him I—I sorta decided I don't—uh, need it just yet."

"Danny," she said, looking at him the way Ma had at breakfast. "Are you crazy? You know you've wanted it more than anything."

"I know," said Danny. "But I sorta decided I'd rather keep on savin' up and get it with my own money. It'd make it sorta more mine that way." He held the package out to her. "So would you take it back to him an' tell him?"

She took the package and put it on a higher step, sat down beside him and got both his hands in hers, searching his eyes. "Danny," she said, as if something scared her a little, "is it—is it on account of last night?"

DANNY looked at her a second, then scowled faintly and looked away. At last he said, "I guess so, maybe."

"But, Danny—" She watched him a moment as if she'd never seen him before, her eyes moving from one to the other of his, then down to his mouth and back. Quickly one arm went round him and her other hand pressed his head gently against her breast, moved gently on his cheek. After a while she let him go and took his hands again, and he saw her eyes were wet but sort of cheerful too under their solemnity.

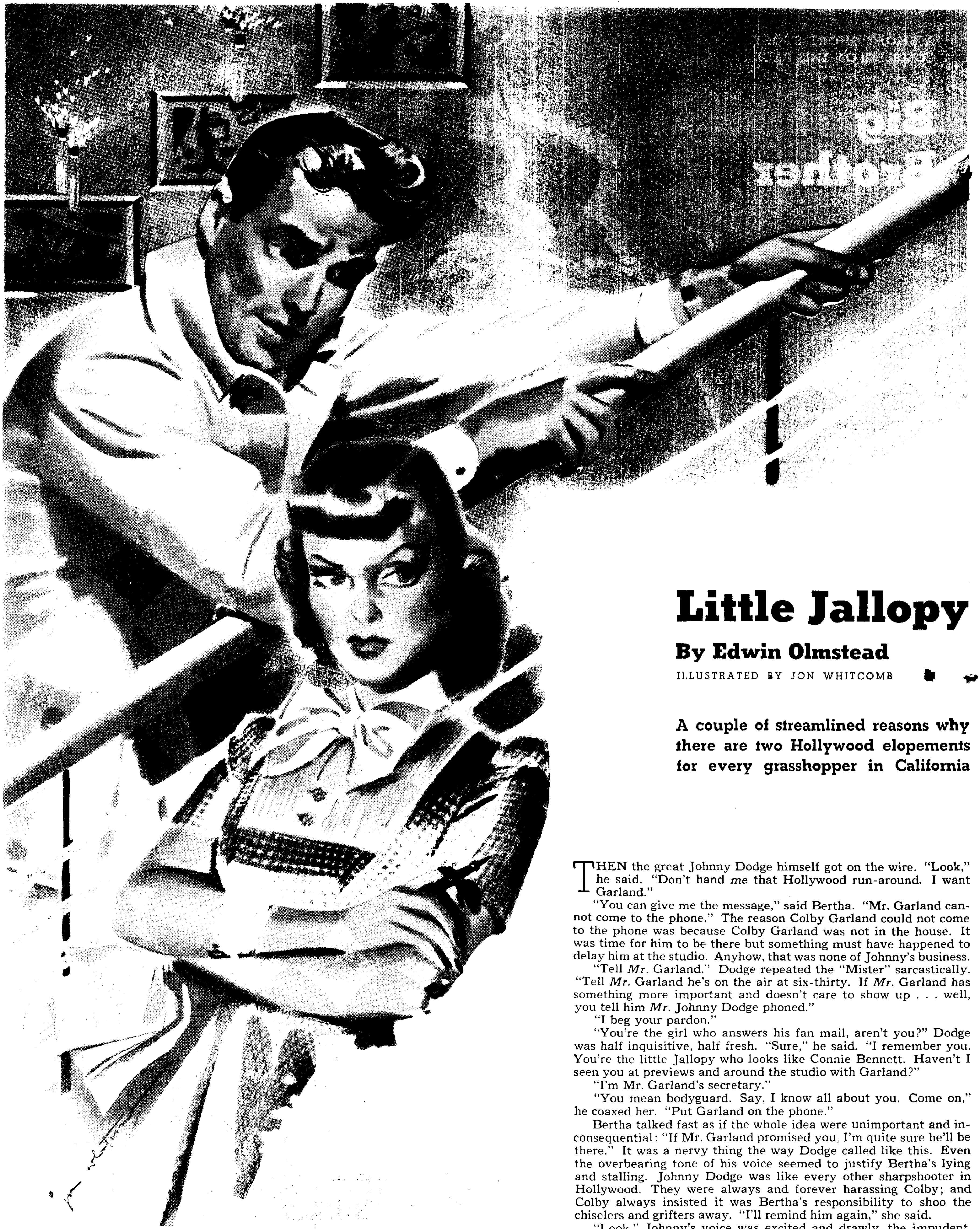
"Look," she said, "you stay out for a while now, will you? I'm going in to tell Ma about last night."

"But, Sis!" Danny exclaimed as she got up. "Listen, you don't need to—"

"And you keep the gun, hear? I'll pay Fred for it so it's a present from me." She pushed the package on his lap. "There—for being a swell brother and a swell guy."

"But, Sis," Danny called after her, feeling he might suddenly float up past the roof, "listen, these things cost an awful lot—"

The screen door slammed, and he was suddenly hungrier than all get out, but as he attacked the wrappings on his lap he didn't care if lunch was never ready.



"Bert—" he hesitated. "I hope I'm not making a mistake. I don't think I'd feel so good if it wasn't right. She's fine, Bert. She's a grand person"

Little Jallopy

By Edwin Olmstead

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

A couple of streamlined reasons why there are two Hollywood elopements for every grasshopper in California

THEN the great Johnny Dodge himself got on the wire. "Look," he said. "Don't hand *me* that Hollywood run-around. I want Garland."

"You can give me the message," said Bertha. "Mr. Garland cannot come to the phone." The reason Colby Garland could not come to the phone was because Colby Garland was not in the house. It was time for him to be there but something must have happened to delay him at the studio. Anyhow, that was none of Johnny's business.

"Tell *Mr.* Garland." Dodge repeated the "Mister" sarcastically. "Tell *Mr.* Garland he's on the air at six-thirty. If *Mr.* Garland has something more important and doesn't care to show up . . . well, you tell him *Mr.* Johnny Dodge phoned."

"I beg your pardon."

"You're the girl who answers his fan mail, aren't you?" Dodge was half inquisitive, half fresh. "Sure," he said. "I remember you. You're the little Jallopy who looks like Connie Bennett. Haven't I seen you at previews and around the studio with Garland?"

"I'm Mr. Garland's secretary."

"You mean bodyguard. Say, I know all about you. Come on," he coaxed her. "Put Garland on the phone."

Bertha talked fast as if the whole idea were unimportant and inconsequential: "If Mr. Garland promised you, I'm quite sure he'll be there." It was a nervy thing the way Dodge called like this. Even the overbearing tone of his voice seemed to justify Bertha's lying and stalling. Johnny Dodge was like every other sharpshooter in Hollywood. They were always and forever harassing Colby; and Colby always insisted it was Bertha's responsibility to shoo the chiselers and grifters away. "I'll remind him again," she said.

"Look," Johnny's voice was excited and drawly, the impudent, arrogant, patronizing way it sounded sometimes when he raked movie stars over the coals on his broadcast and Bertha knew he was worried and ready to get tough. "Tell Garland," he said, "tell him I've been announcing him on the air two weeks. The studio guaranteed he'd be here. It's been in all the papers."

"I'll remind Mr. Garland. He . . ."

"It's a matter of keeping faith with three million listeners," said Dodge. "I've been pretty lenient with him whether he knows it or not. He hasn't always been a star. The other commentators . . ."

"Mr. Garland knows." Bertha held the phone away from her ear. There was no mistake in the threat. If Colby Garland stayed away from the Johnny Dodge broadcast tonight, Dodge would probably rip into him with the usual libel-proof slander like "that newly risen star with the black hair, the cute pug nose and that permanent smile is saying naughty things to So-and-so when he ought to be worrying about his contract."

DODGE would hash over all the cheap Hollywood gossip about Colby's easygoing disposition and the trite whispers about Colby's fondness for various movie blondes; and of course, Dodge would use the radio to slash into Colby's pictures and Colby's work on the screen. It was a devilish unfair setup. But as Dodge said, he had always been pretty lenient with Colby those times when unwholesome rumors had to be squashed and when Colby needed protection and favorable publicity after a weak picture. Naturally, the pay-off was the inevitable sandbag "guest-star" appearance on Johnny's air show. Eventually Johnny always sent a bill and he usually collected. The studios toadied to him because Johnny Dodge and his stooges kept a card index showing where all the bodies were buried in Beverly Hills.

"Look," Dodge changed his voice, affecting that ominous, confidential, challenging whisper: "What's the latest about Colby marrying Myra Terry?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Bertha put down the phone and stood by the desk, staring off around the library, rankled at the blunt insinuation and thinking about Colby marrying Myra Terry.

The truth was, Dodge probably had the right information.

Colby really had it in his mind to marry the Terry woman. When it happened it was going to be quick and ghastly. Myra Terry, the actress. She didn't care any more about Colby than she did about her first four husbands and that was little enough. Myra wanted to coast along on Colby's tremendous publicity and Colby's bank roll; and Colby was the only one who couldn't seem to see it.

"I'LL never let him do it. I'll never let him do it." Bertha talked out loud to herself as if Colby were there alone with her in the library. "They're all a lot of thieves and scavengers. They're after your money. They're jealous of your reputation. They're jealous of your success and I'm the only person you can trust and you don't know it. Why can't you see it? I love you. I love you. If you didn't have a dime. If you didn't have a thing, I'd still love you."

She glanced over at the dining-room doorway, listening to the muffled voices of Mrs. Getzel, Colby's housekeeper and Arsene, Colby's butler-valet. They were out there conspiring like pickpockets in the kitchen, probably figuring a new way to steal some more of Colby's imported canned delicacies and bottles. "I'm too ga-ga," Bertha whispered savagely to herself. "I get too mushy. I'm too slow to do anything about it. Sure, I'm only the insignificant little Jallopy who answers his fan mail; just one of the flunkies."

The sun went down and the house cooled off and Bertha closed the French windows; then she walked back through the dining room and pantry to the kitchen where she could look out the rear windows and watch the cars going up and down Sunset Boulevard.

Mrs. Getzel and Arsene stopped talking and Mrs. Getzel kept fussing over the electric stove like a pouter pigeon with round little hips. "I like you in your dress." She said it as if the checked dress were the only dress Bertha owned. Then she studied Bertha up and down and up again. "Why don't you wear your hair on top like you used to?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" said Bertha. For a moment she regretted the mean way she said it, but it was a secret satisfaction to know that the real reason was Colby. Colby did not like high hair and Colby was the one who liked the modest checked cotton. "Mr. Garland mentioned the house bills again." She talked very businesslike. "He doesn't like the way the bills have been going up."

"That's easy," said Arsene. "He's been entertaining more than usual."

"It costs money." Mrs. Getzel winked at him.

Arsene stood there polishing cocktail glasses, stoop-shouldered in his white shirt sleeves and his big white bald head, looking guilty and resentful. They both always seemed to look smug and guilty and resentful every time Bertha came out to the house in the afternoon ahead of Colby as if she might be spying; and they always eyed her silently as if they knew so damn' many secrets about mysterious things that happened in the house when Bertha was not there.

"Mr. Garland isn't entertaining very much," said Bertha.

ARSENE polished the small goblets, placing them carefully in a straight row on the tray. "It's going to be more expensive," he said in his slushy Piccadilly voice. "Two blondes here at once. It never works out. I've never seen it work out satisfactory with two blondes under one roof."

"This is not such a big house," said Mrs. Getzel.

"I may stay for dinner if Mr. Garland wants me to work late." Bertha talked as if she had not been listening. "You better have things ready for Mr. Garland when he comes home. He'll be in a rush."

"Home." Arsene kept making hissing noises between his front teeth. "It's an establishment." All at once he crushed the delicate cocktail glass inside the dish towel. "There goes another," he said. "They look nice, but expensive glasses aren't satisfactory."

"I suppose he's bringing Miss Terry again," said Mrs. Getzel.

"He has a right to, hasn't he?" Bertha looked straight at her. "It's nobody's business what he does."

Mrs. Getzel acted very discouraged. "He has a right to marry her, too. If he does . . . well, we all better start looking for new jobs. I hear she's the kind that runs everything her own way."

"She's a good actress," said Arsene. "Nobody likes her but she certainly is a splendid actress."

"I never liked her." Mrs. Getzel wrinkled her nose, sniffing. "I wouldn't go to see her; not after the way she lords it over everybody. They say she even acts snooty to her own mother."

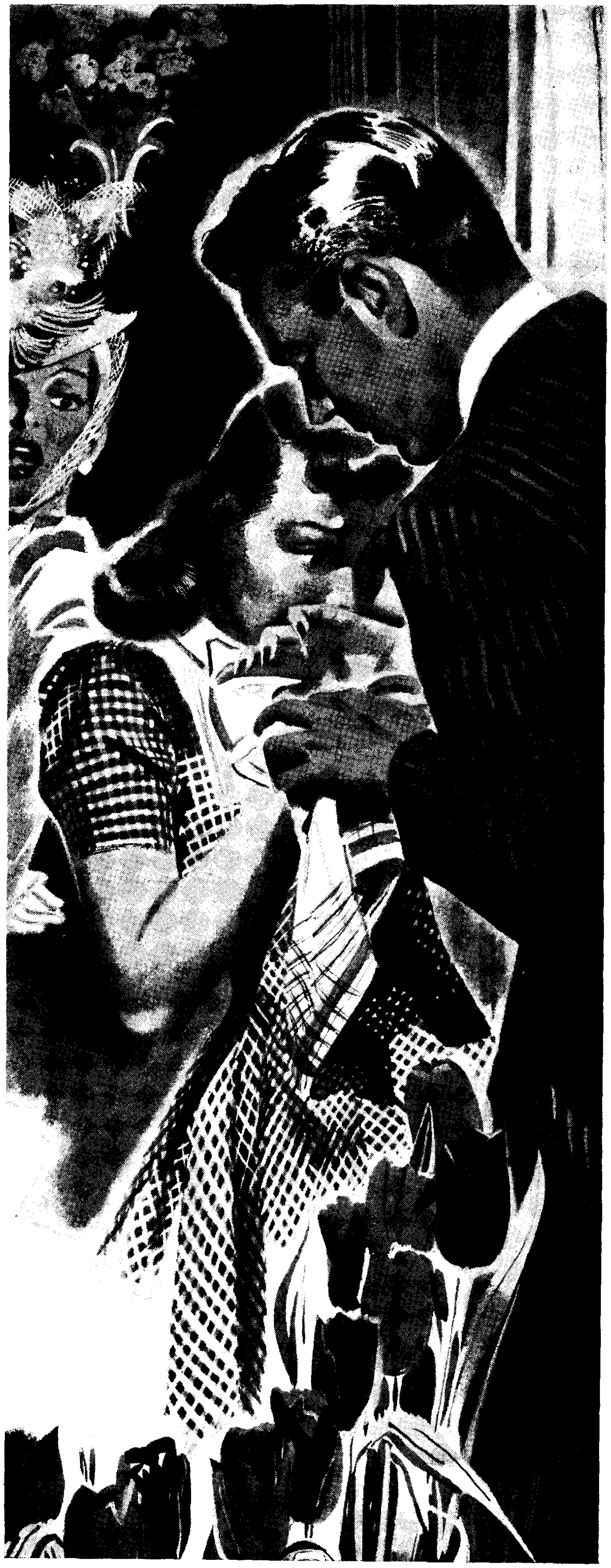
"It's the publicity," said Arsene. "I know all about her. She'd do anything for publicity."

Bertha turned away to look out the window. "Mr. Garland is never going to marry Myra Terry. I wish you'd stop talking that way about him."

"You needn't flare up," said Mrs. Getzel.

Arsene dropped the broken glass in

(Continued on page 25)



"It's a trick," Myra called to him. "Don't let her fool you. She did it deliberately." "Is that so, Bert?" Colby asked her

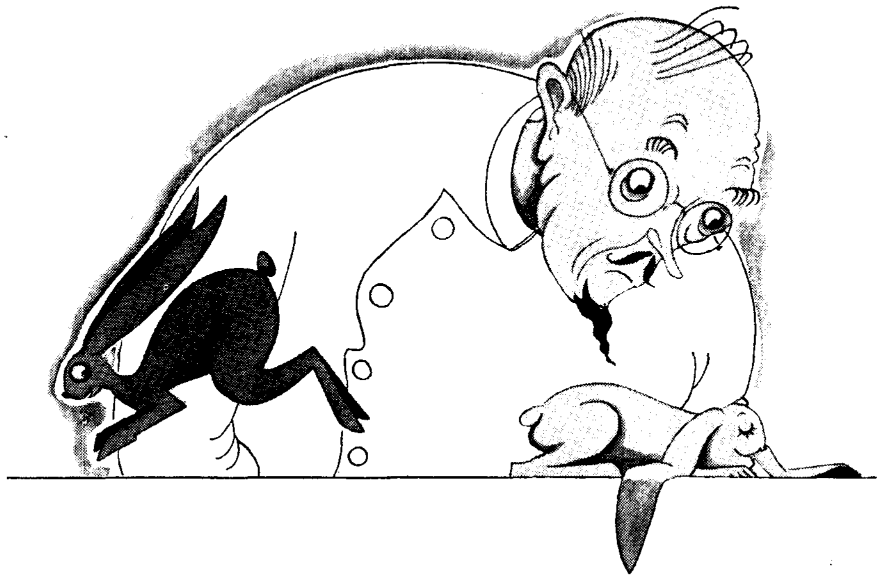
Rabbits were exposed, in a few months, to as much dust as the miners breathed in a dozen years

Dust Fights Dust

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

That dread industrial killer, silicosis, has been robbed forever of its lethal power. In one of the most brilliant research achievements of the age, a handful of scientists have made life safer and more healthful for 500,000 American workmen



The tip-off came when some exposed rabbits failed to develop silicosis

"SOMETIMES," said the White Queen to Alice, "I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." Well, that was with practice, so here are three for you to start on: stone will dissolve if you put it in water, the best and newest treatment for dangerous dust in the lungs is more dust, and a few white rabbits down a gold mine—it sounds more like Alice than ever, doesn't it?—could tell a few bright men in the wilds of northern Canada how to stop an industrial disease that has been worrying the world for years—silicosis.

You've most likely been really silicosis-conscious only since that pretty terrible business a couple of years ago when some men digging a tunnel began to die like flies. It turned out the tunnel was being dug in pure silica rock and what they were dying of was an acute form of silicosis.

But that tragedy was only more dramatic, actually not a bit more frightful, than the damage silicosis has been doing all over the world in a slower way for years. Accidents are the only thing that do more industrial damage to human health. Half a million men right here in the United States are exposed to it, half a million workers in over two hundred occupations which, if you're interested in figures, is sixteen per cent of all laborers. And it costs, if you'd rather be hard-boiled than humanitarian, literally billions every year in hospital bills and compensation. In one month a few years ago there were thirty million dollars' worth of silicosis suits pending in New York alone.

Of course the reason silicosis is such a serious problem is that it isn't just silicosis. It's miner's asthma, and stonemason's lung, and sand-blaster's lung, and miner's phthisis, and an unpleasant-sounding disease called grinder's rot—just to mention a few of its aliases—only nobody knew this till recently. Doctors knew they were all related somehow, because the men that came down with them all coughed a lot and were short of breath, X-rays of their lungs all showed big areas of a sort of fibrous development, and most of them died eventually of tuberculosis. But look at their lungs after they had died, and the coal miner's lungs would be black with coal dust, the iron miner's lungs red from iron, the sand-blaster's lungs white from silica dust, and the potter's lungs a sort of gray. It looked as if all these different sorts of dust were causing similar trouble, but they weren't—it was all one dust, silica dust.

Silica, you see, which is the scientific name for just plain quartz—the kind of quartz that in a highly refined form makes your wife's best quartz crystal or

(Continued on page 54)

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

WITH the avowed intention of bringing about world peace by the simple expedient of destroying certain leading militarists and dictators, Dr. Fu Manchu, most dangerous of criminals and head of Si-Fan (a sinister secret society), goes to London. There he murders the first two men on his list. After which, he goes to Venice.

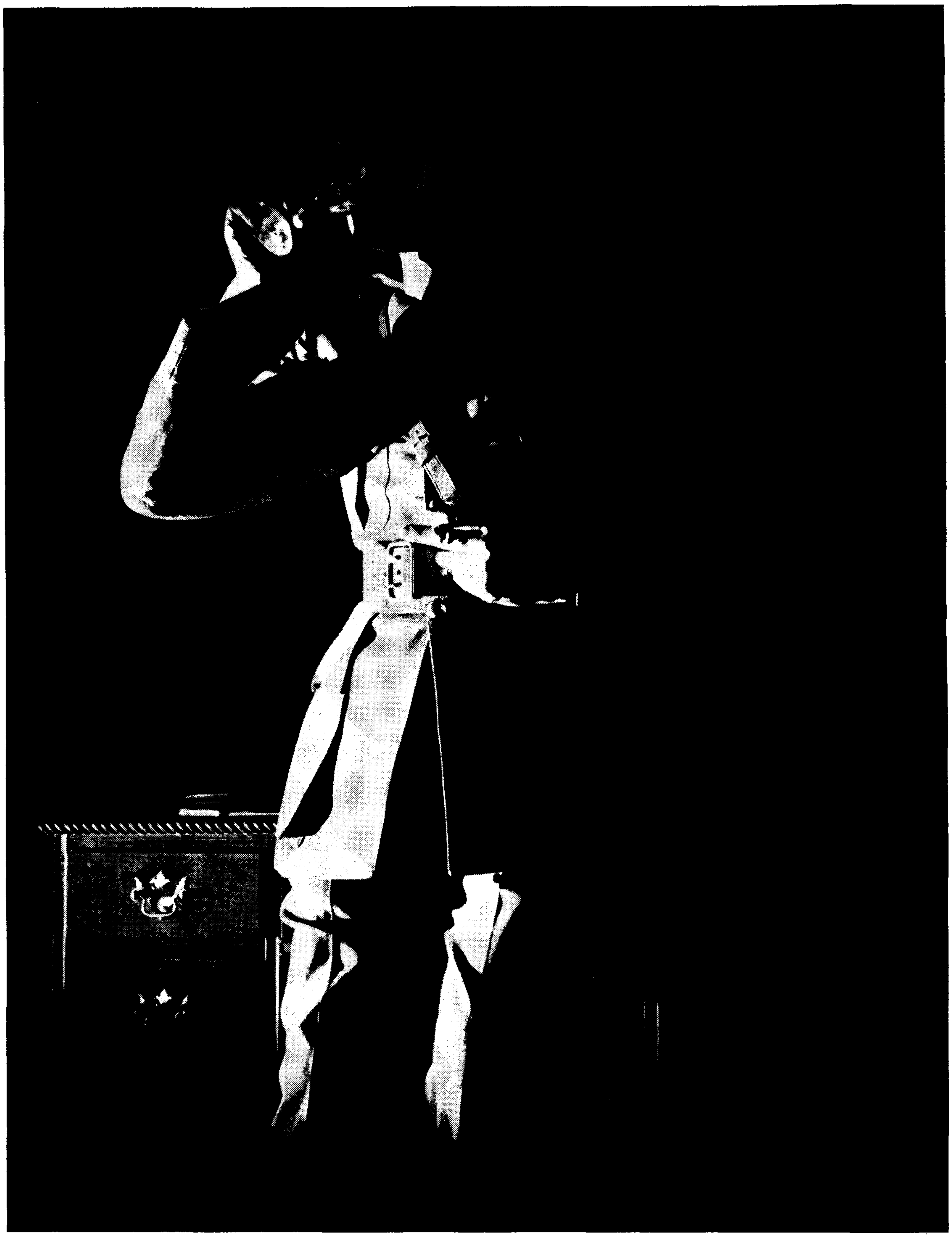
Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted undercover man, and Bart Kerrigan, a young journalist, follow him. Certain that Rudolf Adlon—a powerful dictator who is in the Italian city incognito—is marked for death, they make frantic efforts to save him. The wily Oriental, however, outwits them, and Adlon is done away with.

With the doctor are two women: his daughter, Fah lo Suee, who, deprived of her memory by her father, believes her name to be Korêani; and the beautiful Ardatha. Following several encounters with Ardatha, Kerrigan is in love with her; he does not believe that she is a criminal. . . . Smith and Kerrigan return to England. The former succeeds in gaining possession of a leaf from Fu Manchu's notebook, whereon are listed the names of various important members of Si-Fan (among them Lord Weimer, a noted banker). Aware that the doctor will try to retrieve the list, Smith places it in a portfolio, which he hides in Kerrigan's flat.

Alone in his room, Kerrigan receives a caller: Fu Manchu! The doctor steps into the flat. In his hand he holds a "disintegrator." To demonstrate the weapon's power, he points it at a vase. The vase explodes, disappears! He then demands the surrender of the portfolio. . . . Ardatha arrives. She informs Kerrigan that Si-Fan is on the verge of choosing a new head. While she and Fu Manchu and Kerrigan are conversing, police rush in. But, taking the girl with him, Fu Manchu makes his getaway.

The Premier of England, informed by Smith of the Oriental's machinations, summons some of the country's leading men to No. 10 Downing Street. Smith is among those who assemble to discuss the matter with the Premier. Sir William Bard, commissioner of metropolitan police (to whom the portfolio has been entrusted), produces the portfolio. He opens it. The list is missing; in its place is a message from Fu Manchu—a warning message, which concludes: "You would be well advised to reconsider your policies."

Sir William is appalled. "At least," says Smith, "we are warned. And it may not be too late to save their next victim."



WILLIAM RITTER

Standing upright, a handsome military figure, he became, it seemed, suddenly rigid!

Conclusion

WE RETURNED to Nayland Smith's flat in a flying-squad car and two men were detailed to remain on duty in the lobby. Only by a perceptible tightening of Fey's lips did I recognize the mighty relief he experienced when he saw us.

He had nothing to report. Smith laughed aloud when he saw me looking at a freshly painted patch on the front door.

"My new lock, Kerrigan! It's a nuisance to open, being somewhat complicated. But once I am in, I think I'm safe!"

In the familiar room with photographs of his old friends about him, he relaxed at last, dropping down into an armchair with a sigh of content.

Fey served drinks and silently retired.

"I had a bad shock tonight, Smith," I said awkwardly. "Ardatha was instrumental in the theft of the commissioner's portfolio."

Smith nodded, busily filling his pipe.

"She had no choice," he said. "As I said at the time, it was her punishment. At least, she was not concerned in a murder, Kerrigan. Probably she had to succeed or die. I wonder if this really remarkable achievement has reinstated the doctor with the council."

"Is it a fact, Smith, that the names of the council were actually in your possession?"

"Yes. Some I had suspected, nor would their identity convey anything to the public. But three of the seven are as well-known to the world as Bernard Shaw. Even to me those names came as a surprise. But lacking the written evidence, we dare not move."

He took up a bundle of letters that Fey had placed on a table near the armchair. He tossed them all aside until presently he came upon one at which he frowned queerly.

"Hello!" he murmured, "what's this?"

He examined the writing, the post-office stamp—and finally tore open the envelope. He glanced at the single sheet of paper that it contained. His face remained quite expressionless as he bent forward and passed it to me. . . .

I stared at the sheet of paper, and my heart missed a beat as I read:

FIRST NOTICE

The Council of Seven of the Si-Fan has decided that you are an obstruction to its policy. Its present purpose being the peace of the world, a purpose to which no sane man can be opposed, you are given a choice of two courses. Remain in London tonight and the Council guarantees your safety and will communicate with you by telephone. We are prepared for an honorable compromise. Leave, and you will receive a second notice.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

I don't know why these words, written in a square heavy hand, on thick paper embossed with a Chinese hieroglyphic, should have so chilled me, but they did. It was no novelty for Nayland Smith to go in peril of his life; but, as I knew

(Continued on page 34)

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on

IFOR THOMAS

Something for Hollywood home talent to worry about is beauteous Isa Miranda of Milan

The wit, charm and strange behavior of Miss Isa Miranda of Milan

ABOUT Miss Isa Miranda there is considerable mystery and not a little doubt. The fact that she has been in Hollywood for over a year without being seen by anybody but a few directors and a raft of grips, stagehands and electricians may have something to do with it. Such aloofness is not considered right in the Metropolis of Moonshine. It may be considered Greta Garboish but it is not considered cricket.

Miss Miranda, as you have probably heard, is the young thing who was brought over here from Italy by Paramount and has since been learning her ABC's. In Europe she was considered quite some shucks as an actress and Paramount thinks she has repeated the success in Hotel Imperial, which was recently released, but her personal life is about as interesting as a short-subjects film on the emptying of dust bags.

In short, Miranda does not play the game. She is strictly a home girl. She has never been seen at a party; she has never entered a night club; she has never attended a gala opening. For all practical purposes she might as well be suffering from beriberi and quarantined by the health department.

Purely in the interests of truth and history I have made a pilgrimage to the home of this paragon. I have returned to say that if the young blades of Beverly Hills had seen what I saw, they would be climbing the parapets of the Miranda residence like demented mountain goats. She is one absolute and indisputable knockout, a blond northern Italian from Milan with the figure of a Dietrich and the intelligence of a Lombard. In brief, an okay gal.

Never to my last gurgling breath will I understand this nine-o'clock bedtime mania of hers but I set down in the most meticulous detail that Isa Miranda goes to bed every night at nine and gets up every morning at six and I cross my heart and hope to die if this is not what she told me. On the face of it, this would convict anybody of nitwittedness, but Miranda is a smart lady. Nothing seems to make sense any more.

"Of course I get up again around midnight," she says, as if that is going to explain anything. "I get up and eat everything in the house. I eat like a horse, and wander around in the garden, and turn on all the lights, and hunt around to see if the cook has hidden anything from me, and then go back to bed."

Despite all I can do, I'm giving you the impression that this dame is nuts, but it isn't true. She's amusing and full of zip and extremely intelligent. Beyond that, as I have possibly hinted, she is a ring-tailed, hell-a-galootin' beauty and it is probably just as well for the other Hollywood dolls that La Miranda stays at home and eats in private.

Hollywood Was Like a Jail

Before I go into the business of where she was born and how she got her start in the fabulous profession, it may be well to state that all has not been joy for her in Hollywood. She arrived knowing not a single word of English and accompanied by her manager and producer, M. Guarini. His English had been learned in school and accordingly it made people look around as if for the first time in their lives they were being confronted by an Eskimo.

"You think that's fonny?" she asks. "That is not fonny. It is like the jail. You can't talk to anybody, you can't read a newspaper, you feel ver-ry stoopid. You wish you were dead."

But after a year of lessons in English (eight hours a day), the Paramount mob thought well enough of her progress to heave her into Zaza. After a week they heaved her out again—and that was the low point of her existence. If there is anything that gets around Hollywood in a rush it is bad news, and there is no disgrace worse than getting bounced after you've once started in a picture. Miranda wished she were back in Milan. Generally you *are* back in Milan after a floperola like that but she hung on and kept studying her verbs. Hotel Imperial is said to be her vindication.

Now for the background.

Being a gentleman, I never ventured to ask the lady the date of her birth but I should guess that she is around twenty-five and I will accept the summons in good part if I am wrong. Her hair, strangely enough, is naturally blond, which, even more strangely, I am told, is common in northern Italy. She was born in Milan, where her father was a streetcar conductor. When she was about ten, he was killed in an accident and things got tough. That ended her

(Continued on page 50)

How to Catch Fish

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE PRICE

Make the most of this; it's treason. Mr. Williams, for forty years an angler, shows how to get results by ignoring rules

THE true angler's credo since the beginning has been: "There's more than fish to fishing," yet the highest praise any angler can give to his particular lure, or his particular method, is to insist upon its deadliness. Last summer, returning from Quebec, I discussed salmon flies with a brother angler whose gift for hyperbole I had not till then fully appreciated. He described a fly he had designed and tied.

"And the first time I tried it," he said, "three salmon came for it so hard they bumped heads, knocked themselves senseless and drifted ashore at the foot of the pool. I had to snatch the fly out of the water to keep the other salmon from killing themselves fighting over it; and at that, one of them chased the fly ashore and then chased me up the bank trying to get it. If I hadn't had my car handy in the road right above the pool, he'd have caught me sure!"

I believe him. Of course in other respects he sometimes exaggerates a little. That same day he told me about sleeping one night in a Nova Scotian hotel when, even though he had all his windows closed, the wind blew all the blankets off his bed. But in this matter of the fly, I believe him, because he gave me one. I am looking forward to trying it; but in order to keep the matter on a sporting basis I shall refrain from casting it into any pool where there is more than one salmon.

Lures were a very early development; the next great advance in the Art of Angle came with the invention of tackle calculated to magnify the prowess of the angler. Someone discovered that the more flexible your rod and the lighter your gear, the harder the fish seemed to pull. I use the phrase "seemed to pull" advisedly; for the thing is a complete illusion. Yet it is a good illusion, and persuasive. The man at the butt end of a grilse rod, with a fairly active ten-pound salmon in play, feels as though he has lassoed a good healthy bull calf about three months old. If the salmon puts on a lively fight, the man's ribs will begin to ache, his arms to weary, he himself to pant and to perspire; and when at last he brings the fish to net or gaff he is likely to say:

"Whew! Five minutes more and he'd have had me. Boy, didn't that fish pull!"

Ask him how much, in actual pounds, the salmon did pull. When he has told you, attach the fly on his line to a good spring scale; then tell him to hold his rod in the approved position of a man playing a fish, while you take the scale and back away from him till it registers the pull he named.

But don't offer to pay for the rod! He will have overrated the pull of the fish perhaps as much as ten times. My two-and-a-half-ounce trout rod will just about lift half a pound off the floor without cracking. My dry-fly salmon rods will pull about a pound and a half without damage to themselves.

Tackle and lures and methods had to be devised, in order to prove to fishermen's wives that there's more than fish to fishing; and the thesis that fish are wily and valiant and powerful beyond belief, and that to catch them requires not only tenacity, courage, strength and endurance, but also a skill so highly developed that it deserves to be called an art, has been elaborated ad nauseam.

But all this discussion of the Art of

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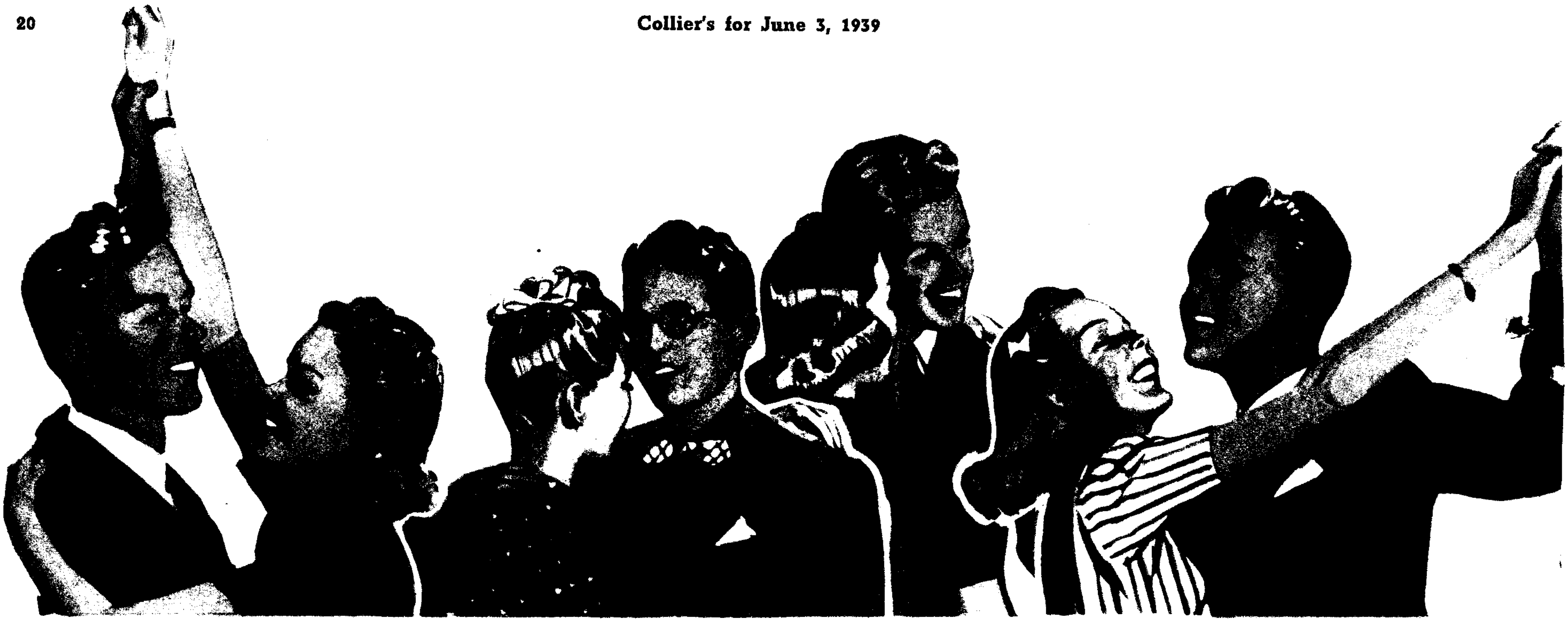


Two Guys and a Girl

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

Ronnie gives a lesson in strategy —and learns something valuable about boys and girls in love

RONNIE FERGUSON was home from high school. She dumped down her books and replied to her mother's greeting. Her mother returned to the letter she was reading and Ronnie stood in the middle of the room for a moment, looking blank. Then she sauntered over to the mirror above the mantel and stared, in a completely detached way, at her own face. Her mother's cheerful comment took her wholly by surprise.

"Ronnie!" Marcia Ferguson said. "What do you suppose, dear? Eric Reynolds is coming to live with us!"

Ronnie turned from the mirror slowly, doubting the evidence of her own ears.

"Who's Eric Reynolds?"

"Why, you remember, Ronnie. . . . Eric's mother was one of my dearest friends—back in Bridgeport. Well, it seems the boy is entering college here—but he's on a diet and his mother is naturally afraid he'd forget all about it if he went to live in a fraternity house or some such place. So she's asking me to take him in with us for this first semester and—"

"A college man—!" Ronnie broke in, incredulously. "A college man—and living right in the same house with *me?*"

Her mother looked at her for a moment. Then she put her head back against the chair and regarded the ceiling. She was smiling faintly. . . .

Ronnie distrusted that smile. It meant a superior attitude. But she fought on desperately.

"Why, I should think you could see for yourself!" she cried. "I should think you couldn't fail to realize for one minute that a setup like this would—well, take just one plain and simple fact alone: *Where* would you put this poor sap? I'd like to know."

"Well, really, Ronnie—we couldn't put him out in the garage, could we? We'd put him in the guest room, of course!"

Ronnie stared at her.

"Right across the hall from me!"

"And why not?"

"Why not!" cried Ronnie hoarsely. "Why not! Why, because this means I'll have to get altogether and completely dressed and practically with my hat on every time I even want to brush my *teeth!*"

"I don't see why you'd have to," her mother said mildly. "Really, dear, if you were only as conventional about some things as you are about other things—oh, well!" She concluded briskly, "I've got to get a telegram off to Bridgeport—right away."

Ronnie started to speak again but decided against it. She knew when it was hopeless.

THERE was the unmistakable sound of Dick Hendricks' car being rasped to the curb. Ronnie walked slowly down the porch steps.

"Hi!" he said. "Climb in and we'll go places, my good woman. . . . I've been having this parley with old Walrus-Whiskers on account of me and old Slim clowning around in the lab. We broke half a dozen more of those test tubes, you'll be proud and happy to learn. . . . Hey! What's the matter? What's this gloom?"

Ronnie, still profoundly thoughtful, had taken her place beside him.

"Gloom," she said, "is right."

Then she told him. Dick's comprehension made up, in large measure, for her mother's obtuseness.

"You take a situation like that," he said, frowning, "it's going to be darned embarrassing."

"Yes—and he's going to be the world's most complete dope, what's more!"

"That's right," said Dick, more cheerfully. "He'll be a dope all right. Catch little old yours truly going and living in a house with a girl in it!"

"And imagine a calorie counter!" Ronnie sighed despairingly. "Oh, he's going to be awful!"

He turned his head a little, eying her with sudden suspicion.

"You're hoping he won't be!"

"Why, no!" cried Ronnie indignantly. "Why would I care? What's it in my life, for goodness' sake, if he's awful or not awful?"

"Well, it better not be!"

"Well, it isn't."

"Well, maybe you better tell this guy. If he tries anything, he'll get his ears pinned back."

Ronnie smiled. It was a purely feminine smile. "Oh, I don't suppose he'll try anything."

"He better not."

Dick drove faster. He drew up before Milbank's drugstore with a flourish.

"He better not!" he said again, with even more emphasis.

And Ronnie smiled again, even more provokingly.

"I don't see what you're so mad about. He hasn't even got here. I've never even seen him!"

Dick banged the door on his side of the car and came around to open the door on her side. That was something they had been doing lately. She stepped gracefully down from the battered running board, and he put his hand under her elbow to assist her to the curb. Then they resumed their conversation.

"Well, anyhow," she said, "he'll be awful."

"Look—do we have to keep *talking* about this guy?"

"Oh, no," said Ronnie. "Not if it bores you. Far be it from me!"

And with this final word she sauntered to the soda fountain with Dick swaggering behind her. Simultaneously they perched on adjacent stools and reached for straws. . . .

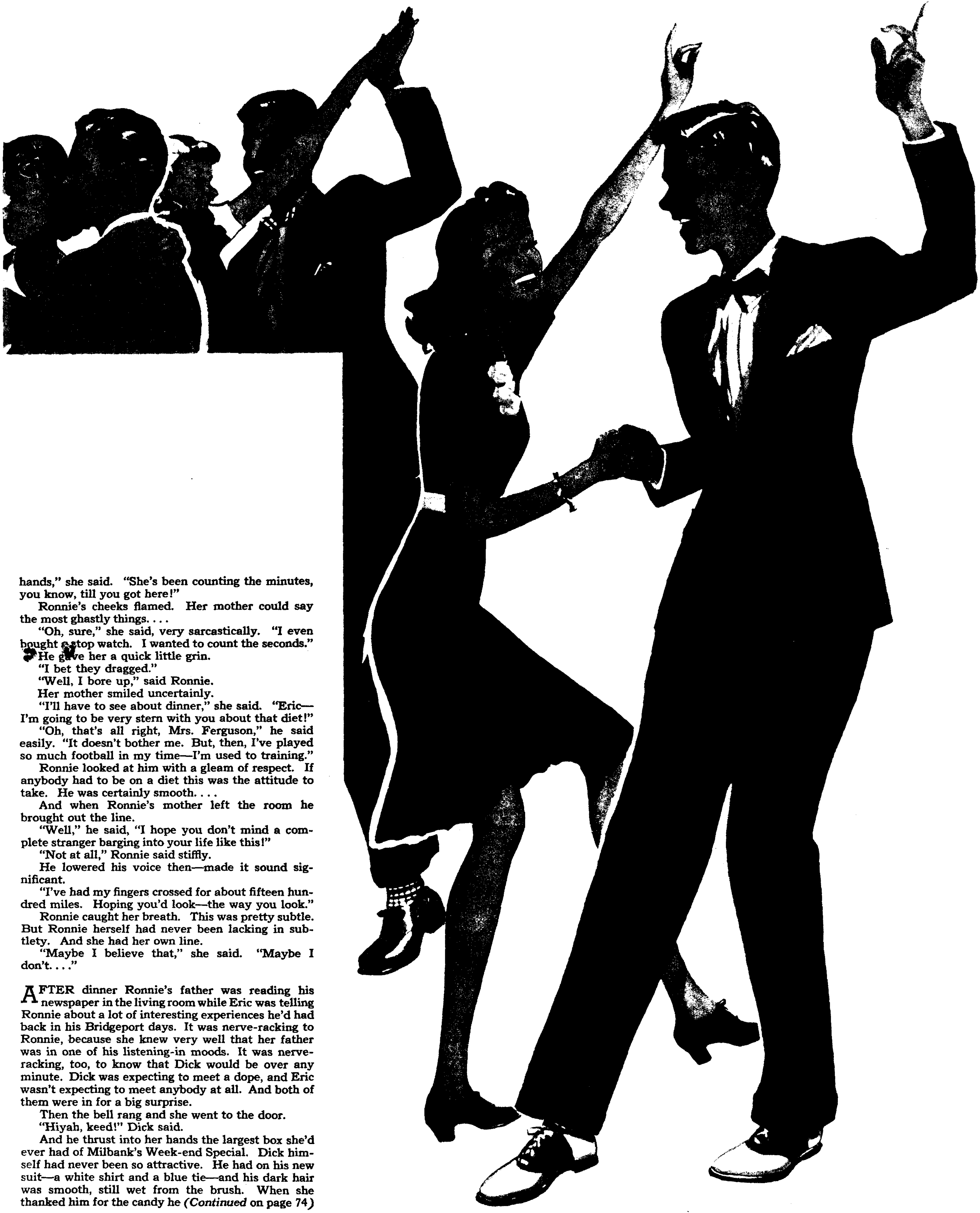
ERIC REYNOLDS arrived in town on the following Saturday. Ronnie had recoiled in horror from the suggestion that she go down to the station to meet him. Ronnie's mother had gone to the station alone.

Ronnie put on her new blue flannel dress with the ivory buttons. Then, with a magazine, she settled down in the chair from which she meant to arise with a slightly absent-minded air when her mother arrived with their guest. But this didn't work out as she had planned, because her mother drove in suddenly—and both her mother and Eric Reynolds could see Ronnie peering through the window, her nose all but flattened against the pane. . . .

Eric wasn't any dope. That was the thing that hit Ronnie right away. He was the lean, tall type—and anyone would have known he was a college man. He wore a good-looking tweed suit with a fine brown woolen sweater under it that cut across the slight arch of a golden-brown tie. His fair hair was parted in the middle and slicked back against either side of his head. He had the terribly well-scrubbed look that Dick Hendricks achieved only on special occasions. His blue eyes, perhaps, were a trifle too small and his nose was a trifle too large, but these minor flaws in no way detracted from the general effect—which was smooth.

Ronnie's mother introduced them in a pretty casual fashion.

"And now, Eric, I'm going to leave you in Ronnie's



Ronnie laughed a good deal, still trying to make everybody think this was a joke

hands," she said. "She's been counting the minutes, you know, till you got here!"

Ronnie's cheeks flamed. Her mother could say the most ghastly things. . . .

"Oh, sure," she said, very sarcastically. "I even bought a stop watch. I wanted to count the seconds."

He gave her a quick little grin.

"I bet they dragged."

"Well, I bore up," said Ronnie.

Her mother smiled uncertainly.

"I'll have to see about dinner," she said. "Eric—I'm going to be very stern with you about that diet!"

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Ferguson," he said easily. "It doesn't bother me. But, then, I've played so much football in my time—I'm used to training."

Ronnie looked at him with a gleam of respect. If anybody had to be on a diet this was the attitude to take. He was certainly smooth. . . .

And when Ronnie's mother left the room he brought out the line.

"Well," he said, "I hope you don't mind a complete stranger barging into your life like this!"

"Not at all," Ronnie said stiffly.

He lowered his voice then—made it sound significant.

"I've had my fingers crossed for about fifteen hundred miles. Hoping you'd look—the way you look."

Ronnie caught her breath. This was pretty subtle. But Ronnie herself had never been lacking in subtlety. And she had her own line.

"Maybe I believe that," she said. "Maybe I don't. . . ."

AFTER dinner Ronnie's father was reading his newspaper in the living room while Eric was telling Ronnie about a lot of interesting experiences he'd had back in his Bridgeport days. It was nerve-racking to Ronnie, because she knew very well that her father was in one of his listening-in moods. It was nerve-racking, too, to know that Dick would be over any minute. Dick was expecting to meet a dope, and Eric wasn't expecting to meet anybody at all. And both of them were in for a big surprise.

Then the bell rang and she went to the door.

"Hiyah, keed!" Dick said.

And he thrust into her hands the largest box she'd ever had of Milbank's Week-end Special. Dick himself had never been so attractive. He had on his new suit—a white shirt and a blue tie—and his dark hair was smooth, still wet from the brush. When she thanked him for the candy he *(Continued* on page 74*)*

Irish Eye

By Qu

ROBERT W. LEAVITT
PICTURES, INC.

'Twill be a great day when Irish fighting men rule the ring again. And here, praise be, is as likely a pair of boys as you've ever seen

OH, BUT it was a grand day and the hearts of Irishmen the world over were singing. Sure, wasn't their idol, the Strong Boy, going to prove the superiority of the Irish again? There was only one John L. Sullivan in the world and he was down in New Orleans where he'd gone to lick the livin' daylights out of some young upstart from San Francisco. Oh, John would lick him all right. Hadn't he even licked the great Paddy Ryan, who had been champion and who'd fight only with his bare knuckles.

And then the impossible happened. The Irish idol was knocked out in twenty-one rounds by the kid from San Francisco. Who was he now, this Corbett lad? They investigated and, glory be, he was Irish too. James J. Corbett, his full name was, and once again pride rose in the hearts of the men of Erin. Only the Irish, they chuckled, were fit for the heavyweight throne. Them Eyetalians and Poles and the rest of them couldn't put up their hands. Wurra, wurra, they chuckled, only the Irish should ever meet for the royal purple.

Back in 1892, that was, and since then, by golly, two Irishmen have never met for the heavyweight title. Fitzsimmons and Jeffries had Irish names but Fitz was an Australian and Jeff, who came from Ohio, had only the smallest trace of Irish blood in him. Marvin Hart and Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson and Jess Willard didn't have an Irish note in their songs. Jack Dempsey had only the slightest trace of Irish in him and the man who beat him, Gene Tunney, was the first since Corbett to enlist the Irish vote. Max Schmeling was next champion and then came Jack Sharkey, who was a Lithuanian. Primo Carnera was an Italian and Max Baer a native son of California. Finally a full-fledged Irishman named Jim Braddock became champion only to be annihilated by the Negro Joe Louis.

'Tis a sad state of affairs we've been having for nearly fifty years. Oh, we've had a few good Irishmen in the heavyweight division but they were few and far between and never were the sons of Erin allowed to sit back in gleeful anticipation of saying at the end of a heavyweight championship fight, "Well, anyhow, an Irishman won."

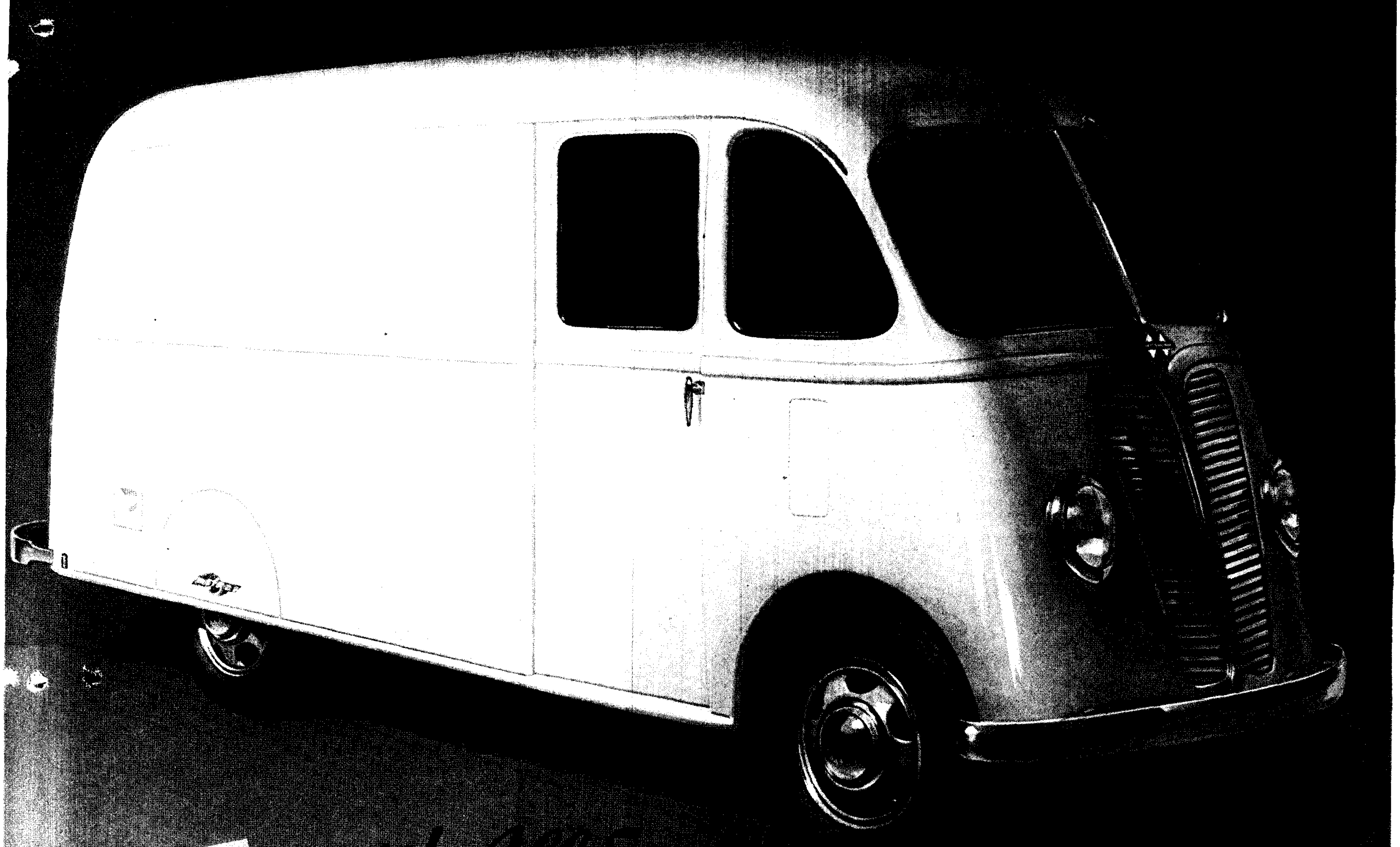
Now whisper it, lest the banshees hear and in the dead of the night put a wailing curse upon the two lads. Hold your breath lest the mischievous little people who dwell in the vales turn our two lads into gay, laughing troubadours of song. Hold your breaths while we tell of William David Conn and Patrick Edward Comiskey, as Irish as the roses of Killarney, the two likeliest-looking laddies among the throwers of leather. They're both babies; Conn is 21 and Comiskey only 18, but they're growing and they're getting older and someday, praise be, we may see them in the ring together fighting for the biggest crown in the fistic world. Oh, but that'll be a proud moment for the sons of Erin.

Now, mind you, the chances are a hundred to one against either of them ever getting that far, but who ever heard of an Irishman who didn't love to take the short end of a hundred-to-one *(Continued on page 60)*

American born of full Irish extraction are Pat Comiskey (top) and Billy Conn, the best-looking of the young heavyweight prospects today. Comiskey is 18, Conn 21, and their records are impressive

New International

DELIVERY TRUCKS



with All-Steel Streamlined Metro Bodies

TWO NEW CHASSIS

These new International Trucks with Metro Bodies are new in every respect—completely International designed and built. They are not so-called body-builders' conversions.

D-2-M

½-ton Chassis in 2 wheelbase lengths: 102-inch, for the 7½-foot body; and 113-inch, for the 9½-foot body.

D-15-M

¾- to 1-ton Chassis in 2 wheelbase lengths: 102-inch, for the 7½-foot body; and 113-inch, for the 9½-foot body.

Double the cubic capacity of the standard panel body on the same wheelbase length is now offered you in these new International Trucks with the new Metro Bodies.

And only in these two International Trucks can you get these new Metro Bodies.

There are no fenders, no running boards, no hood. There is a smooth floor, a greater area for loads, better distribution of weight. Modern insulation throughout; refrigerator insulation also available.

These new trucks handle easier, park easier and in less space. They are easier on the driver, because they are easier to drive, easier to get in and out of, easier to load and unload. There are wider doors, there is more head room, the driver is farther front, the gear-shift control is on the steering column, and there is greater visibility. [illegible] determined [illegible] actually been [illegible] multi-stop service.

If this does not happen to be the type of truck you need in your business—if you need just a small half-ton pick-up or a great powerful 6-wheel dump, or any size or type in between, you will find it in the complete International line.

There's an International Dealer or Branch in your immediate vicinity—ready and eager to demonstrate the right International chassis and the correct International body for increasing your trucking efficiency and profit.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Thrillingly luxurious comfort! The most enjoyable moment of the day comes when you first crawl into bed and settle down on your NEW, deeper Beautyrest mattress! What a blissful sensation it is, just to lie there, letting your tired body surrender to the wonderful "feel" of this great mattress—a mattress that's even more comfortable than *any* one we ever made before! So softly does this NEW Beautyrest yield to your body that you forget you have shoulders, elbows, hips, knees. Its gentle support relaxes you. You quickly drop off to sleep . . . to awake next morning, rested and refreshed!

Your most important investment in comfort can be your mattress. So compare this NEW Beautyrest with any other mattress. Remember, Beautyrest has many imitators. But *no other* mattress has ALL its advantages.

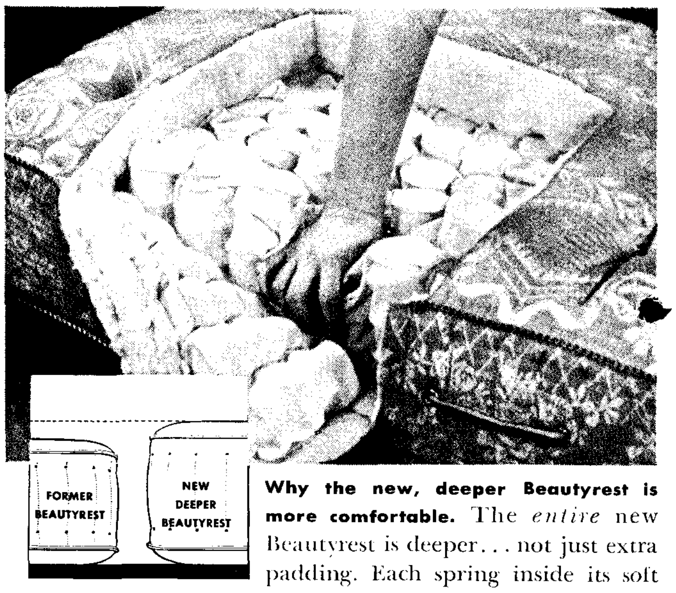
Yes—the new, deeper Beautyrest is more comfortable than ever

—and it's guaranteed for twice as long!

Here's proof the new Beautyrest lasts longer! We guarantee the new, deeper Beautyrest for 10 years . . . but we believe it will last far longer under normal use. At the United States Testing Co. laboratories at Hoboken, N. J., a Beautyrest was rolled, crushed, pounded 489,000 times before it showed any signs of wear. No other mattress tested stood up *⅓ as long!*

No need to turn this new Beautyrest as often! You don't have to turn your Beautyrest nearly as often . . . because its independent spring action keeps it from getting out of shape, and because it stays clean inside. Turn it according to your usual custom the first several months until the felt padding has "leveled." After that, turn it only four or five times a year. Think of the labor that saves!

New, Deeper
SIMMONS Beautyrest MATTRESS
"LUXURY COMFORT FOR A PENNY A NIGHT!"



Why the new, deeper Beautyrest is more comfortable. The *entire* new Beautyrest is deeper . . . not just extra padding. Each spring inside its soft cloth pocket is *deeper!* Each spring is separated from all others, and yields *independently* to the different weights of your feet, your hips, your body, your arms. So Beautyrest gives exactly the PROPER support to *every* part of your body. Most mattresses have springs that are all TIED TOGETHER by wire that *do not* yield independently . . . forming slopes and hollows.

Extra comfort for a postage stamp a week! With the new 10-year guarantee, the difference in price between the new Beautyrest and an ordinary mattress . . . is no more than the cost of mailing a letter a week . . . just a trifle when you consider the long years of luxurious comfort the Beautyrest gives you.

Consider these points, too, when you buy a mattress!

You can't break down the edges! Sit on them all you want, you won't break down Beautyrest's patented sag-proof edges! They keep the side walls erect and neat . . . bringing "mid-mattress" comfort to the very edges of the bed!

Beautyrest stays clean inside! Eight real ventilators in your New, deeper Beautyrest *expel* stale air from inside the mattress—and *inhale* clean, fresh air. So the Beautyrest stays dry and sanitary inside!

Where comfort counts, it's Beautyrest! Beautyrest is the symbol of comfort at leading hotels. The Biltmore in Los Angeles has Beautyrests.

Get the new, deeper Beautyrest! See it, today, at any leading furniture or department store. Test it . . . compare it with other mattresses. Notice the rich covering fabrics . . . see how beautifully Beautyrest "makes up."

This supremely comfortable, *new, deeper* Beautyrest costs only $39.50 . . . and easy-payment terms may be arranged.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
SIMMONS COMPANY

Don't be surprised when you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good." Just remember . . . there is only ONE Beautyrest! Look for this label when you buy your Beautyrest. Why buy something cheaper . . . when long years of *luxurious* comfort on a Beautyrest will cost you *only a fraction of a cent more a night!* See the Simmons Beautyrest Boxspring—designed for use with your Beautyrest mattress. Price $39.50. Or get the Simmons Ace Coil Spring at $19.75. Simmons Company, world's largest makers of quality mattresses, springs, studio couches—Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois. New York—San Francisco—Atlanta.

Little Jallopy

Continued from page 15

the wastebasket, staring back, swallowing and expecting Bertha to accuse him of something. "Shall I mix you a drink?" he asked. "You don't want to be shaky like that when he comes in."

"A nice little sandwich while you're waiting?" asked Mrs. Getzel. "Let me fix you a nice little turkey sandwich."

"He'll probably be here in a few minutes." Bertha shook her head, watching the thick traffic down below on the boulevard for Colby's limousine.

And watching for the limousine, Bertha did not notice the taxicab come up the driveway until she heard tires sliding to a stop on the gravel. The door slammed and, by the time she hustled back to the library, Colby was already there and in the usual rush. "Pay the driver," he said, starting to take off his jacket, then forgetting and rummaging through the papers and mail on the desk. "Where's Arsene?" he said.

Bertha started off but Garland called her back. "Don't go away," he said. "Is there anything important?"

"You better let me hold the cab. You're supposed to be at the radio station before six-thirty. You're on the Johnny Dodge broadcast."

"Dodge?" Garland gestured wearily with his hands. "I don't work for Dodge."

"Yes, but he's been calling. He's expecting you. He said the studio promised."

"How did he get my telephone number?" Garland still had the heavy tan make-up on his face and seemed to be feeling better than usual, whistling absent-mindedly and hardly noticing her. He went on pawing through the bills and mail until she mentioned the taxicab again. "What you waiting for?" he said. "Get rid of him. Give him his money."

"Please." Bertha moved over to stand close to him. "You're on the broadcast. Didn't they tell you at the studio? Dodge says he's been announcing it. Mrs. Getzel says he called twice this afternoon before I got here. It's in the papers."

GARLAND laughed. "What's so terrible? Are you working for Dodge or for me?"

"Nothing's terrible, I guess." Bertha was giving up. "Only you don't want to give him an excuse to knock you, do you?"

"How could he knock me? I've never hurt him." Garland moved away. "I don't fancy pulling chestnuts out of the fire for him, Bert. It's an advertising show. It's his little racket. The finger-nail-polish people pay him to bring in free talent. It's a shakedown."

"But the studio wanted you to do it."

"I wasn't consulted. There's nothing in my contract to compel me to appear on anybody's advertising program."

"I know they can't *make* you go." Bertha knew it was useless. "It's too bad though that Dodge wasn't told sooner. He's gone ahead with his announcements."

"Bert, sweetheart, captain," he said meekly. "You're probably right." He laughed and grinned at her. "Don't I usually do everything you tell me? Only tonight, Johnny Dodge and the coast-to-coast network don't mean a thing."

"It's not funny." Bertha tried to talk back angrily. "Oh, I know how you despise publicity stunts; but this really is important. I'm only trying to be loyal. I hear people talk. They believe everything Johnny Dodge says. What's the use arguing if you don't listen to me?"

"Keep a secret?" Garland took a deep breath, gulping bashfully. "I'm finally going to do it, Bert."

Bertha laughed back at his embarrassment, wondering what he intended to say. Perhaps he was going to the broadcast after all; or maybe he was buying the new house in Westwood. Then it dawned on her.

"Tomorrow morning," said Garland. "Bright and early in Yuma."

"Yuma?"

"Myra and I. Nobody else knows it yet." He looked at her soberly, suddenly disappointed. "What's the matter?"

Bertha moved away and slumped against the big divan in front of the fireplace. "It's just sort of a shock, I guess."

Garland shifted back and forth, rather elated as if the idea solved a lot of problems. "I'll phone you in the morning after the ceremony; then you call the studio. They'll handle the papers."

"Yes, certainly."

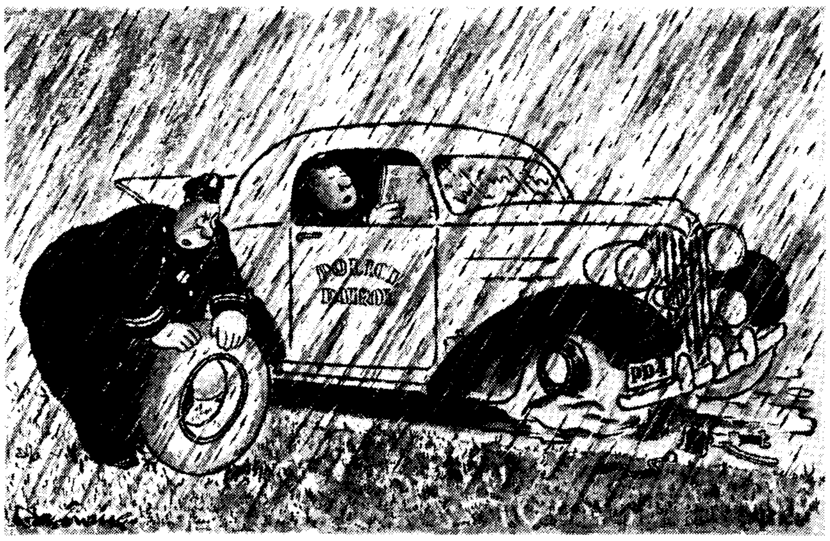
Garland frowned at her, worried. "Smile a little."

"Yes, certainly. You . . ."

"Myra has the car. When she gets here, send her right upstairs."

"I'd rather go on home now if you don't need me any more."

Garland looked into her eyes sharply.



"Now if you had studied real hard . . . and passed your sergeant's examinations . . ."

JAY IRVING

"Won't you be glad to get rid of me for a few days?"

"Sure, I'm glad," said Bertha. "Do you want Arsene to bring up your dinner? I guess you're in a big hurry. You better sign some checks before you leave. Aren't you going to look at your mail?" She followed him automatically to the stairway. "Don't start drinking and get drunk. You know how awful you feel after you've been drinking."

"Stay here till after we go. Then you can take it easy."

"WHAT about your picture at the studio?"

"They can shoot around me till we get back. You explain it. You call them in the morning." Garland was halfway up the stairs. Suddenly he turned to glance back like a little boy caught in a prank. "Bert—" he hesitated. "I hope I'm not making a mistake. I don't think I'd feel so good if it wasn't right. She's fine, Bert. After you get to know her better she's a grand person. There's no truth in all that stuff you hear about her." He waited for Bertha to answer.

"Of course, I understand."

"It's the relief of finally getting something settled."

"I know."

"Don't you like the idea?"

"Sure, certainly, it's grand. It's marvelous."

"You don't think I'm doing the right thing?" Garland stood still, watching her. "What in hell you doing?"

Bertha gripped the iron banister. "I guess I can be . . . excited, if I want to."

"There's nothing to fall down about."

"I just felt dizzy for a minute. Oh, don't pay any attention." Bertha tried to smile and talk indifferently. "Do you want to take any calls in your room or shall I answer the phone?"

"You sure you're all right, Bert?" Garland continued on up the stairs.

BERTHA called after him: "You really should phone Dodge. Talk to him yourself. He's going to be terribly burned up."

"Me call him? You call him if you want to. Just say I can't come."

"Why not let me tell him what you're doing? You have to give some reason. He likes those elopement stories. Then he'll have it first. It might help to square you for missing the broadcast."

"Absolutely not," said Garland. "It's none of his business. It's nobody's business. I've never capitalized on personal publicity. You know that, Bert. Anyhow, it wouldn't be safe. It wouldn't be good taste, the way we're doing it. It wouldn't be fair to Myra."

"He mentioned Miss Terry when he phoned."

"About going to Yuma?"

"No, just inquisitive."

"You didn't say anything?"

"What did I know to tell him?" Bertha stayed there by the banister; then she glanced at the taxicab still waiting on the dark driveway. When she turned her head, Garland had gone. "It's my fault. I'm letting him get away." She repeated the words half out loud the same savage way it sounded before; only this time, every rug, the radio, every book, every article in the comfortable library seemed to be contradicting her and reminding her that by this time tomorrow Myra Terry would possess all this. And after she paid the taxi driver and the cab drove away, the room was very gloomy and quiet. Bertha kept slapping the desk top with her hand, waiting at the phone while the radio station exchange operator tried to locate Johnny Dodge. "By damn," she still deliberated. "Why can't I think of something before it's too late?"

The operator was talking again: "Hold the line. I have Mr. Dodge for you now."

Bertha heard the clicking; then the familiar Johnny Dodge drawl: "Hello, Colby."

"This is Mr. Garland's secretary."

"Well." Dodge was peevish.

"Mr. Garland wants me to give you a message."

"I don't like these secondhand messages. Where does he get off to hand me a run-around?" Dodge was boorish again. "Tell *Mr.* Garland I have all the information I need."

"Information about what?" Bertha waited for the answer but he jammed down the receiver; then she heard Colby's voice upstairs in the hall and Arsene was coming down with the two yellow pigskin traveling cases and carrying Colby's topcoat over his shoulder. The golf bag was hanging on his back. "Somebody was wrong." He winked sadly as she watched him. "Somebody certainly was wrong and it wasn't me."

After he put down the luggage Bertha followed him to the pantry. "You can make that drink for me now if you want to."

Mrs. Getzel heard the voices and pushed open the kitchen door, peering at them.

"It's like we expected." Arsene arranged some glasses and uncorked the bottles; then he turned to Mrs. Getzel. "The Terry party like we said. They're leaving tonight."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Getzel. She was tight-lipped. "The pity of it. He shouldn't be allowed to do it."

Arsene mixed the cocktail, pouring it through the little silver strainer into the thin glass. "I have the feeling." He closed his eyes groping in his mind for a polite explanation. "He doesn't act very gay."

"Fill it up full." Bertha held out her glass.

"I never see you drink by yourself, before." Arsene had that peculiar grim, staring expression on his large face.

IT WAS very quiet with the three of them standing there silently in the pantry as if the house with all of them in it was tottering on the brink of a chasm.

"You want another?" Arsene reached for her empty glass.

Bertha shook her head. "I have too much work to do," she said. And leaving them, she went back to the desk in the library. In a few minutes Colby's limousine would be standing out there on the driveway. Myra Terry would come swaggering in, smelling to high heaven with her exotic oriental perfume. Myra would be saying, "Coolby dawling" and "Coolby Gawland" would go away with her. "Lamb to the slaughter." Bertha said it several times, looking out at the driveway. "Lamb to the slaughter."

"Did you call me?" Garland was watching her from the little balcony at the top of the stairs.

"I phoned Dodge." Bertha could hear her voice echoing inside her head with a queer hollow ring but she was thinking clearly. "Sure, certainly, I called Dodge. I think he knows why you're not coming."

Garland came down slowly, grinning, puzzled. "Ridiculous," he said gently. "Dodge doesn't know anything about me. How could he know? Forget it."

"I may as well tell you now." She walked toward him. "You'll probably laugh at me but you can't stop me from telling you what I think."

"Nobody's trying to stop you."

"They better not." Bertha glanced out at the driveway and back at Gar-

Star example, this "G-

LESS MONEY *steadily bi*

TO GET a clear picture of what a marvel our new Centennial "G-100" tire is, you want to remember this:

Over the past thirty years few articles of common use have been so continuously stepped up in wear—so steadily reduced in cost—as automobile tires.

Compared to tires that once cost $500 a set and might run 2,500 miles with kid-glove driving—a full set of Goodyears last year cost motorists only a *small fraction* as much per mile as their gasoline.

So when we tell you this new Goodyear "G-100" All-Weather is delivering 33% longer tread mileage than its mile-eating predecessor, it means just one thing: *the lowest tire-cost per mile that ever lightened your budget!*

Now you're probably asking—how is it possible to boost tire mileage so much again?

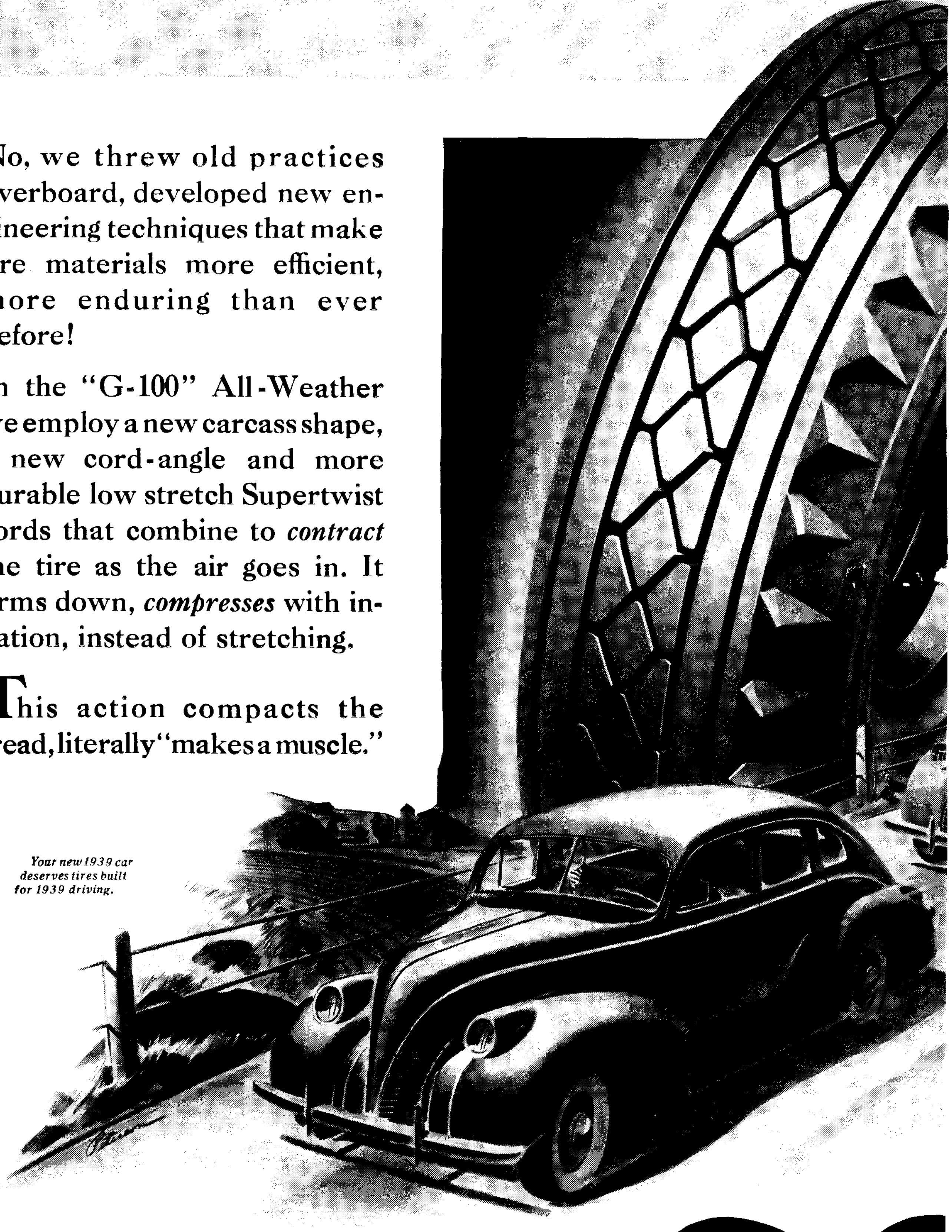
Frankly, we didn't do it by "beefing up" old designs, as is often done. Loading the tread beyond a certain point means a stiff, hard-riding tire.

No, we threw old practices overboard, developed new engineering techniques that make tire materials more efficient, more enduring than ever before!

In the "G-100" All-Weather we employ a new carcass shape, a new cord-angle and more durable low stretch Supertwist cords that combine to *contract* the tire as the air goes in. It firms down, *compresses* with inflation, instead of stretching.

This action compacts the tread, literally "makes a muscle."

This compressed tread is denser, harder, tougher to cut, more resistant to wear and scuffing.



Your new 1939 car deserves tires built for 1939 driving.

G

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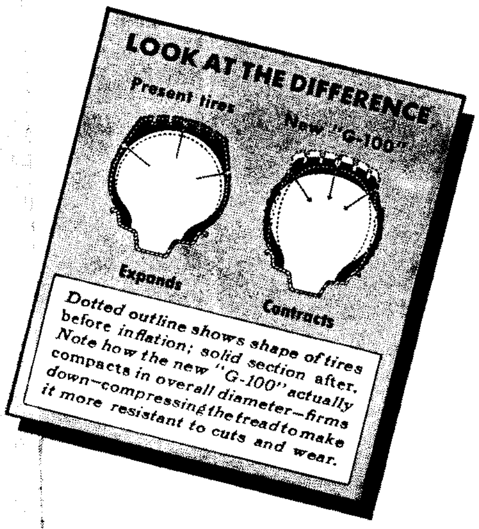
ys MORE MILES!



Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new "G-100" actually compacts in overall diameter—firms down—compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.

It gives us a tire that weighs *less*—a smoother-rolling, easier-riding, more responsive tire on today's highly mobile cars—a *tire that is averaging 33% more tread miles at fast 1939 driving speeds!*

It gives us a trimmer, better-looking tire—a beauty with the heart of a brute to take all the beating and whip-sawing you can pound into more miles than tires ever ran before — a cool-running, sure-footed tire with 11% more road contact.

We built this new streamlined "G-100" All-Weather as a practical means of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the discovery of vulcanization by Charles Goodyear.

If you are seeking more miles at less cost, you'll find the "G-100" All-Weather in all popular sizes, both white and black sidewalls, at all Goodyear dealers'—now.

GOODYEAR'S CENTENNIAL TIRE— THE NEW STREAMLINED "G-100"

ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

1—New tire engineering provides a *compressed* tread—greater resistance to cuts and bruises—up to 33% more tread mileage.

2—Flatter, sure-footed tread with 11% more road contact.

3—New protection against bursts and bruises from more durable cords.

4—Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

5—Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

6—Smart new beauty—fluted side-walls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.

READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

CENTENNIAL
1839
1939
CHARLES GOODYEAR

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

★ **The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire**—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% more tread mileage.

★ **The new Double Eagle* tire**—built with Rayotwist*—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.

★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty—phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.

★ **The LifeGuard***—an inner reserve air-container which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.

★ **The new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather* tire**—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply—tough, long-wearing tread—at new low price.

★ **The new Pathfinder* tire**—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy—husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

ODYEAR

ACROSS THE NATION

SOCONY-VACUUM

North, East, South, West—you'll find this Sign of Friendly Dealers who supply Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS

Bring back your car's original color, lustre and beauty. Mobilgloss goes on quickly. Removes dirt, grime and ugly traffic film. Rubs up with little effort—leaves a handsome, gleaming polish. Makes your car look like new again. Easy to use.

MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY

For a clean windshield and sparkling windows. This new spray revolutionizes window cleaning. Quick! Easy to use! Fine for car and home windows.

MOBIL HYDROTONE

Stops radiator rusting and corrosion. Prevents scale and clogging. Simply add it to the water. Leaks are prevented and overheating avoided. One can protects for months. It's a vital need for *every* car.

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THE MOBILOIL OR MOBILGAS SIGN

Gargoyle Mobiloil

Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS · MOBILWAX · MOBIL STOP-LEAK
MOBIL HANDY OIL · MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY · MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

land. His make-up was off now. The smiling pug-nosed face looked a little bit haggard and he was uncomfortable in the blue double-breasted business suit and the starched collar.

"Let's have it, Bert."

"Maybe it's because I'm jealous."

"You been drinking?"

"Only one. Arsene will tell you. I had only one. Am I making a spectacle of myself?"

"What's on your mind, Bert?"

"I don't trust that woman."

Garland stared at her. "You've got her all wrong, Bert. Is that why you don't want me to do it? What did Dodge say?"

They turned suddenly as the limousine lights flashed across the windows. "I'm sorry," Bertha whispered. "I'm miserably sorry."

Garland motioned, cautioning her: "Here she comes. Be nice to her, Bert."

"Then you aren't disgusted?"

"Be careful what you say."

Bertha stayed by the desk, watching. Myra came in through the vestibule. Colby stood there talking and laughing and holding her hands several moments with Myra murmuring little excuses for being tardy; then Colby stooped over gallantly to kiss her forehead; and he held her arm, looking at her and listening very intently.

"My glory!" Myra looked at the traveling cases and the golf bag. "Are you taking me to Europe? I hardly brought anything at all. When in the world do you think you'll find time for golf?"

IT WAS so noticeable how Colby changed after she came in. Bertha could see. Now, all at once his smile was carefully placid and he talked with jerky detached phrases and sort of a practiced restraint as if he might be reading lines from a script; and both of them, Colby and Myra, acted formal and uneasy and uncertain about each other like opponents in a guessing game. Somehow, the feeling made the room oppressive with Bertha an unwelcome bystander or an intruder. Colby's nice voice was almost remorseful: "It's the first time I've made this kind of a trip."

"You mean, *officially*." Myra smiled steadily. "I wonder if Awsene would care to serve us a drink before we go."

Garland looked questioningly at Bertha: "You ask him, Bert?"

Bertha thought suddenly: "He knows he shouldn't do it. He knows she's dishonest."

"Do you think?" Myra gazed at her coldly. "Would it be possible for you and Awsene to hurry for once in your lives?"

Bertha saw her coming briskly across the room toward the desk. Myra really did look dainty and fastidious in the white wool suit and the extreme little hat. The rhinestone slipper buckles sparkled and the pink excited face was affable enough; all but the professional ice-blue eyes. It might have been the straw-white blond hair that made the eyes so intensely ice-blue. Bertha looked at her, trying to seem unimpressed. "How are you this evening, Miss Terry?"

"Will you send a telegram for me?" Myra barely noticed her as she came closer.

"I'll be glad to."

Myra looked back over her shoulder at Garland. "Help me, Coolby. I simply must wire something to Louella Pawsons."

Garland frowned and laughed self-consciously to be diplomatic. "Let the studio handle it tomorrow. Everything's taken care of."

"We really should wire Louella. Let's both call her." Myra glanced at Bertha. "Is Awsene bringing us something to drink?"

"Ask him to hurry," said Garland.

Bertha thought he looked a little bit concerned as she passed him; and she could hear them arguing casually about the call to Louella Parsons as she went out to the pantry. Arsene and Mrs. Getzel were standing close by the door where they could listen.

"I know. In a hurry," said Arsene. "I heard her."

"Such a shame." Mrs. Getzel gazed off, bewildered. "I wish he wouldn't do it. She's not his kind."

"He knows it." Arsene whispered cautiously. "He can't back out though. She won't give him a chance. She'll marry him tonight. He's a goner the minute she gets him out of the house."

BERTHA glared at them. Arsene and Mrs. Getzel weren't alarmed about Colby. They were worried about their jobs. Then she pushed open the door; and coming back through the dining room, she glanced at herself in the buffet mirror. "So, I'm only a little Jallopy. I am, like hell."

When she came into the library, Colby and Myra were still standing close together at the desk and Colby was saying, "Who cares about the publicity?"

Myra looked up astonished, shaking her head and smiling brightly at Bertha.

ORVILLE BANK

"The boys are late with the car—let's run around the block once"

A. ROSS

"Isn't he incredible? Coolby Gawland marrying Myra Terry and he should keep it a secret."

"Bert knows how I feel about notoriety," said Garland.

Arsene came in holding out the tray to Myra; then to Garland. "All the happiness in the world." He blinked back and forth solemnly. "The best of luck to you both."

"Why didn't you fix one for Bert?" said Garland. "Fix one for yourself. Ask Mrs. Getzel if she wants one."

"None for me." Bertha backed up to the desk, watching them. Myra was studying, almost analyzing every move Colby made. She kept staring at him with her fixed, possessive smile. "I dread that long drive," she said finally. "We really should be going." Then she twirled the cocktail glass between her fingers and winked at Bertha.

"Sure," said Garland. "You'll have a drink with us, Bert. This is a special occasion."

"Imagine him." Myra cocked her head dramatically. "Too shy to take a plane from Grawnd Central. He has to drive me all the way to Saugus."

"Oh, please, Myra, let up." Garland tried to laugh it off. "Bert knows how I always avoid reporters."

Myra squinted mysteriously. "You'll change." She glanced contemptuously at Bertha and around the room. "You'll improve after I get you out of this," she sighed and yawned, "pedestrian zone."

Garland handed his glass to Arsene. "Bring some more. Bring one for Bert."

"No, please." Bertha was wondering if Johnny Dodge actually knew something about the elopement and how he would crucify Colby on the broadcast; and it seemed unmistakably evident that Colby was still half-undecided. "I have my work to do," she said.

"She'll have one." Garland nodded at Arsene. "One more, then we go."

Myra glanced up, suddenly suspicious. "I hope this isn't interfering with the work she has to do for *Mr.* Gawland." She exaggerated the "Mister Gawland" exactly as Johnny Dodge exaggerated it over the phone and in almost exactly the same tone; then she stood up, smoothing out her tight skirt. "It's a mistake not to call Louella."

"Dodge comes on the air in a few minutes." Bertha noticed how quickly Myra's head went back and how the pink smile hardened; then she saw Arsene coming in with the extra cocktail. When he gave it to her, Bertha perched herself on the corner of the desk watching the abstract, tongue-tied way Colby stood there with Myra tugging at his arm.

"Perhaps we should listen." He peered over at Bertha.

"But, dawling, the plane's waiting." Myra waved her hand, uneasy and irritated at Arsene. "Will you please stop gawping at me and take Mr. Gawland's things out to the car?"

Bertha sipped the strong cocktail. Arsene was putting down the tray. He seemed to hesitate wearily, taking his time as he picked up the luggage and lumbered reluctantly toward the vestibule with Colby's topcoat over his shoulder. Then Garland took Myra's hand and they followed Arsene. The movement was deliberate with no one talking and with Myra shrugging anxiously to get out of the uncomfortable room; then Garland turned his head. "Bert," he said. "You're sure you know what to do after I phone you in the morning?"

"But what if the newspapers call tonight?"

"They won't call. Nobody's going to call."

"BUT," Bertha stood up, "you didn't sign the checks." She started to follow; then she stepped over to switch on the radio, turning it while she talked. "I still think you should stay and listen to the broadcast."

Garland looked back with the placid, guilty expression. "You listen after we're gone. Tell us about it when we get home."

"My glory." Myra was provoked. "How much longer are we supposed to stand here." She squinted at Bertha as

"INDIANAPOLIS GIRL PICKS A *Winner!*"

AT THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY

Action on the track...style and beauty in the crowd.

The Girl...wears a blue linen dress trimmed with white braid. The hat is white straw. Both from L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis.

The Car...is a dashing Chrysler Royal 4-door Sedan . . $1010*

"WHEN a man says a woman is a good driver... she's *perfect!* Fred says *I'm* good... but only since I bought my new Chrysler!

"If you've driven a Chrysler, you know how hard it is to do anything wrong! Driver and car seem to be one! I haven't clashed a gear since I got it, thanks to that wonderful steering wheel gear-shift! I haven't made a mess of parking, because the Chrysler steers so lightly!

"Fred's eyes simply bulge when I'm first away at the traffic lights... but why not, with power like a Speedway winner! He's always told me to pass cars on the road *quickly* or not at all . . . and with this Chrysler you can leap to safety in a flash!

"I drive with confidence...because everything is so easy...and those Chrysler brakes are so perfect! And whatever those Superfinished parts are, they make the engine unbelievably smooth and quiet!

"What a beauty this Chrysler is...with its tapered Airflow streamlining... its plastic enamel finish... and its gorgeous interior.

"So big and roomy! Four inches wider at the windshield, with seats wide as divans, beautifully upholstered. A rich instrument panel of moulded ivory plastic, with steering wheel and trim to match!

"You can see why I'm proud. I picked a winner in this Chrysler... and it's the first car I ever loved to drive!"

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. 2-door sedan, $975, and up. *Dual horns and bumper grille bars extra. **1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL**...135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. 2-door sedan, $1165, and up. Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

*All prices are ready to drive in Detroit, federal taxes included. Transportation, and state or local taxes, if any, extra.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9:00 to 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*

"IN IRELAND, I THOUGHT I HAD IT ON YOU!"

"As a constant traveler," a postcard from Ireland tells us, "I've been checking up on your assertion that Canadian Club is found in almost all civilized countries. Our first day here, I kept my eyes open for Canadian Club. No luck. 'Wait till those Hiram Walker folks get the letter I'll write them about this!' I said. It seems I spoke too soon.

"Just then we overtook an Irishman leading a pack donkey. Expecting to find his baskets full of potatoes, we were surprised when they turned out to hold Canadian Club! So we turned around and drove back to an inn where he'd already made a delivery, and by way of apology, drank a mellow toast to Canadian Club's continued success."

Hiram Walker

Why so many Americans have changed to this Imported Whisky...

In 87 countries Canadian Club is a favorite. In London itself and throughout the British Isles it is the **leading imported whisky.**

But of more interest to you is this fact: many *Americans* who formerly preferred Scotch, bourbon, or rye have changed to Canadian Club. Today, twice as many *Americans* now drink Canadian Club at home and at the bar as did only two years ago! **Try Canadian Club yourself**—try it in a "show-me" mood. Experience its distinctive mellowness, rich yet light. You'll see why we can say that **there is only one Canadian Club**... only one rare, imported whisky with this unique, appealing taste all its own. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

Stay with Canadian Club! In Manhattan or Old-Fashioned before dinner, or a highball or two after. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

the Johnny Dodge voice came over. "We really don't care to hear it."

"Obviously." Bertha's fingers tightened on the cocktail glass.

"Why are we waiting?"

"Some of the mail is important," Bertha protested.

"Never mind, Bert." Garland backed sideways into the vestibule, holding the door for Myra to go ahead of him.

"Mr. Garland," Bertha called after him. As he glanced back again her fingers kept tightening convulsively around the small goblet until the glass snapped and crumpled splintering in her fist.

Myra was yanking Garland's sleeve. "Did you see what that girl did? Look at her."

"You're cutting yourself, Bert." Garland stood there in the vestibule; then he came back into the library. "Stop it, Bert. You cut your hand."

Myra was talking fast: "Of all the insane things. I saw her do it. She did it intentionally. Don't go near her, Coolby. Why, I never saw such a stupid thing."

"Whatever happened?" said Garland. "What made you do it, Bert?"

BERTHA closed her eyes, standing rigidly by the radio as he pulled back her fingers to take out the particles of broken glass. The stinging and burning seemed to spread in all directions when he sopped up the bleeding with his handkerchief. "What made you do it?" he kept saying.

"It's a trick," Myra called to him. "Don't let her fool you. She did it deliberately."

"Is that so, Bert?"

Bertha opened her eyes. "Sure I did." It seemed that Colby and Johnny Dodge and Myra were all blabbing at once and Dodge was in the middle of some long dull harangue about some dull movie. She was trying to pull her hand away and Myra was calling out: "Be careful, Coolby. You'll get your coat soiled, dawling."

"Why, Bert!" Garland seemed vastly surprised.

"Coolby." Myra called at him again with a sharp, exasperated threat in her voice and making little theatrical flourishes with her hand.

Garland did not look up. "I guess we better call the doctor."

"Please, no." Bertha was fascinated at the dull, prickly aching in her fingers, and the fleshy part of her thumb felt hot and scalded where the cuts were deepest; then the jabbing pains came up into her wrist, throbbing through the veins into the muscles of her arm and on up to her shoulder. When she opened her eyes again, Colby was leaning over, wrapping the handkerchief around her hand. "Let's go in the kitchen," he said.

Myra was calling to him: "Leave her alone."

"Cold water's good." Garland reached in his hip pocket for another handkerchief. "Cold water stops bleeding."

"I guess I made a bad mess, didn't I?" Bertha tried to straighten up, trembling and swallowing fast to stop the sick, salty feeling in her throat.

"You certainly did, no mistake about that." Garland talked restrained and tight as if the delay aggravated him and yet he acted concerned and anxious about her. He probably would have strangled her and thrown her out if she had not been hurt and so shaky.

"It means you're through with me, doesn't it?" Bertha looked past him at Myra, trying to talk harsh and glare back recklessly at the fierce, piercing contempt in Myra's eyes. "I probably wouldn't stay here anyhow."

"Never mind about that." Garland's arm was holding her close on account of the trembling. "Keep quiet."

Myra stepped in through the doorway, gesturing vindictively. "Are you coming with me or not?" Her voice was high-pitched and bitter. "Do you mind if I wait outside in the car?"

"Don't go, Myra." Garland peered around at her blindly. "We can't go, leaving Bert here like this. Tell Mrs. Getzel to come in." Myra watched, smiling cynically; then Bertha saw her spin around and flounce out through the open door.

"Myra." Garland called to her. "Tell Arsene . . ."

"She's gone." Bertha was still gazing past him at the empty vestibule. "Damn her. I hope she never comes back."

"Oh, don't say that, Bert," said Garland. "Why do you want to stir up all this trouble for yourself. She liked you. She told me she liked you. Now you've destroyed everything."

The Johnny Dodge voice paused out of breath; then started off racing fast again: "Ding, dong, wedding bells."

Bertha shook her head. "But she doesn't like you. She doesn't . . ."

Garland turned suddenly, listening to the radio. "Keep quiet, Bert."

"Here's the big surprise." Dodge drawled it excitedly. "Colby Garland, originally scheduled to appear on this program tonight, will be here next week. Reason: Colby and his fiancée are flying to Yuma tonight. They get married tomorrow morning. This is exclusive. The bride told me herself. Her name—get this folks—the bride is Myra Terry. Myra has promised positively to be here next week with her new husband. Remember, next week at this same hour, our guest stars—Mr. and Mrs. Colby Garland."

Garland looked out at the limousine headlights on the driveway.

Dodge was talking faster: "Here's a tip to you newspaper boys: Don't rush over to Grand Central Airport. *Mr.* Garland and Miss Terry aren't there. They're flying from Saugus, secretly." Dodge exaggerated the "Mister" again.

"Nice." Garland's jaws kept bunching up under his cheeks. "Perfect!"

"May I go now?" Bertha was resolute. "I guess you won't need to phone in the morning."

"Shut up, Bert." He kept squinting at her without seeing anything. After a while he opened his eyes wide and whistled a little discordant tune; then he said, "How's your hand? Does it hurt very bad?"

"Not very bad."

"What do you think we should do, Bert?"

"Let me go home."

"I mean about cracking down on Dodge."

"Why don't you ask Miss Terry?"

"SHUT up about her, Bert. We can't let Dodge do this thing to me!"

"You did, though. It's out. Everybody knows it now. The phone's going to start ringing like hell any minute."

"Bert." He looked down at her absently. "I'm thinking. Bert, wouldn't the great Johnny Dodge be surprised to find out he spilled the wrong information. Don't you agree, Bert? I think maybe I should tell him myself. I believe I will. What's his telephone number?"

"Without consulting Miss Terry?"

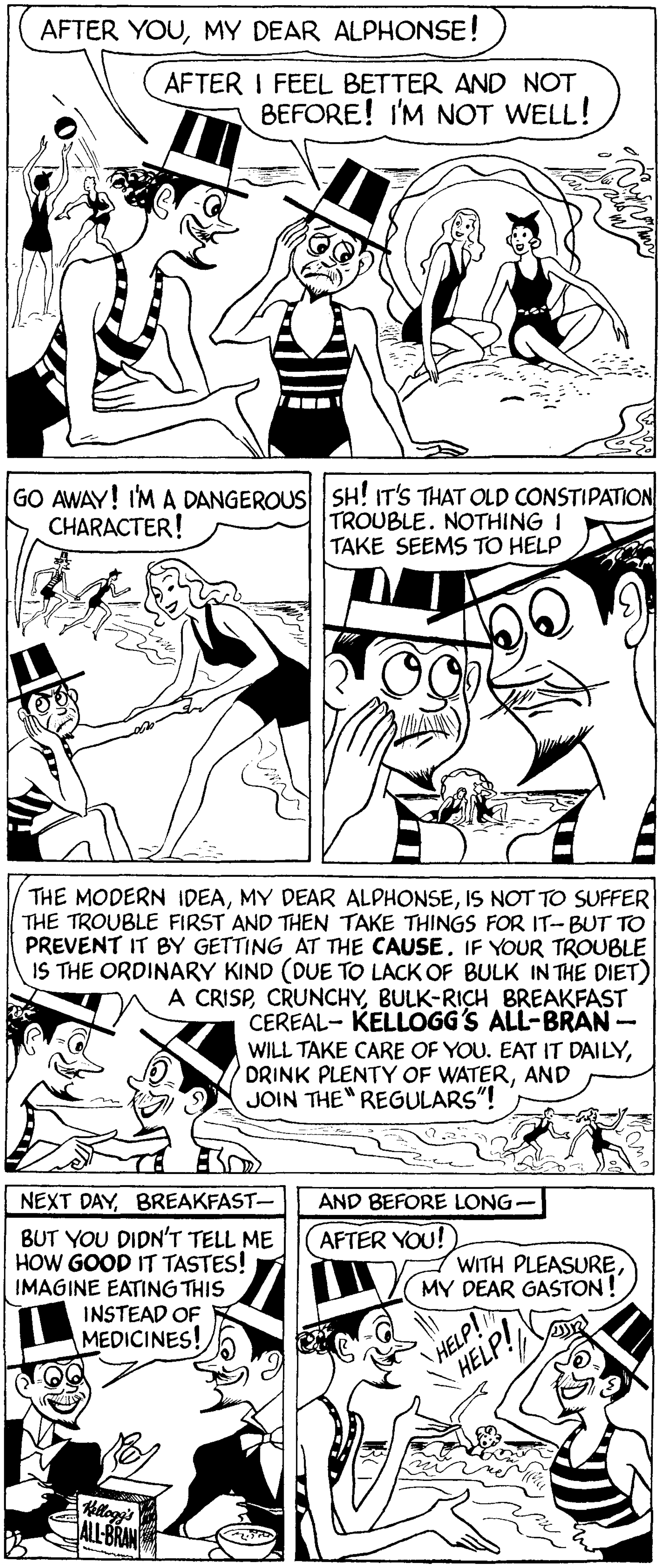
"What do you think I should tell her, Bert?"

"Am I working for you?" Bertha asked dubiously. "You mean, you mean you really aren't . . . ?"

"I don't want to upset her too much. After all, she wasn't malicious."

Bertha was beginning to cry a little. "Let me tell her. That's my job, isn't it? You hired me to chase off the grifters." All of a sudden it was so noticeable how Colby changed. The restraint was gone and the smile was not placid any more. Somehow, the letdown feeling made the room very comfortable and homelike again.

ALPHONSE AND GASTON AT THE BEACH


AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
AFTER I FEEL BETTER AND NOT BEFORE! I'M NOT WELL!
GO AWAY! I'M A DANGEROUS CHARACTER!
SH! IT'S THAT OLD CONSTIPATION TROUBLE. NOTHING I TAKE SEEMS TO HELP
THE MODERN IDEA, MY DEAR ALPHONSE, IS NOT TO SUFFER THE TROUBLE FIRST AND THEN TAKE THINGS FOR IT—BUT TO PREVENT IT BY GETTING AT THE CAUSE. IF YOUR TROUBLE IS THE ORDINARY KIND (DUE TO LACK OF BULK IN THE DIET) A CRISP, CRUNCHY, BULK-RICH BREAKFAST CEREAL—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. EAT IT DAILY, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, AND JOIN THE "REGULARS"!
NEXT DAY, BREAKFAST—
BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW GOOD IT TASTES! IMAGINE EATING THIS INSTEAD OF MEDICINES!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
AND BEFORE LONG—
AFTER YOU!
WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR GASTON!
HELP! HELP!

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

How to Catch Fish

Continued from page 19

Angle is, speaking briefly, bunk! I have read and heard discussions of the finer points of the Art of Angle until I am a little weary. The other afternoon I went to watch operations at a stocked pond where half a dozen anglers were, as the saying goes, whipping the water. The dean of those present assured me that a Black Alder fly, tied in a certain way and of a certain size, was the only useful pattern for the day. In a mood of revolt, I proceeded to slash the water with a dozen different flies, none of them Black Alders, and to rise fish and hook at least one trout on every pattern I tried.

I have gone fishing at every opportunity for forty years; but I'm no expert. Yet I know this: the way to catch fish is the way experts tell you they can't be caught!

I got my first hint of this great truth at the age of eight. Older boys had taken me fishing in Salt Creek near my southern Ohio home; and they had shown me exactly how to proceed and I had followed their advice without success. One day I went alone, disregarded everything I had been told, and came home with eleven assorted sunfish, pike, catfish and suckers, ranging up to five inches in length.

But I was too young to generalize from the particular instance. With a touching faith I persisted, yea for many years, in believing what I was told; and this in spite of the teachings of repeated experience. Bert McCorrison in Searsmont told me that to catch trout I must keep out of sight; that if they could see me, they would not bite. I followed his instructions as religiously as possible till one very hot day I came upon an open pool of perfectly clear water where it was impossible to fish without being seen. There were three or four dozen fine trout in the pool; and I sat down on the gravel bank within fifteen feet of them, in full view, to cool off, smoke a pipe, and watch the trout.

Reason for Suspicion

When my pipe was smoked out, I threaded a worm on my hook—oh, yes, I used worms then, and still do when I choose—and flipped it out into the pool. One of the trout took it. I sat there for four hours, and about once in twenty minutes I caught a trout.

This despite Bert's dogma. Yet I still believed everything he told me. For instance, he insisted that if a trout did not take the worm at the first fair offer, you might as well pass on to another pool. One day, out of sheer rapture in the discomfort attaching to the procedure, I lay for forty-five minutes on my hip and elbow in three inches of water, with thousands of hungry mosquitoes working in relays on my entire exposed surface, while I angled for one nine-inch trout. He was the only trout in that pool. I caught him on perhaps the hundredth cast.

However, at that time and for long afterward, I was still inclined to believe what experts told me about the Art of Angle; yet I began to have doubts, and these doubts crystallized on my first trip to Newfoundland to fish for salmon.

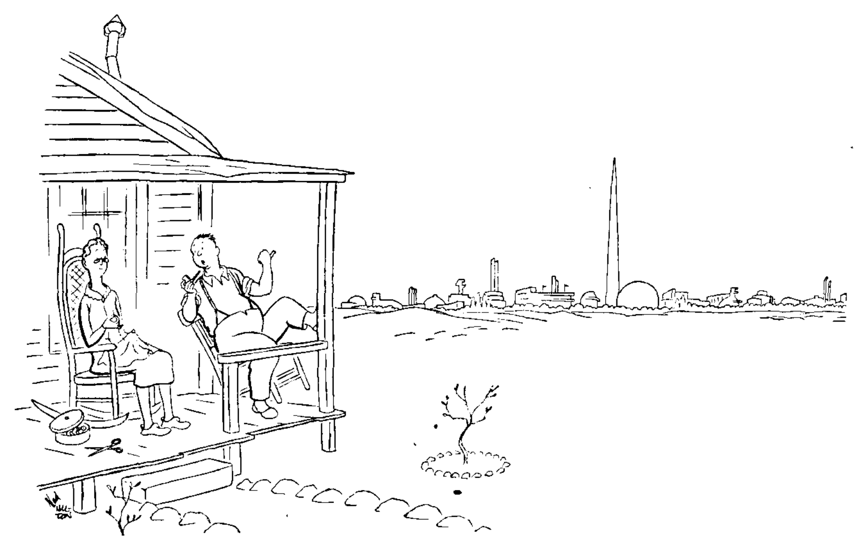
I had read Mr. Hewitt, and his remarks about the dry fly impressed me. I wished to fish for salmon with the dry fly, but my guide had no faith in it. He was an expert not only by reputation but in fact. So I allowed myself to be led by him—for a while.

But one day we fished a certain pool. He chose the flies; I cast them. He tried two sizes of Silver Gray, one Silver Doctor, two Thunder and Lightnings, a Dusty Miller and a Mar Lodge. The salmon were supposed to lie beside a certain rock at the head of the pool. I fished that rock from every angle, with each fly he tied on.

Then he gave up. He said: "They're not taking. I'll go get lunch started."

I told him to call me when lunch was ready; and as soon as he was out of sight I tied on—though with a sense of guilt—a Gray Hackle. This, for the uninitiate, is a dry fly. I was in no position to make a proper cast à la Hewitt; so I dropped the fly on the water above the rock and let it float down. A salmon took it at the first cast. He proved to weigh fourteen pounds and was my best fish of the trip.

That experience really shook my faith in the omniscience of experts; and what vestiges of that faith remained were shattered a week later. I came down to the Little Codroy to find fourteen other rods already on the water, and every one of them was an old hand—and presumably an expert. They took me aside, one by one, and told me how long they had fished these particular pools. The periods ran from five years to twenty. They also said that just now the salmon in the Little Codroy were not taking. I asked each one whether dry flies had been tried. They said unanimously:



"Someday I'm going to go over there and find out what all that is"

NED HILTON

"No, the water's too cold!"

Well, this was orthodox Hewitt, so I believed them. I drew a pool, and next morning I fished it with the wet fly, over, under, around and through. Never a rise. But after lunch, since the salmon were not taking anyway, and since I would rather fail to catch a fish on a dry fly than catch one on a wet, I decided to fish dry.

I did so; and so doing, I hooked three salmon, killed two of them. Except for one salmon taken by my son, who inherits a distaste for orthodoxy, these were the only fish taken on the Little Codroy that day, the previous day, or the day following.

It became obvious even to me that the experts knew too much! They knew that salmon will not take a dry fly if the water is below a certain temperature. So did Mr. Hewitt. So did everyone—except the salmon! Possibly the salmon I took had no thermometers; but my son later demonstrated the complete ignorance of another salmon on this vital point of temperature by taking a nineteen-pound fish on a large dry Pink Lady, in a snowstorm and with the water almost down to freezing.

The whole Art of Angling is to fish where they are when they're biting. As James Whitcomb Riley is reported to have said, after listening to a particularly tiresome lecture on art of another sort: "Speaking of art, I used to know a man down in Terre Haute could spit clean over a freight car!"

Never Mind the Experts

Give them what they want! There's no finer salmon water in the world than the Overfalls Pool on the Grand Codroy. The pool will easily accommodate eight rods, if there are no hogs handling them; but this particular year there were apt to be a dozen rods on the water every day. The water was low, the bottom was carpeted with salmon. If you cast, you could see the fish roll one eye up at the fly and then draw together in little groups to discuss the way it was tied. The bottom of the pool was a constant stir of moving fish, following the flies as they swung to the drag of the line, studying the way each one was tied, discussing each novelty, greeting old frayed friends with the respect they deserved. About once a day, somewhere in the pool, a fish would become bored and take.

I fished elsewhere, downstream or up, in neglected pools or little pockets that seemed promising. I fished all day long, with all sorts of flies, in all sorts of ways, on the general theory that if you fish where the fish are when they're biting, you'll catch something. It was easy to be sure where the fish were. The water was so low you could see them. Wherever I saw a fish, I fished him; and now and then I caught one.

This had been a blank day when I came downriver afoot past Overfalls Pool. My son had fished there during the afternoon. His guide was a meat-hound, bent on catching the largest possible number of salmon in the shortest possible time; and this year, conditions being what they were, he had suffered torments from his ill success. There were salmon everywhere, and none of them would take. When I stopped to speak to them, my son had had no rise all day; and the guide was blasphemous!

"They tell me you're a great fisherman," I protested. "What's the matter? The fish are right here! Why don't you catch them?"

The guide said sulphurously that they had fished that particular group of salmon—there were four or five of them in a dark cluster in the stalled water at the head of a low boulder—for seven hours, stopping only long enough to change flies.

I suggested that perhaps my son did not fish them properly; but the guide scorned the alibi. He said he had fished them himself. He said the boy had fished excellently. I said mildly:

"That's funny. Mind if I drop a fly over them? Maybe you haven't given them what they want."

"Go ahead." His tone was scornful. I fished in my pocket for a small box of trout flies; and he came nearer to look. "What are you going to give them?" he asked. I picked at random the unlikeliest offering in the box, a brown hackle tied dry on a number fourteen hook. The moths had been at it, but a few hackles still projected stiffly. He said: "They'll never take that. And if one did, you couldn't land him."

I turned and dropped the fly six feet above the salmon. One fish tilted upward, the white line along his jaws bright in the clear water. His head broke the surface, I heard that sweet clean "clop" as his mouth closed. He turned toward me, and when he was head down I tightened. The little hook would be well back in the corner of his mouth on the right-hand side.

This One Was Different

My son's guide said nothing; but my own guide said a good deal. I had no real faith in that hook myself so we brought him to gaff as carefully as possible. He weighed fourteen pounds. My son's guide did not speak; but when I suggested that we call it a day and return to camp, he seemed glad to go.

The guide knew the rules. That was his handicap.

Art be blowed! Fish where they are when they're biting. Give 'em what they want. That's all there is to it!

But of course, that big one I got, the one that holds the record, that was different! He'd been lying in one pool where I watched him admiringly and fished him vainly. Overnight, he moved up to the next pool and I suspected he might take. Clever, what? Where he lay, to fish from the conventional side would be to make the angler conspicuous against the sky; so I crossed the river well below him. That put him off guard, you see! I came up a little gully, wading, low down, careful not to let him see my head; so he had no warning. The day was overcast, the water low. I considered what to offer him. How about a Dusty Miller, on a light leader, with a greased line; a cast well upstream; keep the cast corrected; let the fly come down to him with no least trace of drag, tumbling in the swift current. That should fool him!

There! Now, easy! Watch the line! See, it has stopped! Tighten, gently!

Wow! There he goes! Thirty pounds if he's an ounce! Now get below him, make him fight the current, don't let him get downstream, keep a strain on him, make him work, make him work. Now ease him in. Easy, easy! Don't hurry him! There he is! Steady! Wait till I bring him to your net! There!

I dunno. Maybe I'm wrong! Maybe it is an art, after all. A good many thousand salmon have been taken out of that particular river; but no man, living or dead, ever took one as big as that before!

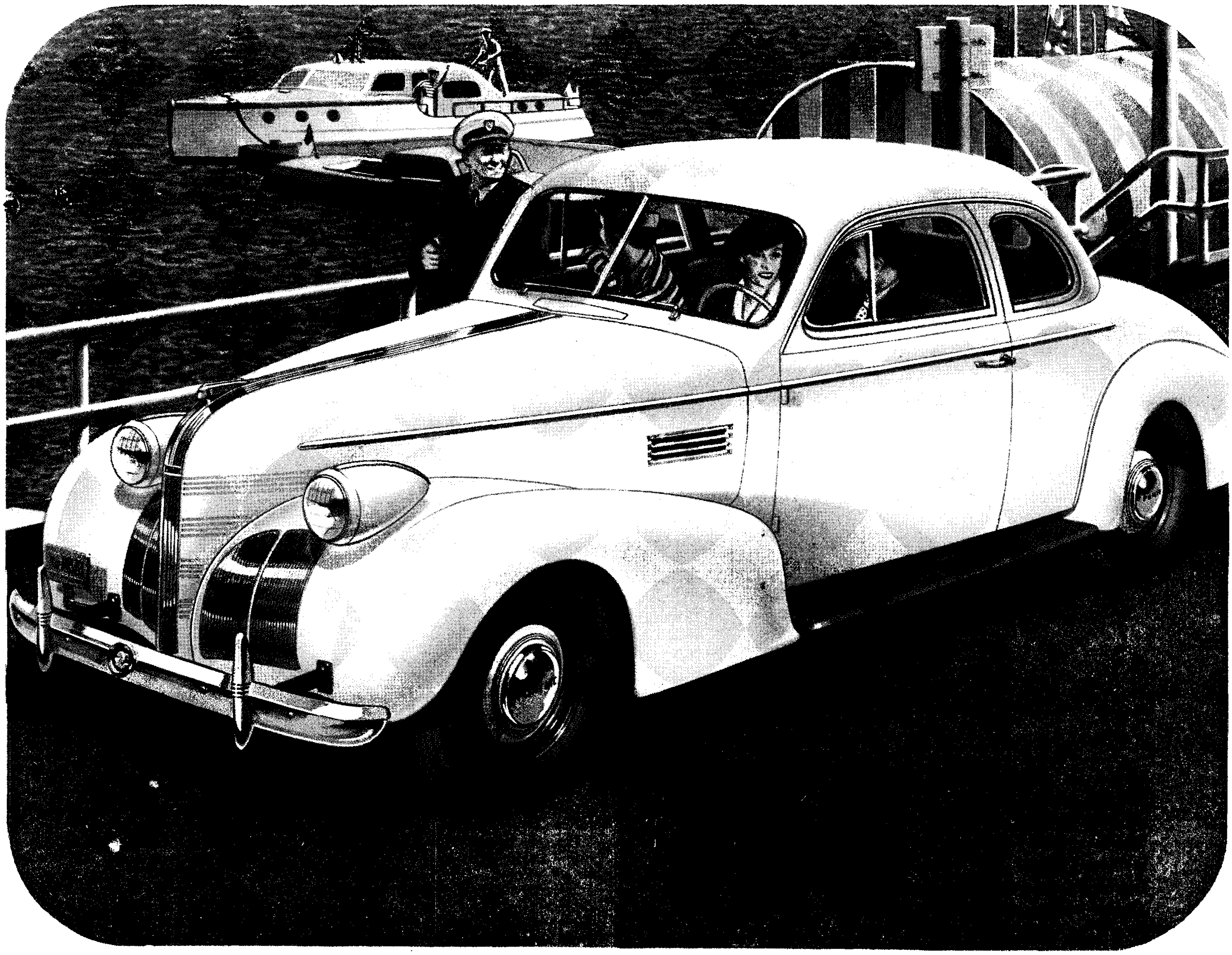
Yes, I hate to admit it, but I must be wrong. It's an art. Since you press me, I'll admit it. To catch a fish like that, I guess I had to be pretty good.

Every buyer of a low-priced car should consider PONTIAC

Every person buying a low-priced car ought to consider Pontiac. Prices have been reduced as much as $92 below last year—and this makes a Pontiac cost only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced car you can buy. And for these few extra dollars, you get almost a miracle in added value. You get a lot more of everything—wheelbase, weight, comfort, safety and beauty. And you get marvelous performance. It's very smart to invest just a little bit more—and enjoy the many advantages of a Pontiac.

GENERAL MOTORS' *SECOND* LOWEST-PRICED CAR

VISIT GENERAL MOTORS' EXHIBITS AT NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIRS



Take Sal Hepatica and come back faster!

MR.: Honey, the big he-man who's brought you 200 miles to see what a swell fisherman he is, has a lulu of a headache. I'll take a laxative, sure, but it'll be hours before my head clears.

MRS.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, love. It's different. I've got some in my duffle bag.

MR.: *Different? How is Sal Hepatica different?*

MRS.: Well, first, it's a quick laxative, yet it's gentle. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

MRS.: Wheee! My he-man is some fisherman!

MR.: And you're O.K. with the oars. But you get the big bouquets, honey, for giving me that sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica. It certainly helped me stage a fast comeback.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today!

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 17

its record, frankly the dictum of the Council of Seven touched me with an icy hand.

"What do they mean, Smith, about leaving London?" I asked in a hoarse voice. "I suspected some new move when you spoke to the commissioner about saving the next victim."

"Marcel Delibes, the French statesman, has received two warnings. Copies were among the papers I found in Lord Weimer's house!"

"Well?"

"You may also recall that I promised to tell you when Dr. Fu Manchu ceased to be president?"

"Yes."

"He has ceased to be president!"

"How can you possibly know?"

He held up the first notice.

"Dr. Fu Manchu's delicate sense of humor would never permit him to do such a thing! Surely you realize, Kerrigan, that this means I am safe until the second notice arrives."

"And what are you going to do?" I asked.

"I have made arrangements to leave for Paris tonight. Gallaho is coming, and—"

"So am I!"

"THIS is the sort of atmosphere in which Dr. Fu Manchu finds himself at home!"

We stood in the workroom of Marcel Delibes, the famous French statesman. He had been unavoidably detained but requested us to wait. Two windows opened onto a long balcony, which I saw to be overgrown with clematis. It looked down on a pleasant and well-kept garden; beyond, one saw the Bois. The room, religiously neat as that of some Mother Superior, was brightened along its many bookshelves by those attractively light bindings affected by French publishers; and a further note of color was added by the presence of bowls and vases of carnations.

The perfume of all these flowers was somewhat overpowering, so that the impression I derived during my stay in the apartment was of carnations, and of photographs of beautiful women.

There was a nearly full moon; the windows were wide open; and with Smith I examined the balcony outside. Our flight in a Royal Air Force plane from London had been so rapid, so dreamlike, that I was still in a mood to ask myself: Is this really Paris?

Yes, that carnation-scented room, dimly lighted except for one green-shaded lamp upon the writing desk, with photographs peeping glamorously from its shadows, was, as Nayland Smith had said, an ideal atmosphere for Dr. Fu Manchu.

Gallaho was downstairs with Jussac of the Sûreté Générale, and I knew that the house was guarded like a fortress. Even at this hour messengers were coming and going, and a considerable crowd had collected in the Bois outside, invisible and inaudible from the house by reason of its embracing gardens.

That sort of rumor which electrifies a population was creeping about Paris. Delibes, the rumor ran, had planned a political coup which, if it failed in its purpose, would mean that before a new day dawned France would be plunged into war.

"The grounds may be guarded, Smith," I said, looking about me. "But Delibes takes no other precautions."

I indicated the widely opened windows.

Smith nodded grimly.

"We have here, Kerrigan," he replied, "another example of that foolhardy courage that has already brought so many distinguished heads under the ax of Dr. Fu Manchu."

He took up the table telephone and examined it carefully; then shook his head.

"No! He has been warned of the Green Death; a fact of which the Si-Fan is undoubtedly aware. If only the fool would face facts—if only he would give me his confidence! He knows, he has been told, of the fate of his predecessors who have defied the Council of Seven! He is a gallant man in more senses than one—" Smith nodded in the direction of the many photographs. "I must know what he plans to do and I must know what time the Si-Fan has given him in which to change his mind."

"His peril is no greater than yours."

"Perhaps not—but I don't happen to be the political master of France. You are thinking of the letter that awaited me at the hotel desk?"

"I am."

"Yes"—he nodded—"the second notice!"

"But, Smith—"

"About one thing I am determined, Kerrigan—and I come provided to see it through: M. Delibes must accept my advice. Another Si-Fan assassination would paralyze European statesmanship. It would mean submission to a reign of terror. . . ."

Marcel Delibes came in, handsome, gray-haired; and I noted the dark eyebrows and mustache that had proved such a boon to French caricaturists. He was charmingly apologetic.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you come at an hour so vital in the history of France that I think I may be forgiven."

"So I understand, sir," said Nayland Smith curtly. "But what I do not understand is your attitude in regard to the Si-Fan."

Delibes seated himself at his desk, assumed a well-known pose, and smiled.

"You are trying to frighten me, eh? Fortunately for France, I am not easily frightened. You are going to tell me that General Quinto, Rudolf Adlon, Diesler—oh, quite a number of others—died because they refused to accept the order of this secret society! You are going to say that Monaghani has accepted and this is why Monaghani lives. Pouf! a bogey, my friend! A cloud comes, the sky is darkened, when the end of a great life draws near. So much the Romans knew, and the Greeks before them. And this scum, this red-hand gang that calls itself Si-Fan, obtains spectacular success by sending these absurd notices. . . . But how many have they sent in vain?"

HE PULLED open a drawer of his desk and tossed three sheets of paper onto the blotting pad. Nayland Smith stepped forward and with no more than a nod of apology picked them up.

"Ah! the final notice!"

"Yes—the final notice!" Delibes had ceased to smile: "To *me!* Could anything be more impudent?"

"It gives you, I see, until half past eleven tonight."

"Exactly. How droll!"

"Yet, Lord Aylwin has seen you, and Railton was sent by the Foreign Office with the special purpose of impressing upon you the fact that the power of the Si-Fan is real. I see, sir, that you are required to lower and then to raise the lights in this room three times, indicating that you have destroyed an order to Marshal Brieux. That distinguished officer is now in your lobby. I had a few words with him as I came in. As a privileged visitor, may I ask you the exact nature of this order?"

"It is here, signed." Delibes opened a folder and drew out an official document. "The whole of France, you see, as these signatures testify, stands behind me in this step that I propose to take tonight. You may read it if you please, for it will be common property tomorrow."

With a courteous inclination of the head he handed the document to Nayland Smith.

Smith's steely eyes moved mechanically as he glanced down the several paragraphs, and then:

"Failing a message from Monaghani before eleven-fifteen," he said, "this document, I gather, will be handed to Marshal Brieux? It calls all Frenchmen to the colors. This will be construed as an act of war."

"Not necessarily, sir." The minister drew down his heavy brows. "It will be construed as evidence of the unity of France. It will check those who would become the aggressors. At three minutes before midnight, observe, Paris will be plunged into darkness—and we shall test our air defenses under war conditions."

Smith began to pace up and down the thick Persian carpet.

"You are described in the first notice from the Si-Fan," he went on, "as one of seven men in the world in a position to plunge Europe into war. It may interest you to know, sir, that the first warning of this kind with which I became acquainted referred to fifteen men. This fact may be significant?"

Delibes shrugged his shoulders.

"In roulette the color red may turn up eighteen times," he replied. "Why not a coincidence of eight?"

We were interrupted by the entrance of a secretary.

"NO VULGAR curiosity prompts my inquiry," said Nayland Smith, as the minister stared angrily at him. "But you have two photographs in your charming collection of a lady well known to me."

"Indeed, sir?" Delibes stood up. "To which lady do you refer?"

Smith took the two photographs from their place and set them on the desk. Both were of the woman called Korêani: one was a head and shoulders so fantastically like the bust of Nefertiti as to suggest that this had been one of her earlier incarnations; the other showed her in the revealing dress of a Korean dancer.

Delibes glanced at them and then stared under his brows at Nayland Smith.

"I trust, Sir Denis, that this friendship does not in any way intrude upon your affairs?"

"But certainly not—although I have been acquainted with this lady for some years."

"I met her during the time she was appearing here. She is not an ordinary cabaret artiste, as you are aware. She belongs to an old Korean family and in performing the Temple dances has made herself an exile from her country."

"Indeed," Smith murmured. "Would it surprise you to know that she is also one of the most useful servants of the Si-Fan? . . . That she was personally concerned in the death of General Quinto and in that of Rudolf Adlon?—to mention but two? Further, would it surprise you to know that she is the daughter of the president of the Council of Seven?"

Delibes sat down again, still staring at the speaker.

"I do not doubt your word—but are you sure of what you say?"

"Quite sure."

"Almost, you alarm me." He smiled again. "She is difficult, this Korêani—but most, most attractive. I saw her only last night. Today, for she knows my penchant, she sent me blue carnations."

"Indeed! *Blue* carnations, you say? Most unusual."

He began looking all about the room.

"Yes, but beautiful—you see them in those three vases."

"I have counted thirty-six," said Smith.

He sniffed at one cautiously.

"I assume that they came from some florist known to you?"

"No. I do not know the name of the florist."

Smith stood directly in front of the desk, staring down at Delibes; then:

"Regardless of your personal predilection, sir," he said, "I have special knowledge and special facilities. Since the peace of France, perhaps of the world is at stake—may I ask you when these carnations arrived?"

"At some time before I was awake this morning."

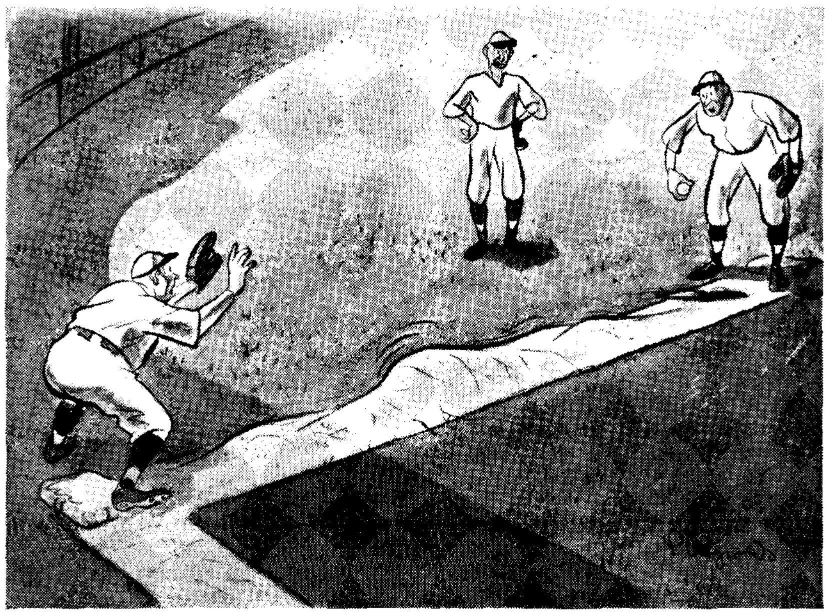
"In one box or in several?"

"To this I cannot reply, but I will make inquiries. Your interests are of an odd nature."

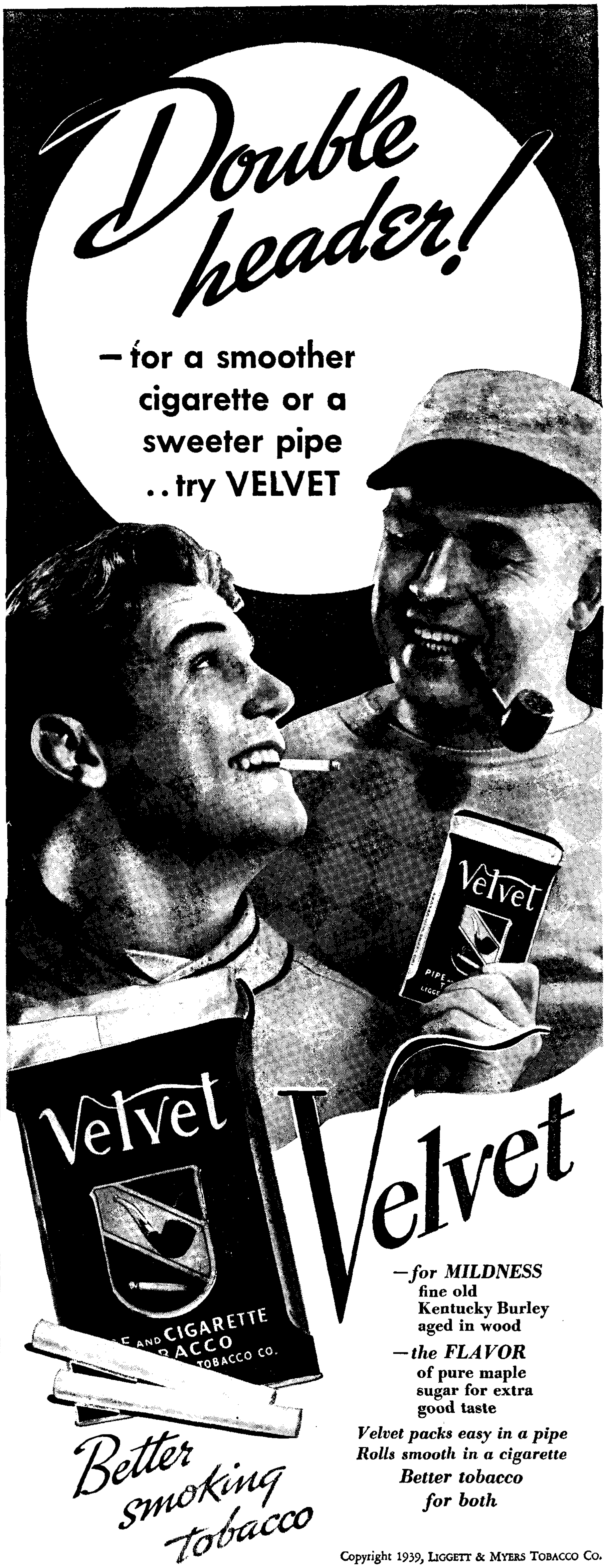
Nevertheless, I observed that Delibes was struggling to retain his self-assurance as he bent aside to press a bell.

Delibes' valet appeared: his name was Marbeuf.

"These blue carnations," said Nay-



"Throw th' ball! He's stealin' third!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS



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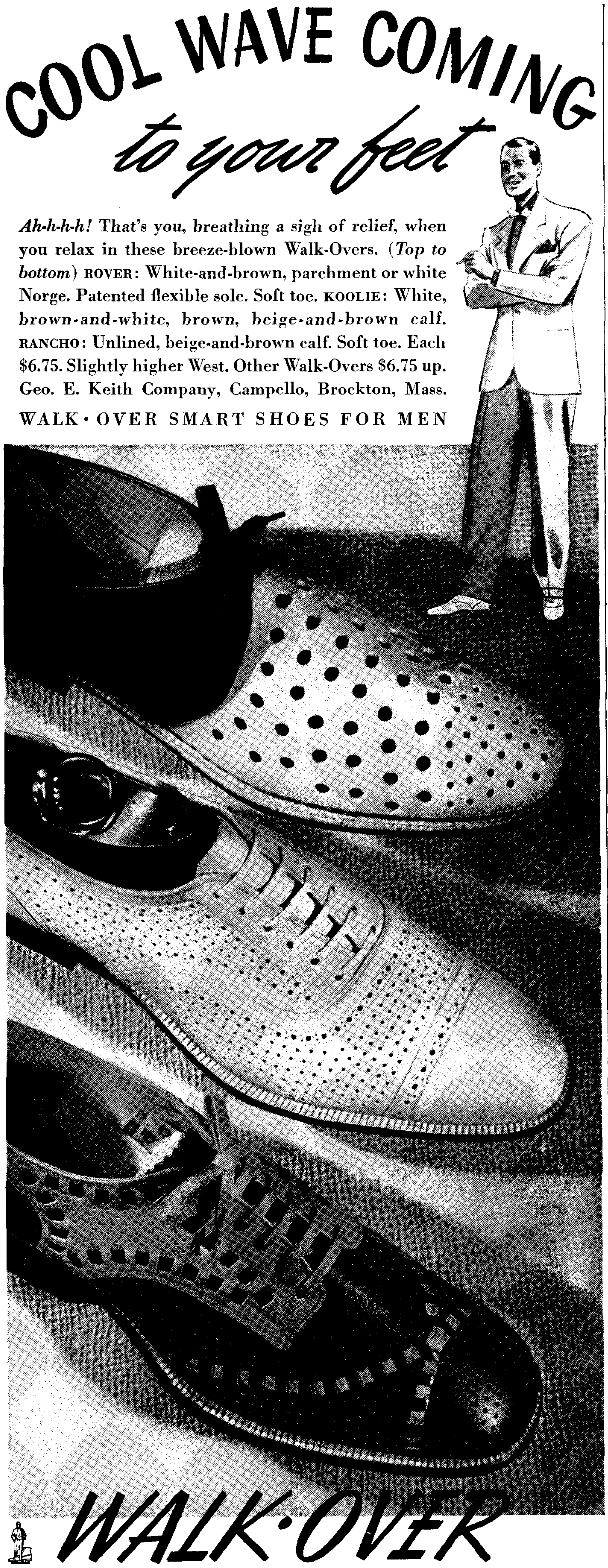

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land Smith, "you received them from the florist this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

Marbeuf's manner was one of masked alarm.

"In one box or in a number of boxes?"

"In a number, sir."

"Have those boxes been destroyed?"

"I believe not, sir."

Smith turned to Delibes.

"I have a small inquiry to make," he said, "but I beg that you will spare me a few minutes when I return."

"As you wish, sir. You bring strange news, but my purpose remains undisturbed. . . ."

WE DESCENDED with the valet to the domestic quarters of the house. The lobby buzzed with officials; there was an atmosphere of pent-up excitement; but we slipped through unnoticed. I was studying Marbeuf, a blond, clean-shaven fellow with the bland hypocrisy that distinguishes some confidential menservants.

"There are four boxes here," said Smith, and stared at Marbeuf. "You say you received them this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here, in this room?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"I placed them on that table, sir; for such presents frequently arrive for Monsieur. Then I sent Jacqueline for vases, and I opened the boxes."

"Who is Jacqueline?"

"The parlormaid."

"There were, then, nine carnations in each box?"

"No, sir. Twelve in each box, but one box was empty."

"What!"

"I was surprised, also."

"Between he time that these boxes were received from the florist and placed on the table, and the time at which you began to open them, were you out of the room?"

"Yes. I was called to the telephone."

"Ah! By whom?"

"By a lady, but when I told her that Monsieur was still sleeping she refused to leave a message."

"How long were you away?"

"Perhaps, sir, two minutes."

"And then?"

"Then I returned and began to open the boxes."

"And of the four, one contained no carnations?"

"Exactly, sir; one was empty."

"What did you do?"

"I telephoned to Meurice Frères, the florist who had sent them, and they assured me that not three, but four dozen carnations had been sent by the lady who ordered them."

Smith examined the four boxes with care, but seemed to be dissatisfied. They were cardboard cartons about eighteen inches long and six inches square, stoutly made and bearing the name of the well-known florist upon them. His expression, however, became very grave, and he did not speak again until we had returned to the study.

As Delibes stood up, concealing his impatience with a smile:

"The time specified for the reply from Monaghani has now elapsed," said Smith. "Am I to take it, sir, that you propose to hand that document to Marshal Brieux?"

"Such is my intention."

"The time allotted to you by the Si-Fan expires in fifteen minutes."

Delibes shrugged his shoulders.

"Forget the Si-Fan," he said. "I trust that your inquiries regarding Korêani's gift were satisfactory?"

"Not entirely. Would it be imposing on your hospitality to suggest that Mr. Kerrigan and myself remain here with you until those fifteen minutes shall have expired?"

"Well—" the minister stood up, frowned, then smiled. "Since you mention my hospitality, if you would drink a glass of wine with me, and then permit me to leave you for a few moments, since I must see Marshal Brieux, it would of course be a pleasure to entertain you."

He was about to press a bell, but changed his mind, and went out.

On the instant of his exit, Smith did an extraordinary thing. Springing to the door, he depressed a switch—and all the lights went out!

"Smith!"

The lights sprang up again.

"Wanted to know where the switch was! No time to waste."

He began questing about the room like a hound on a strong scent. Recovering myself, I, too, began looking behind busts and photographs; but:

"Don't touch anything, Kerrigan!" he snapped. "Some new agent of death has been smuggled into this place by Fu Manchu! God knows what it is! I have no clue; but it's here! it's here!"

He had found nothing when Delibes returned. . . .

The minister was followed by Marbeuf. The valet carried an ice bucket, which contained a bottle of champagne upon a tray with three glasses.

"You see, I know your English taste!" said Delibes. "We shall drink, if you please, to France—and to England."

"In that case," Nayland Smith replied, "if I may ask you to dismiss Marbeuf, I should esteem it a privilege to act as server—for this is a notable occasion."

At a nod from Delibes, Marbeuf, having unwired the bottle, went out. Smith removed the cork and filled three glasses to their brims. With a bow he handed one to the statesman, less ceremoniously a second to me, then, raising his own:

"We drink deep," he said—his eyes glittered strangely, and the words sounded odd on his lips—"to the peace of France and of England—and so to the peace of the world!"

He drank nearly the whole of the contents of his glass: Delibes, chivalrously, did the same. Never at home with champagne, I endeavored to follow suit, but was checked—astounded—by the behavior of Delibes.

STANDING upright, a handsome military figure, he became, it seemed, suddenly rigid! His eyes opened widely as though they were starting from his head. His face changed color; naturally pallid, it grew gray. His wineglass fell upon the Persian carpet; the remainder of its contents spilling. He clutched his throat and pitched forward!

Nayland Smith sprang to his side, and lowered him gently to the floor.

"Smith! Smith!" I gasped—"he's poisoned! They have got him!"

"Ssh!" Smith stood up. "Not a word, Kerrigan!"

Amazed beyond understanding, I watched. He crossed to the meticulously neat desk, took up the document with those imposing signatures which lay there, and tore it into fragments!

"Smith!"

"Quiet—or we're lost!"

Crossing to the switch beside the door, he put out all the lights. It is mortifying to remember, now, that at the time I doubted his sanity. He raised them again; put them out. . . .

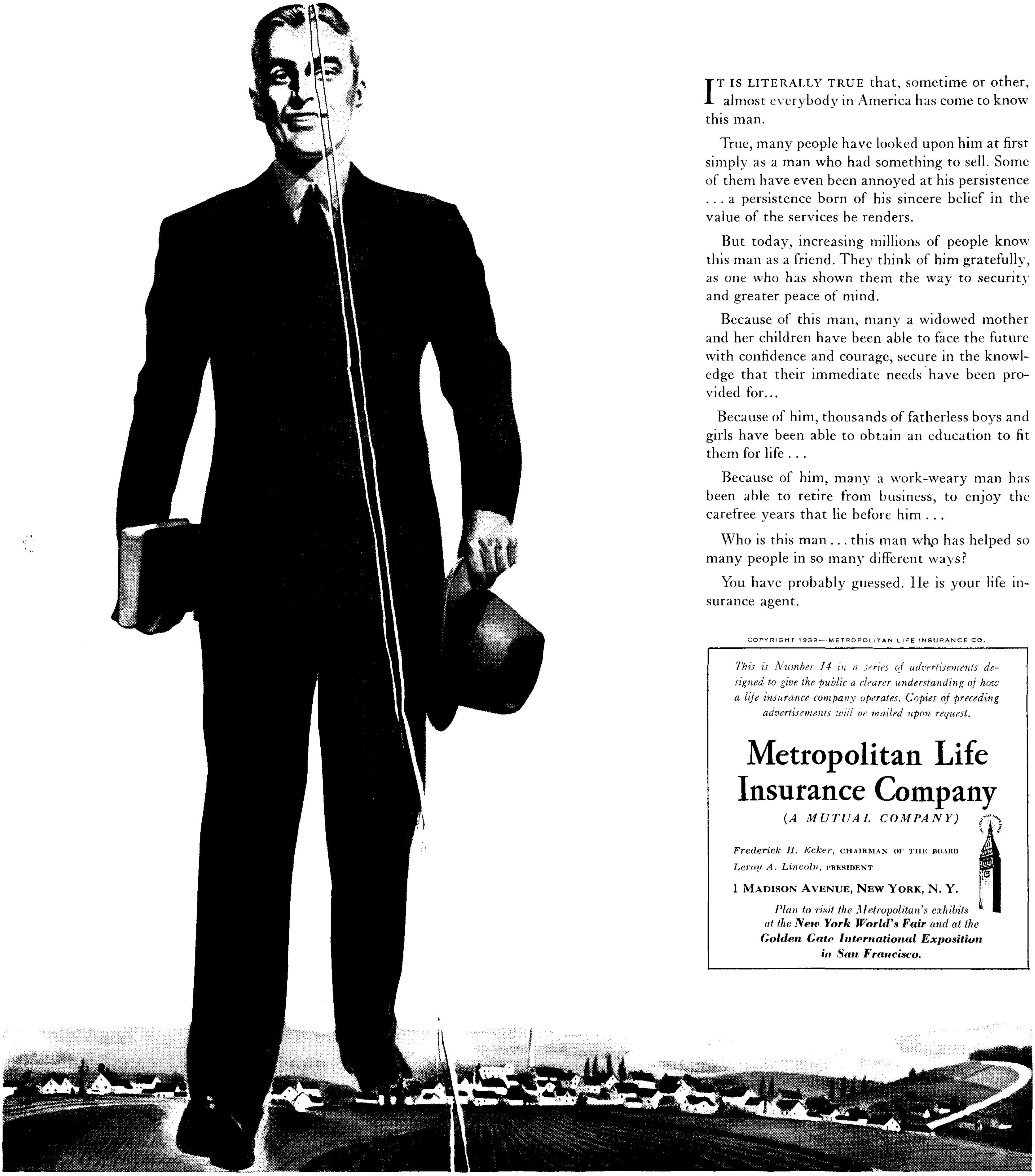
In the second darkness came comprehension:

He was obeying the order of the Si-Fan!

"Help me, Kerrigan. In here!"

A curtained alcove, luxuriously appointed as the bedroom of a screen star, adjoined the study. We laid Delibes upon a cushioned divan. And as we did

The man everybody knows



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so and I raised inquiring eyes, there came a sound from the room outside that made me catch my breath.

It resembled a guttural command, in a tongue unknown to me: it was followed by an odd scuffling, not unlike that of a rat. . . . It seemed to flash a message to Nayland Smith's brain. With no glance at the insensible man upon the divan, he dashed out.

I followed—and all I saw was this:

Some *thing*—I could not otherwise define it; nor can I say if it went on four or upon two legs—merged into the shadow on the balcony!

Smith, pistol in hand, leaped out.

There was a rustling in the clematis below. The rustling ceased.

His face a grim mask in the light of the moon, Smith turned to me.

"There went death to Marcel Delibes!" he said, "but here"—he pointed to the torn-up document on the carpet—"went death to a million Frenchmen."

"But the voice, Smith! Someone spoke—and there's nobody here!"

"Yes—I heard it. The speaker must have been in the garden below."

"And what was the thing we saw?"

"That, Kerrigan, is beyond me. The garden must be searched, but I doubt if anything will be found."

"But—" I stared about me apprehensively. "We must *do* something! Delibes may be dead!"

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"He *would* have been dead if I had not saved him."

"I don't understand at all!"

"Another leaf from the book of Dr. Fu Manchu. Tonight I came prepared for the opposition of Delibes. I had previously wired to my old friend Dr. Petrie, in Cairo. He is a modest genius. He cabled a prescription; Lord Moreton endorsed it; and it was made up by the best firm of druggists in London. A rapidly soluble tablet, Kerrigan. According to Petrie, Delibes will be insensible for eighteen hours but will suffer no unpleasant aftereffects—nor will he recall exactly what occurred."

I could think of no reply.

"We will now ring for assistance," Smith continued, "report that the document was torn up in our presence, and express our proper regret for the sudden seizure of M. Delibes."

He poured water from the ice bucket into the glass used by Delibes, and emptied it over the balcony. He then partly refilled the glass.

"Having advised Marshal Brieux that Paris may sleep in peace, we can return to our hotel."

I think the bizarre drama of those last few minutes in the house of Marcel Delibes did more than anything else I could have accomplished to dull the agony of bereavement that, even amid the turmoil of this secret world war, shadowed every moment of my life.

Ardatha was lost to me. . . . She belonged to the Si-Fan.

ONCE too often she had risked everything in order to give me warning. Her punishment was to work henceforth under the eye of the dreadful Dr. Fu Manchu. Perhaps, as Smith believed, he was no longer president. But always, while he lived, I knew that he must dominate any group of men with whom he might be associated.

Leaving no less than four helpless physicians around the bed of the insensible minister, we returned to our hotel. Gallaho was with us, and Jussac of the French police. As in London, one car drove ahead and another followed.

As we entered the hotel lobby:

"This sudden illness of M. Delibes," said Jussac, "is a dreadful thing. He would be a loss to France. But for myself"—he brushed his short mustache reflectively—"since you tell me that before his seizure he changed his mind, why, if this was due to a rising temperature, I am not sorry!"

Smith was making for the lift and I was following when something drew my attention to the behavior of a girl who had been talking to the reception clerk. She was hurrying away, and the man's blank expression told me that she had abruptly broken off the conversation.

Already she was disappearing across a large, partially lighted lounge beyond which lay the entrance from the Rue de Rivoli.

Without a word to my companions, I set off in pursuit.

By the swing doors, she turned, glancing back. Seeing me, she made as if to run out, but I leaped forward and threw my arms around her.

"Not this time, Ardatha—darling!"

The amethyst eyes glanced swiftly right and left—and then flamed into sudden revolt. But, beyond the flame, I read a paradox.

"Let me go!"

I did not obey the words; for her eyes were bidding me to hold her fast. I crushed her against me.

RED GARDENIAS

"Never again, Ardatha."

"Bart," she whispered, close to my ear, "call to your English policeman. . . . Someone is watching us—"

At that, she began to struggle furiously!

"Hullo, Kerrigan! A capture, I see—" Nayland Smith stood at my elbow.

"Gallaho," he called, "a prisoner for you!"

I glared at him, but:

"Bart"—I loved the quaint accent with which she pronounced my name—"he is right. I must be arrested—I *want* to be arrested!"

Gallaho hurried up.

"Who's this?"

"She is known as Ardatha, Inspector," said Smith. "There are several questions that she may be able to answer."

"You are wanted by Scotland Yard," said Gallaho formally, "to give information regarding certain inquiries. I must ask you to be good enough to come with me."

Smith glanced swiftly around. Jussac joined the party. Two men, their backs to us, stood talking just outside in the Rue de Rivoli.

"I won't!" blazed Ardatha, "unless you force me to!"

Gallaho was nonplused. To Jussac:

"Grab that pair outside the door!" said Smith rapidly. "Lock them up for the night. If I'm wrong I'll face the consequences. Inspector, this lady is in your charge; bring her upstairs. . . ."

Jussac stepped outside and whistled. I did not wait to see what happened. Ardatha, between Inspector Gallaho and Nayland Smith, was walking toward the lift. . . .

Having reached our apartment and switched all lights up:

"Inspector," said Smith, "examine the lobby and the smaller bedroom and bathroom. I will search the others."

In the sitting room, he looked hard at Ardatha.

"I am going to have you locked in the end room," he remarked, "as soon as Inspector Gallaho reports that it is a safe place."

He went out. No sooner was the door closed than I had Ardatha in my arms.

She seemed to search me with her glance: it was the look that a woman gives a man before she stakes all upon her choice.

"I have run away, Bart—to you. I was followed, but they could do nothing while I stood there at the desk. Now, they have seen me arrested, and if ever *he* gets me back, perhaps this may save me—"

"No one shall get you back!"

"You do not understand!" She clutched me convulsively. "Shall I never make you understand that unless we can get away from Paris, nothing can save us—*nothing!*" She clenched her hands, and stared like a frightened hare as Nayland Smith came in. "It is the order of the council. I do not know if there is anywhere in the world you can hide from them—but this place you must leave at once!"

"Listen to me, Ardatha." Smith grasped her shoulders. "Have you any knowledge, any whatever, of the Si-Fan plans for tonight?"

SHE faced him fearlessly; her hands remained clenched.

"If I had, I could not tell you. But I have no knowledge of these plans. As I hope for mercy, it is true. Only I know that you are to die."

"How do you know?"

Ardatha from her handbag took out a square envelope.

"I was ordered to leave this at the desk and not allow myself to be recognized. I waited until I *knew* I had been recognized!"

Nayland Smith passed me the enclosed sheet, and I read:

FINAL NOTICE

Lower and raise the lights in your sitting room slowly twice, to indicate that you are prepared to take instructions. You have until midnight.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

The apartments faced upon a courtyard. There were a number of police in the hotel under Jussac's orders, and the passports of all residents had been scrutinized. Some of the rooms around the courtyard were empty; the occupants of the others were supposedly above suspicion. But Ardatha's terror-stricken face haunted me. When she had realized that she was to be locked in the end room to await the hour of midnight, such a fear so overwhelming had come upon her that my own courage was threatened.

Gallaho was in the lobby outside her door. And now I heard the clocks of Paris chiming. . . .

It was a quarter to twelve.

We had curtained all the windows, although, if one excepted opposite rooms, no point commanded them. The atmosphere was stale and oppressive. Paris vibrated with rumors and counter-rumors. By some it was believed that France already was at war; another story ran that Delibes was dead. But to the quiet old courtyard none of this penetrated. Instead, a more real, a more sinister menace was there: the shadow of Fu Manchu lay upon us.

A hopeless fatalism began to claim me. Already, I looked upon Nayland Smith as a dead man . . .

From Ardatha came no sound. Her eyes had been unnaturally bright when we had left her. I had seen that splendid composure, that proud fearless spirit, broken. I knew that if she prayed, she prayed for me; and I thought that now she would be in tears—tears of misery—despair; waiting, listening . . . for what?

"Have your gun ready, Kerrigan!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to search every inch of this room."

"What for?"

"I don't know! But you remember the black streak that went over Delibes' balcony? That thing, or another, similar thing, is here!"

I TOOK a grip on failing nerves, and stepped up to a walnut cabinet containing many cupboards, but:

"Touch nothing!" Smith snapped. "Leave the search to me. Just stand by."

He began to walk from point to point about the room, sparsely furnished in the manner of a continental hotel. No drawer was left unopened, no nook or cranny unsearched.

But he found nothing.

The electric clock registered seven minutes to midnight. And now came a wild cry, for which I knew that, subconsciously, I had been waiting.

"Let me out! For God's sake—let me out! I want to be with you—I can't bear it!"

"Go and pacify her, Kerrigan. We dare not have her in here."

"I won't budge!"

"Let me out—let me out—I shall go mad!"

Smith threw the door open.

"Allow her to join you in the lobby, Gallaho. On no account is she to enter this room."

"Very good, Sir Denis."

As Smith released the door, I heard the sound of a lock turned. I heard Ardatha's running footsteps. . . .

"Come out there! Dear God, I beg of you—come out!"

Gallaho's growling tones reached me as he strove to restrain her.

"If you are so sure, Smith"—my voice was not entirely under control—"that the danger is *here*, why should we stay?" Then: "Smith! Smith!" I spoke now in a hoarse whisper.

"What?"

"For heaven's sake don't move—but look where I am looking. There, under the cornice!"

The apartment had indirect lighting, so that there was a sort of recess running around three of the walls directly below the ceiling. From the darkness of a corner where there were no lamps, two tiny fiery eyes—they looked *red*—glared down at us!

"What is it, Smith? In heaven's name, what *is* it?"

Those malignant eyes remained immovable; they possessed a dreadful, evil intelligence. It might have been an imp of hell, crouching there, watching. . . . Raising my automatic, I fired and . . . all the lights went out!

"Drop flat, Kerrigan!"

The urgency of Smith's order brooked no denial. I threw myself prone on the carpet: I heard Smith fall near by. . . .

There came a moaning cry, then a roar from Gallaho:

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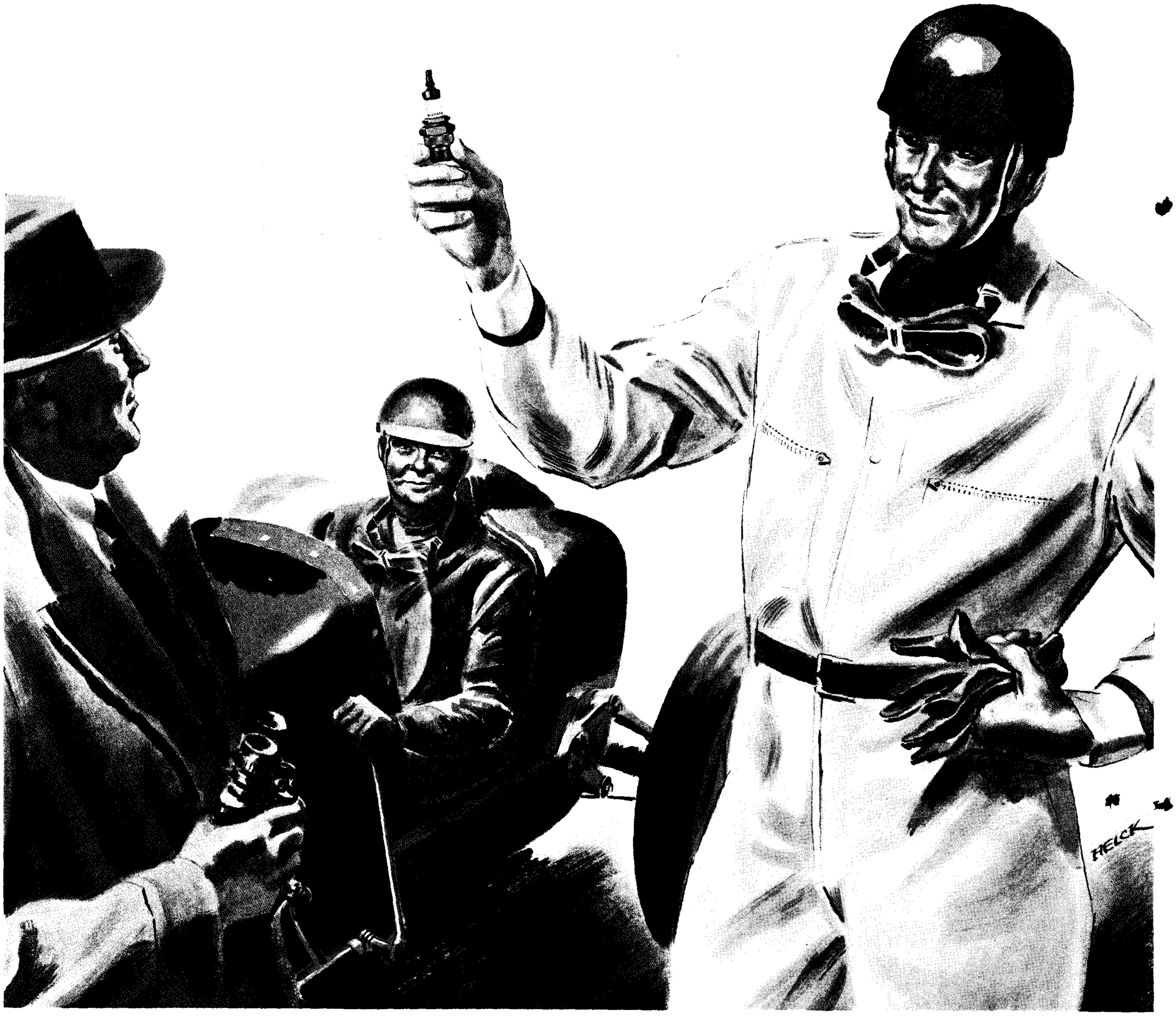

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"What's this game? What's happened?"

The door behind me burst open. I became aware of a pungent odor.

"No lights, Gallaho—and don't come in! Make for the door, Kerrigan!"

I groped my way across the room. I got to the door and into the lobby. Gallaho stretched out his hand, and grasped my shoulder.

"Where's Sir Denis?"

"I am here."

There were sounds of movement all about, of voices. . . .

"It's the big black-out," came Smith's voice incisively, "ordered by Delibes to take place tonight. Whoever is in charge of the air defenses of Paris has received no orders to cancel it. This saved us—for I'm afraid you missed, Kerrigan!"

"Ardatha!" I said shakily, "Ardatha!"

"She fainted, Mr. Kerrigan, when the shot came. . . ."

"OPEN this door!"

We stood before a door bearing the number 36. It was that of a room that adjoined our apartments. Lights had been restored. An alarmed manager obeyed.

"Stand by outside, Gallaho. Come on, Kerrigan."

I found myself in a single bedroom, which did not appear to be occupied. There was an acrid smell, and the first object upon which my glance rested was a long, narrow cardboard box labeled: "Meurice Frères."

I glanced at an attached tab and read: "Madame Hulbert:

"To be placed in No. 36 to await Madame Hulbert's arrival."

"Don't touch that thing!" snapped Smith. "I'm not sure, yet— Hullo!"

He was staring up at part of the wall above the wardrobe. There was a jagged hole, perhaps six inches in diameter, which I could only suppose to penetrate to the adjoining apartment.

Smith dragged a chair forward, stood on it, and examined the top of the wardrobe.

"I apologize, Kerrigan! You didn't miss after all. . . . There's blood here!"

Down he came, and began questing all about the floor.

"Here's a fresh stain, Smith!"

"Ah! near the window! By gad! I believe it's escaped! I'm going to pull the curtains open. If you see anything move, don't hesitate—shoot!"

Automatic in hand I watched him as he dragged the heavy curtains apart. The window was open about four inches at the bottom.

"Stains here! Look!"

Standing beside him, I saw on the ledge bloodstains of so strange a character that comment failed me. They were imprints of tiny hands!

"Singular!" murmured Smith.

He stared out right and left, and down into the courtyard. The building was faced with ornamental stone blocks.

"Smith," I began—

"A thing as small as that could climb down such a wall," he rapped, "and into an open window—assuming its wound not to be serious."

"But, Smith—this is the print of a *human* hand!"

"I know!" He ran to the door. "Gallaho, instruct Jussac to search all rooms opening on this courtyard and to make sure that nothing—not even a small parcel leaves any of them. Come on, Kerrigan."

Picking up the florist's box, he returned to our locked apartments. Ardatha was in a room near by, in the charge of a sympathetic housekeeper. As we entered the sitting room, I pulled up, staring. . . .

At the moment of my firing at that thing up under the cornice, Smith, just behind me, had been standing in front of a walnut cabinet.

The top of the cabinet had disappeared!

"Merciful heaven!" I whispered, "you escaped death by a fraction of a second!"

"Yes! Ericksen's Ray! The thing with the red eyes has at least elementary intelligence to be entrusted with such a weapon. This creature, or one like it, had been smuggled into Delibes' house, but made its escape. In the present case, the same device of the flower box was used, an adjoining room having been reserved by a mythical Madame Hulbert. During our absence this evening, by means of the ray, that hole was bored through the wall."

"But the box remains unopened!"

"So do the boxes, apparently, used by stage magicians. I think we may risk it, now!"

Smith cut the string and opened the box.

It was empty.

"Assuming a thinking creature small enough to get into such a box, for it to get out again would be a simple matter: merely necessary to draw these two end flaps and replace them without unfastening the string. . . ."

I cannot say, I shall never know, what drew my attention away from the trick box; but I found myself staring fixedly into the shadows beneath the bureau. This bureau stood almost immediately below the hole, high up under the cornice. Some dully shining object lay upon the carpet.

AS I stepped forward to pick it up, indeed, all but had my hand upon it, I recognized it for what it was . . . just such a tube as I had seen in the possession of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

And, as this recognition came, I saw the thing with the red eyes!

"Quick! grab it for your life, Kerrigan!"

Wounded, the creature had dropped the silver tube in that sudden darkness, had sought to escape, and then for some reason had returned for the ray. It crouched now beside the bureau, a black dwarf no more than fifteen inches high, naked save for a loincloth also black: a perfectly formed human being!

Its features, which were negroid, contorted in animal fury, its red eyes glaring like those of a rabid dog, it sprang upon the tube.

But I snatched it in the nick of time. . . .

WHAT happened next threatens to defeat my powers of description. Smith, who had been maneuvering for a shot, fired—but, as I made that frenzied grab, stumbling onto my knees, my fingers closed upon a sort of trigger in the butt end of the tube.

Smith's bullet buried itself in the wall. I experienced a tingling sensation. The thing with the red eyes that crouched before me disappeared!

My last recollection is that of the bureau crashing down upon my head.

"Bart dearest—are you better?"

I lay propped on cushions. Ardatha's arms were around me. My head buzzed like a wasps' nest, and a man whom I took to be a surgeon was bathing a painful cut on my brow.

"Yes, he is better," said the surgeon, smiling. "No serious damage." He turned to Nayland Smith, who stood watching. "It must have been a heavy blow, nevertheless."

"It was!" Smith assured him. "Fortunately, he has a thick skull."

When the medical man was gone and I felt capable of sitting up and observing my surroundings, I realized that I had been moved to another room.

"Explanation of what had occurred would have been too difficult," Smith declared. "So we brought you in here."

And now came the memory of the black dwarf—who had disappeared. . . .

"Smith—he was disintegrated!"

"So was a portion of the bureau," Smith replied—"hence your being knocked out. It toppled before I had a chance to get it. I have the mysterious tube, Kerrigan, Exhibit A, which resolves matter into its particles; but I don't propose to experiment further. We should be grateful for the fact that it was not ourselves who were dispersed!"

Ardatha held my hand tightly, and a swift glad wave of happiness swept over me. The unbelievable had come true. . . .

"I am by no means sure how long this peaceful interlude will last," Smith continued. "My taking forcible means to save Marcel Delibes may be construed however, as a triumph for the Si-Fan. In this case, our interests were identical. Possibly, we shall be granted a reprieve!"

"We deserve one!" I was staring at something that lay upon a side table; it resembled a small watch but I knew that I had never seen it before. "What have you there, Smith?"

"Exhibit B!" He smiled. "It must have been in the possession of the dwarf—the smallest and also the most malignant human being I have ever come across. Gallaho found it in the cavity between the two rooms; so that I assume the dwarf intended to return, having recovered the silver tube, and to make his escape by way of the window of Number 36. I suspected that this possibility had been provided for."

"But what is it?"

Ardatha's grasp on my hand tightened.

"It is a radiophone," she said. "Sometimes—not often—those carrying out Si-Fan instructions are given one. In this way they are kept directly in contact with whoever is directing them."

I turned my aching head and looked into her eyes.

"Did *you* ever use one, Ardatha?"

"Yes," she answered simply, "when I was sent to get the portfolio of the police commissioner in London!"

"You understand now, Kerrigan," said Smith, "that voice that we both heard in the study of M. Delibes? I am going to ask you, Ardatha, to show me how to get 'directly in contact!' "

ARDATHA released my hand and stood up. She was supremely graceful in all her movements; her poise was perfect, and I knew, now, that that momentary despair had been for *me*. . . .

"I will do so if you wish. Nothing may happen. You can only listen: you cannot reply."

She took the tiny instrument that Smith handed to her and made some adjustment; we both watched closely. Paris lay about us, not sleeping, but seething with rumors of war. But in that room was silence—silence in which we waited.

It was broken.

A guttural voice spoke rapidly in a tongue unknown to me. It ceased. Ardatha adjusted the instrument.

"To move it to there," she said—but her tones were not steady—"means 'I do not understand.' "

And now (I confess that my heart leaped uncomfortably) that guttural voice spoke in English . . . and I knew that the speaker was Dr. Fu Manchu!

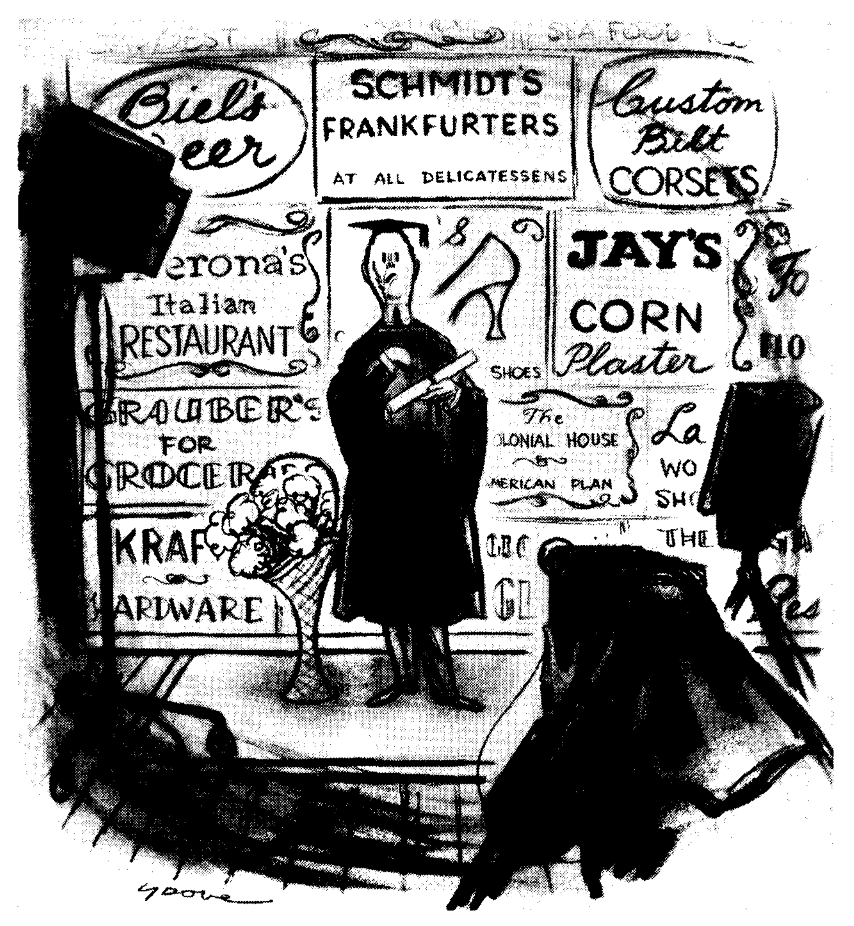
"Can it be Sir Denis who calls me?"

Ardatha's fingers moved.

"Indeed! I rejoice that you live, Sir Denis. I suspect that Ardatha is with you. Any information that she may be able to impart, you will find of small value. I assume that one of my three Negrito pygmies is lost. But this is no more than just. Your work in regard to M. Delibes resulted in the canceling of the grotesque order for your removal. I welcome your co-operation. I regret my dwarf. Such a specimen represents twenty years' culture. Destroy the Ericksen tube: it is dangerous. Those who use it do not live long. The radiophone I commend to you. Waste no time seeking me. . . ."

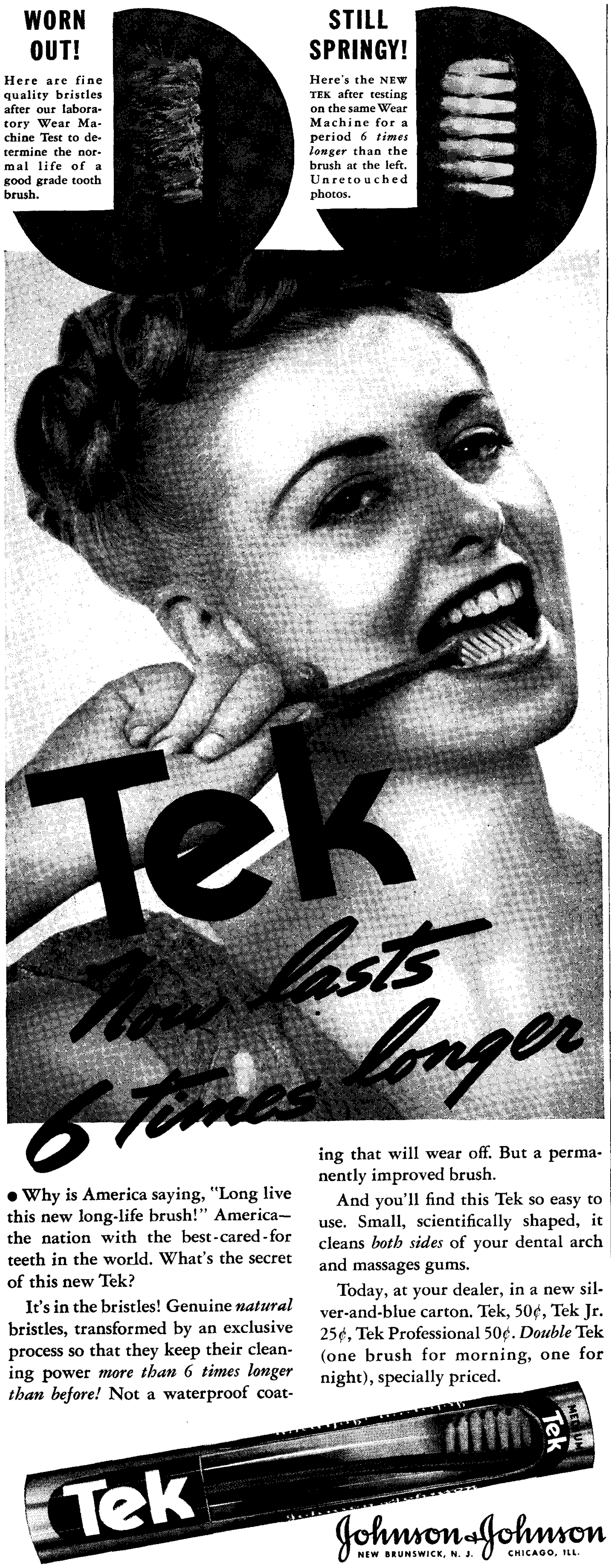
That unique voice faded away. Ardatha was trembling in my arms.

THE END



"I say, couldn't you fix me up with a rather more imposing background?"

LEONARD DOVE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Here are fine quality bristles after our laboratory Wear Machine Test to determine the normal life of a good grade tooth brush.

STILL SPRINGY!

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• Why is America saying, "Long live this new long-life brush!" America—the nation with the best-cared-for teeth in the world. What's the secret of this new Tek?

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The Black Road

Continued from page 12

when you get that in the ice room—here's your brother Davie come home."

When Homan had got the meat on the hook he just stood there by it in the cold. Davie! It needed time for his mind to take it. When Davie had run away as a kid, Homan hadn't said much, for he was no hand with words. But they had all been shamed and hurt, and being newly of man's estate he had felt a man's anger. And now here Davie was, and in the queerest way, in a wink, all the shame and anger were gone like slate marks under a sponge, and Homan had to frown to keep back extraordinary tears.

HE WAS still like that when he went out, frowning at the palm he half extended, yet withheld, hoping Davie would know he wanted to shake, but the hand was soiled with the butchering. "I—I been killing calf," he said, and never saw the Scripture in it.

But nothing mattered, because a customer was coming in front, and Mamma could be heard in the stairway, halfway down, crying, and Papa called: "Mamma, you stay there. . . . Davie, you go on up. . . ."

Mamma Ederly was different from Papa and Homan; she talked easily and liked being talked to. That was the way with Davie too, and he was her baby. He laid himself out to charm away the years he'd been gone, and anyone could see what it did to Mamma in a space of hours, bringing a tinge of rose back to the old cheeks, and even a funny tentative little echo of archness when Davie insisted on dragging her around with him everywhere he was; and he was everywhere, that morning, he was so busy.

"Land, sonnie, you'd think *I* hadn't any work to do!"

All the same, when Davie told them at dinner he thought he'd have to run up to Hartford to take care of a hundred things that afternoon, Mamma couldn't quite hide her dismay. When Davie saw it, then there were no two ways about it, she was to go along. And since he had no driving license (with him) and Mamma couldn't drive, Jenny May had to go too. So off the three went in Homan's rusty pickup, before anyone could say Jack Robinson.

Papa Ederly was glad it was Monday, for Monday afternoons were the quietest of the week, and Papa didn't know what he'd have done if it had been a day like Friday or Saturday, with only Homan around the store. Willing enough, but wordless with people and handl[illegible] with goods, was what the older boy had always been; he'd known it himself, and so had Papa, but neither of them had ever said anything about it until today.

Papa was padding around in the gloomy warrens at the rear when Homan found him.

"Look, Papa, this—you know—Davie—it's a good thing. I'm all right outside, but inside—"

"Shucks! Go on outside, then!"

Homan gone, Papa resumed his padding. For a long while nobody came in. Then there was a man, a stranger by his voice: "Hy—er—hullo—anybody 'round here?" Papa made no sound. The man went out.

That he hadn't gone away, Papa was not to know till Homan came up from the icehouse with a cake for the cooler.

"What's that man doing out there, Pa, measuring around, kind of?"

But the man had spied Homan through the many-paned old window outside of which he was busy. He entered now, folding his six-foot rule.

He inquired: "A. J. Ederly?"

Homan indicated where Papa was, and Papa had to come out.

"Mr. Ederly, we have three grades in the plate glass. Though your son D. E. liked Number One, he said you'd have to say."

PAPA just stood. He looked at Homan, then away.

"And the question of paint." The man had a color card. "Between the Venetian red and the Chinese vermilion. D. E. liked the vermilion, but again wanted your decision; he was pressed for time, as you know."

It was a new thing for Homan to have to do the talking.

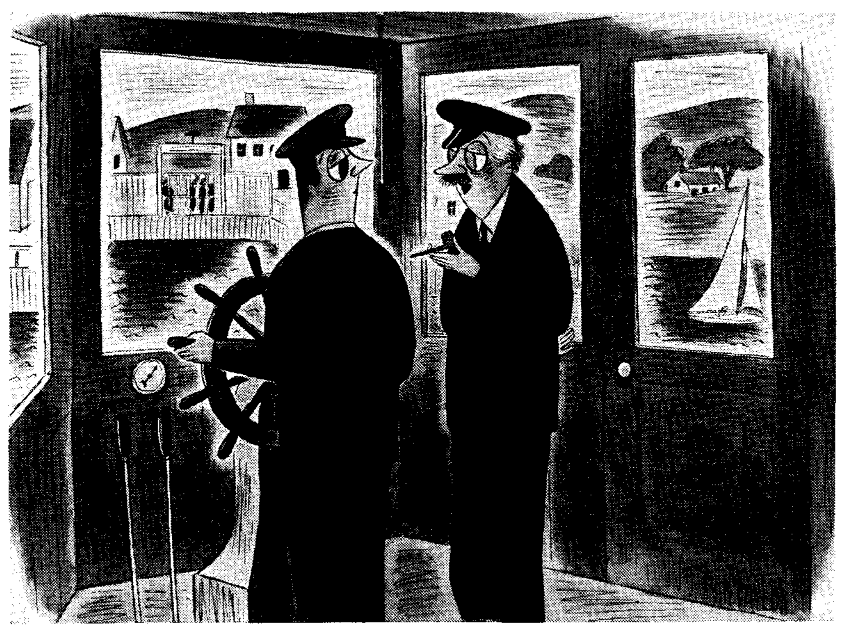
"Well, I guess maybe—maybe you'd better come back when—er—when my brother's home sometime—hadn't he, Papa?"

The man had to know. "Tomorrow?"

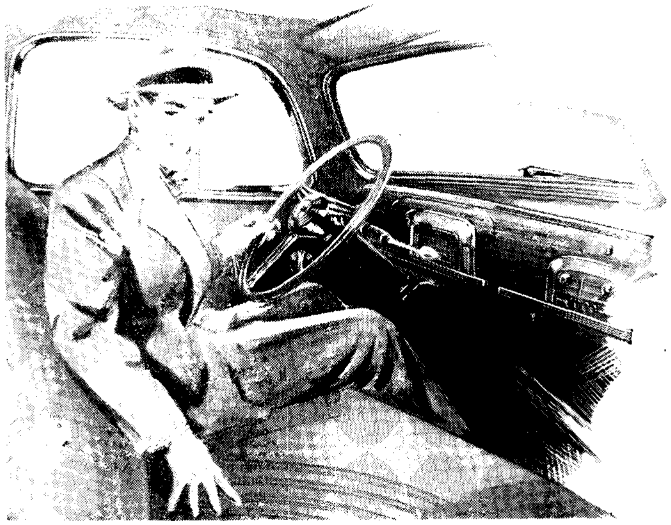
And Papa said: "I guess so."

As the man was leaving, the phone rang. Homan had to take it.

"I guess Davie's been in to the Conn



"It'll come to you after a few more trips—although I must confess that to this day I just close my eyes and hope"



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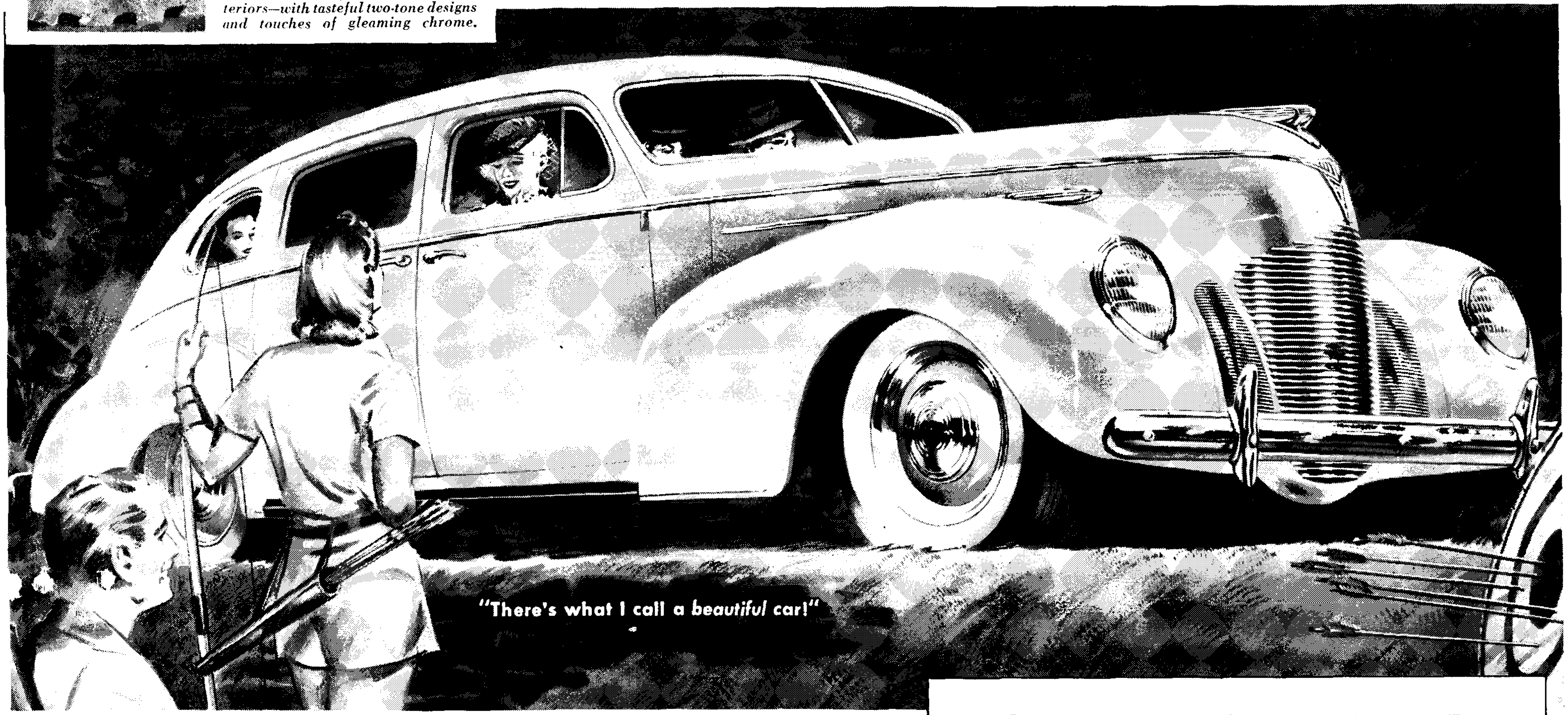
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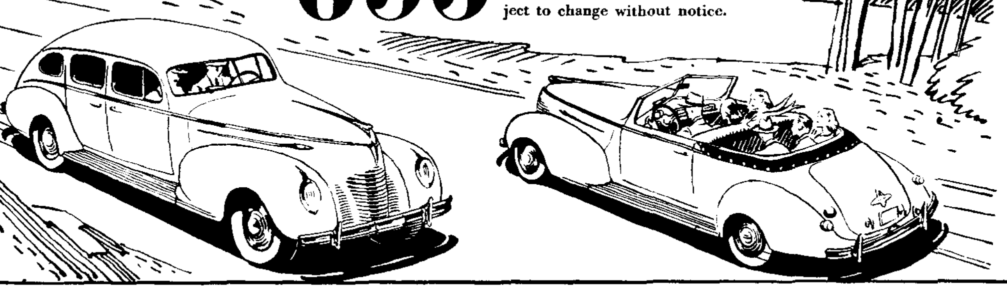

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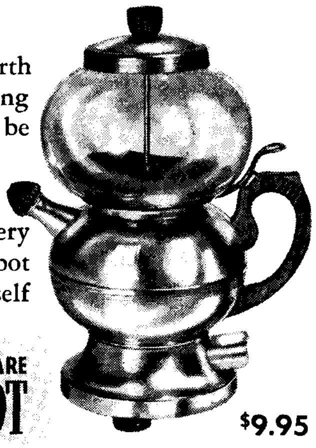

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With the Broiler Robot at your service, you can quickly prepare any of hundreds of delightful dishes *right at the table.* Sizzling steaks, luscious chops, veal cutlets, chicken, omelets, curries, etc.

FARBERWARE Coffee ROBOT TRADE MARK

COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC

TURNS ITSELF OFF WHEN COFFEE'S DONE THEN KEEPS IT HOT

$9.95

Makes a welcome gift! 6 models: 6-cup $9.95; 8-cup $10.95; 10-cup $13.50 and up—beautifully chromium-plated inside and out. In sets, too, with tray, creamer, sugar.

TEA-DRINKERS who saw the Coffee Robot asked "Why not an *Automatic Tea-Maker?*" For them, the Farberware Tea Robot was created. $8.95.

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The cool, comfortable way to prepare delicious meals!

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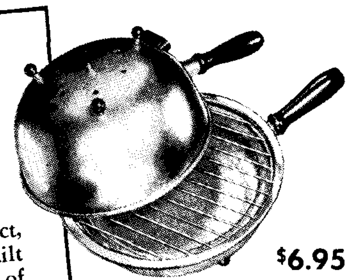

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Valley Motor Sales. Some chassis or other, they say they got it, but they won't have in the kind of panel delivery body they say we want till next week. Can we wait?"

"Well—tell 'em—pshaw, yes, there ain't all that hurry."

Homan had no more than hung up than Papa broke out in anger, anger at Homan: "Times change! We been in a rut. Wants somebody around here with some gumption. Go do your milking. It's getting on for dark."

"Should I light up here first?"

"I'll tend to lighting up."

But Papa didn't light up. He was glad when a car stopped, then went on, seeing the store dark and thinking it closed. After that he went downstairs and sat in the cheese cellar.

Papa turned on the light down there when he heard the pickup pull in at last. Mamma found him busy turning over cheeses. He gave her one look, gulped, then changed the gulp to a chuckle.

Mamma said, "How do you like me?"

"I see you been shopping. It suits you well." A definite chuckle. "Mamma, I'd never have known you."

This was so, but it wasn't the new dress and hat so much as it was Mamma herself. And the same was true of Jenny May, in the doorway behind her, the funniest chip of a hat off balance on her head, a square kind of sports jacket, and her mouth red, the way the saleslady had insisted on doing it so Jenny May could see. Papa had never seen either of them badly frightened, so he didn't guess. He thought they were just excited.

"There was no stopping him," Mamma said. "He had to get himself some clothes, seeing he left his in Mississippi somewheres—and seeing we were there in Wolff's department store, well, there was nothing you could do but he would buy us—well—these things, Papa."

"And I should think it was about time somebody had that much git-up-and-git." It was Papa's third chuckle. "Where's Davie now?"

"Davie's pretty put out with you. Here we come in, door on the latch, and the till box right there for anybody."

"I know, but we've never had any—"

"Yes, but you listen to Davie. There's robbers and young fellows all over the roads nowadays. Oh, yes, there are, Davie's seen plenty of them. He says this place would be pie for them, and I'm worried."

THEY went upstairs. Papa saw a light in the office room and went there. Davie, natty new from his shoes up, was busy with pencil, paper and ruler at the old roll-top desk. Papa cleared his throat. "Checking up?"

Davie snorted merrily. "Not a chance. I'm drawing plans. We've got stuff and people coming here tomorrow. But don't worry, Pa, that's the way I work."

Papa's eyes went to the top of the safe. "I see you brought the till box in. Mamma says you—"

"Oh, that! Yeah, and that was a fine one, right out there, help yourself. Look, I bet you don't even know what money there was in it."

"Well, I—I plan to count it nights when I put it in the safe."

Reaching the till box down, Papa was surprised to find it empty.

"I put it in," said Davie.

"Oh—well—much obliged, son. So Mamma—or did Jenny May—they told you the combination."

"Like fun! *All I had to do* was sit out there on the cooler this morning and watch Jenny May in here—three-ten-two, as plain as kindergarten. And that shows. Supposing it hadn't been me, but some bum."

"That's so, son. That's true."

"And another thing. Do you realize how much cash you're keeping in that thing you call a safe there?"

"Well, round about, with what went in tonight—"

"Thirty-three eighty was tonight's."

"And there *was*—" Papa laid his hand on the combination knob.

"A hundred and ninety-six dollars, Pa. Making now all told pretty close to two hundred and thirty bucks—in *that crate!*"

"I know. I mean to bank it Wednesdays and Saturdays, but somehow—" Papa turned the knob, his mind not on what he was saying, his brow creased. "Thirty-three-eighty tonight, you say, son? Of course, a Monday . . ."

"And of course, I meant to tell you, Pa, that's with the deduction of a ten-spot I knocked down—I had some expenses today—gas and phones and things—ought to go on the store. And the ten will leave me some over for tomorrow. Is that okay?"

The creased brow cleared. "Oh, yes, surely, of course."

PAPA went out through the dark of the store and home up the stairs. The hall at the top was dark too, between the lights of the parlor, front, and the sitting-dining room, rear. It was there in the dark Mamma waylaid him.

"Albert." There was this new catching of her breath. And when she called him Albert it generally meant something. "Albert, see here, you always snort at my coffee-can bank, but I've got more'n fifty dollars egg money in that can right now, and I want you should let me—"

"Shucks, Mamma, now shucks!"

"Let me, when the bills come in, pay for anyway Davie's part of the clothes. Now, Albert, yes, please!"

Papa was no fool; he had half guessed. Still, he had to swallow. "Shucks, I keep telling you. Whose son is he, anyway?"

"I know, Albert—I know all that, but—"

"Quit picking and hauling at me, land sakes, what a woman! If I can't take pride enough in my own young'uns to want 'em spruce—"

"Yes, and the pride he takes in you, Albert, and how good your name is, anywhere, for anything—you should have seen the puff it gave him when all he had to say was, 'A. J. Ederly,' and never a question— Homan, you go get cleaned up," she shifted quickly, seeing her first-born, up from his chores, stock-still on the top step, staring along the hall into the parlor where Jenny May sat bolt in the strait jacket of her sports jacket, staring with her red mouth, the fingers in her lap wound white and tight together.

And Mamma said sharply: "We been shopping, Homan."

"And high time they did," said Papa. "You better go shave and put on your best. I am."

And Homan said: "You bet!"

But that wasn't enough. Halfway along the hall to his room he stopped and turned, frowning to show his enthusiasm. "It isn't every day you have a brother come home, is it? You bet it ain't!"

Being so late, and Mamma and Jenny May dressed up and in no shape for the kitchen, it was mostly out of cans from downstairs, a new kind of supper for four of them. But then, for four of them, it was going to be a new kind of life altogether. As for the fifth, he hardly took thought of what he was eating, so busy with cheer, so rapt with the plans that budded and bloomed in his brain and went down on the papers at his elbow, and, one by one, were crumpled and thrown away.

The meal ended, Papa got up. "Well, time we were getting to bed, I guess. Have prayers and get to bed."

"Prayers!" But then Davie caught

himself and fixed it up. "*Now?* Why, it's not nine yet, Papa."

"Well, your mamma's tired. So's Jenny May," Papa added. "It's been a day for all of us, son. Come five-thirty in the morning we'll be glad, I warrant—"

Davie had been away so long. "What's five-thirty in the morning?"

"When we get up, get to work."

"Oh, listen!" Davie tried to guffaw and failed. "You're kidding me." With a furious energy he took pencil, ruled a line on a clean sheet. "Me, my work's cut out tonight. You people don't seem to realize we got men, material, coming in here tomorrow. Good Pete!"

"That's so," said Papa, as Mamma got up. "You'll be quiet, won't you, son? . . . Guess we'll let prayers go for tonight, Jenny May." Jenny May got up. Only Homan remained seated, staring at his wrists.

DAVIE crumpled the sheet. He looked around him, at the family, the homely room, and his mouth went sour. He got up, went out into the hall and looked around him there. He passed into the parlor, stood at a window. There was the light of half a moon on the black road below him, but it was no better than darkness. There came a glow, brightening swiftly; then as the car passed the glow went with it, tunneling away down the open road, going places. Not far behind it came another. Nor did it slack speed as it went by the dead store on the empty hillside. Why should it? Right there was something for a smart guy to think about. Why should it?

Davie found the others as he had left them, except that Jenny May had come around to pick up the crumples from beside his chair. He laid a hand on her shoulder, gave it a playful pinch. Davie was himself again.

"Stop, sister, look and listen! Everybody listen. I've had a brain wave. Forget the store. Leave it be, it's quaint and that's a come-on. What we want to do is put a Pullman over there across the road, a big one—but I mean a big one, Mamma—de luxe—something that'll stop the traffic. Dine and dance. That type." Davie gave Jenny May a gleeful feather of a whack between the shoulder blades. "Eh, baby? It's a million!

"That's one business I know inside out. Last spring I worked counter one while for a guy named Tony, just out of Phoenix. And listen, is that a sweet spot! Transcontinental, catch 'em three ways. Tamales, dogs, barbecue—anything up to a three-course-with-claret. It's a million! Except Tony is one of these kind that tires of things—he's got a date-ranch bug in him now. Believe it or not, if somebody was to walk in there with three hundred bucks he could buy him a business. I just happened to know.

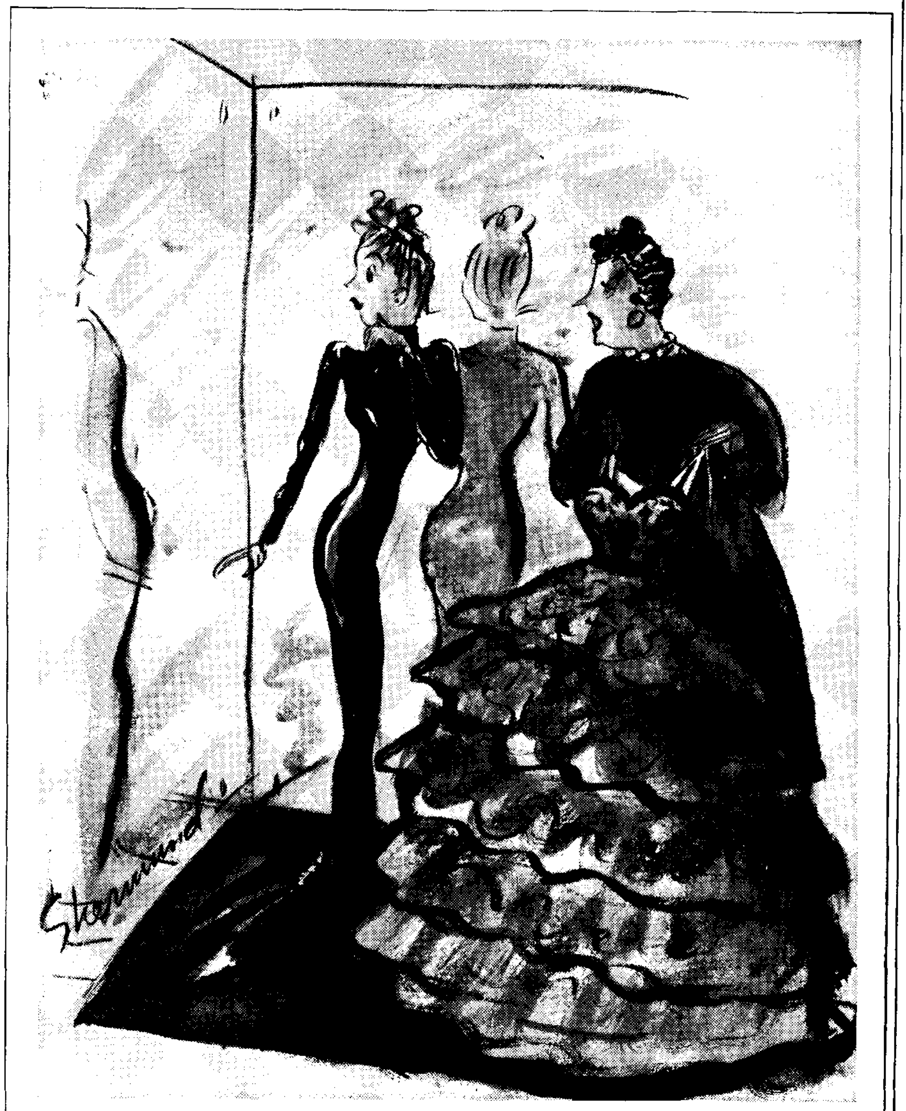
"Think of it—three hundred measly dollars. A guy with any ambition would rob a bank or something."

He laughed.

"How does anybody feel about taking in a movie? Why not—there must be second shows in Middletown?" He looked up in pixy appeal to Jenny May, still there beside him because she wasn't the kind that knows how to move. "Whaddaya say, Sweetums, you're young!" The further to beguile, he reached out and gave her a spank on the spanking place.

That was one instant. Another, and Davie found himself in a sprawl on the floor, and towering above him a stranger by the name of Homan.

No one stirred or spoke. And that was all there was to it anyway. None was so bewildered as Homan. The congested blood drained from his face, leaving



"Frankly, for a Washington and Lee prom, I'd say 'no'"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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THE HORMEL MEAT OF MANY USES

nothing but damned gray. His hands unknotted and hung down. Dazed eyes went from one to another, his mother, his father, his girl.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm not fit for folks."

He looked down at his brother, *shrewdly quiet at his feet.* "You're fitter here with folks and people than I'd ever have been. Yes, you are."

He turned and started for the door, but stopped and stood and labored again and spoke: "Ever since I was a boy I've thought I'd do well with cattle. It's so. Out somewhere, where there's cattle. . . . I guess I'll go to bed now."

Homan knew only that a deathly silence followed him out. He didn't know the reason was that he had left behind him a deathly fright.

Not with Davie; Davie wasn't frightened. Once he'd heard Homan's bedroom door close, up he got, brushing and grinning. "The boy has a temper, what? . . . What's the matter with you all? I'm not hurt."

"Son," said Papa, "if you plan to get your work done you'd best get at it. . . . Come, Mamma."

DAVIE studied the remaining paper sourly. "What's the use kidding yourself this around here is anything but a side-road backwater? Take a look at a U. S. route once and you'd know. D'you know how many different state plates I've counted in one day out there at Tony's? Twenty-two. That's something doing; that's come-and-go for you, color, life. And some guy will walk in there with three little hundred bucks and make him a million, the lucky stiff!" Of a sudden Davie pounded the table. "Why can't it ever be *me?* I ask you! I guess that's the way I come into the world, outa luck. I guess that's the way you bore me, Mamma."

Mamma said nothing. She stood there as if she hadn't heard. Papa took her arm. He had the sudden and queerest sense that he touched a stranger.

He said: "Your mother is tired, David. . . . Come, Elvira."

In their room, Papa sat and got his shoes off. Mamma just sat.

"What's worrying you, Mamma?" And after a minute: "Elvira, what's worrying you? Davie?" And then: "Elvira, look at me."

She looked at him. "What does Homan mean?"

"When he said about—?"

"No, nothing he said. Just 'Homan'—when you say it out loud, slow. 'Home' and 'Man.' I'd never thought." Her voice went sharp: "Where there's cattle, *out somewhere.* No! No-no! He only said it in his shame and hurt. You go! Go tell him we know that."

But no sooner was Papa on his feet than so was she, with her hands on him.

"Albert, tell me. How much money is there in the safe tonight?"

Because he caught fright from hers, Papa did his best to speak offhand. "Oh, I dunno, round about two hundred and thirty dollars." But then he couldn't help it, he blurted out: "'Tain't enough."

What was Mamma thinking, with her hands knotted in the stuff of his coat, her mouth tight, her eyes wide on nothingness?

"See here, old lady, you be calm. If you think Davie'd be contenter with that lunch car out West—if you'll wait till tomorrow, till I can get to the bank and make up three hundred . . ."

"Tomorrow!"

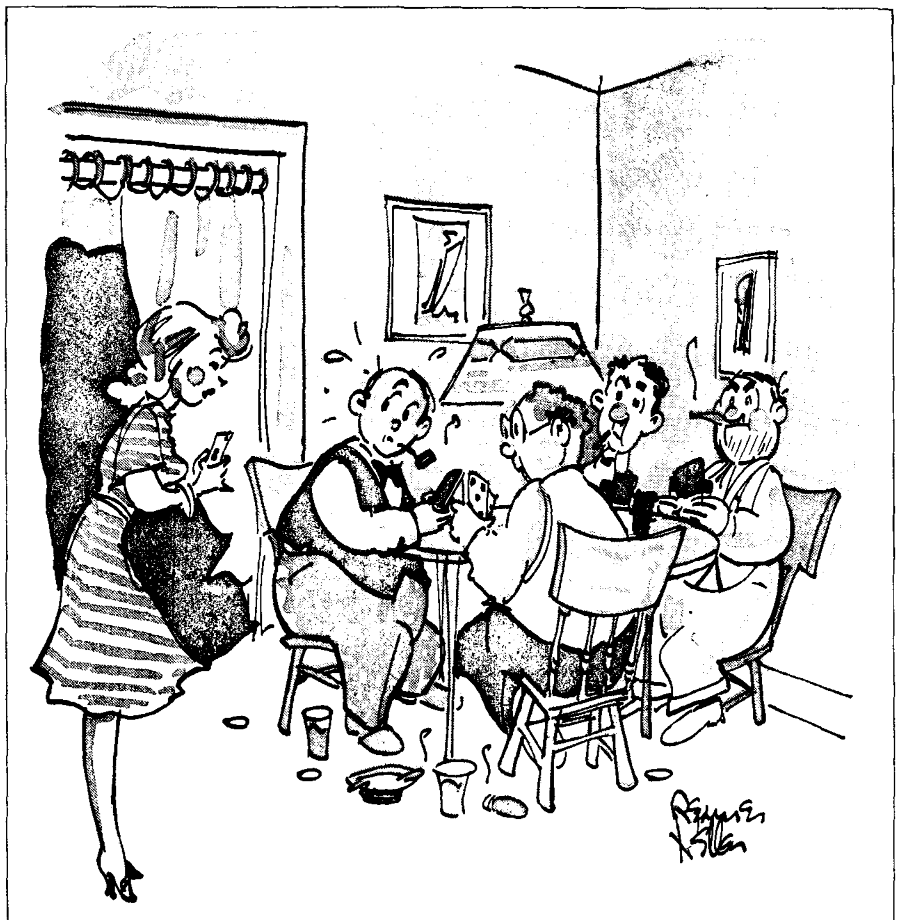
Something of panic in the word grabbed at Papa. He wouldn't have this; he pulled himself together and marshaled his generations.

"Hark to me, Elvira. We both know it ain't the money we grudge. *If* Davie'd be contenter. But you know and I know, he wouldn't. It's only human with some; you begin to give, and that's only the beginning. Wheedled money is always back to wheedle more like it, sooner or later, again and again. And that's not good for anybody."

"It's ruin," said Mamma, more to herself. "And I don't mean the money."

"Come, Mamma, *stop plaguing yourself* and get to bed. . . . I'll be back in a minute."

She hardly heard him leave, treading in his sock feet. Still she stood there, staring at nothing, a crease between her eyes like a cut of pain. And she said to *herself:* "It's not me. It's not even Papa so much. We're old. We've had our home. But Homan's not old; Jenny May's not old. And they've not had their home. As for Davie . . ." She put her hands over her eyes and held them there till the knuckles whitened, then took them away and faced it. "I'm afraid there's nothing can hurt Davie."



"Don't you need this, dear? It dropped out of the sleeve of that suit I'm sending to the cleaner's" REAMER KELLER

Homan didn't hear Papa till he was in beside his bed, in the dark.

"Wh-who is it?"

"It's me—Papa. You all right, son?"

"I'm all right. . . . Pa, what is it?"

"Nothing, I tell you! Good Godfrey, can't a man—" Papa padded around, awkward, aimless, looked out of the window. "I thought I—I might sit a minute." He groped for the chair there. "Won't bother you."

It was funny, the two of them in the dark, Homan with his eyes shut again and his wrists heavy on the quilt. Papa staring away out of the window, thinking how black the road was even under the moon.

IN THE old wooden building every sound carried. There was a creak on the stair down from the third floor, where Jenny May's room was. Then, at the foot, a halt and hesitation. A query under a breath.

"Who is—is that you, Davie?"

In the hall, another tread. "Sure is. Hello you!"

"Please, Davie—no—please—I—"

"What's worrying you?"

"Well—you—I mean—what you said about all the robbers around. I—I got to thinking about—well—it doesn't look awful big, but it's a real one, cost Homan fifty-five dollars—so I got thinking I'd take it down and put it in the safe—and—or would you be kind enough—seeing you have shoes on, and I'm in my slippers? I'd be so much—"

"Why, I'd do *anything* for you, honey child."

"W-wait! It's th-three left, ten right, two left, the c-c-combination. Can you remember that? Three, ten, two. I'd be ever so much—"

"Not a word! Stick around, the night is young, I'll be back."

BUT Jenny May wasn't sticking around. After a moment a latch lifted softly. Homan, from his bed, said: "What?"

"It's me," whispered Jenny May in a misery of shame. "I—I don't mean to come into your room, Homan. It's just that I—" She came in, shut the door, and stood with her back against it. "How—er—how are you, Homan? Do you feel all— Oh?" She had seen Papa.

Papa said: "Sit down a minute, why don't you."

It was funny there in the dark, Jenny May seated stiffly on the farthest foot of the bed, one hand tight over her mouth as if to keep from breathing, Papa wondering *to himself* with a crinkled brow. "Worried of burglars? Like fun, she is! Then why?"

It's hard to know how long time is unless it can be checked with familiar movement, seen or heard. Davie's footfalls across the store below served briefly, and the ever-so-faint clank of the safe's manipulation. Then silence, and time was lost again, and Papa, staring out at the road, didn't see the road, but saw Davie meditating before the open safe downstairs. Abruptly, without his will, figures popped across the old man's mind. "230." "55." (But then, one couldn't get fifty-five for it, probably, offhand. . . .) Papa pulled up with a shock and start. What, for pity's sake, did he think he was thinking!

And by and by the footfalls were back in hearing, soft as they mounted the stair, trod nearer over the hall linoleum, stopped short.

"Why, Mamma, that you?"

"Sssh!"

"Why?"

"Folks may be sleeping."

"Mamma, what's the coffee can?"

"It's my egg bank. Quiet. Come along farther here, quiet."

Presently feet were to be heard again on the stair, going down. Papa, sitting by the window, shook his head. Women are weak things.

But the feet must have been only Davie's, for here the door opened and Mamma came in and shut it, crossed and stood by Homan's bed.

Homan thought she thought him asleep; he didn't want her to be startled, so he stirred first, then said: "You, Mamma? Papa's here, so's Jen."

"I know."

"Sit down a minute, why don't you?" Papa said.

"Here," said Homan, drawing her down on the bed's edge. But when he would have taken his hand away he couldn't, for her fingers had wound around the meat of his big wrist and wouldn't let go.

It was funny, the four of them quiet there in the dark. Presently Papa got up and came treading in his sock feet.

"Mamma, how much egg money was there?"

"Fifty-two dollars and something."

"And—you gave it to Davie?"

"No."

"I—er—I see," said Papa, and didn't see at all.

Mamma spoke slowly, taking pains with each word: "I was like Jenny May. I was worried about robbers. I asked him would he take it down for me and put it in the safe."

"I—I see," said Papa. And now he *did* see! Given money, wheedled money, is always back to wheedle again. With taken money it's a different story; it goes and stays.

PAPA was so shaken that he reached out a hand to pet Mamma's shoulder. To his further fright the shoulder flinched away clear of his fingers.

"No, Albert—I—I'll feel like a Bible leper now till I die."

Homan sat up. "You're trying Davie. You can't do that!"

Fierce from between Jenny May's fingers: "Hush, Homan!"

"But you know what the chance would mean to him. 'Tain't fair."

"Who said it was fair?"

Homan looked from her to Mamma, the one on either side, his mouth black open. Papa looked at them too, the two dim women. They swam dimmer still as water came into his eyes, and seemed to grow in stature, and he grew small, and he remembered a picture card of his boyhood, a great white woman with wings and a sword, who stood athwart the gate of Eden.

He went back to his chair, blew his nose, and there was silence.

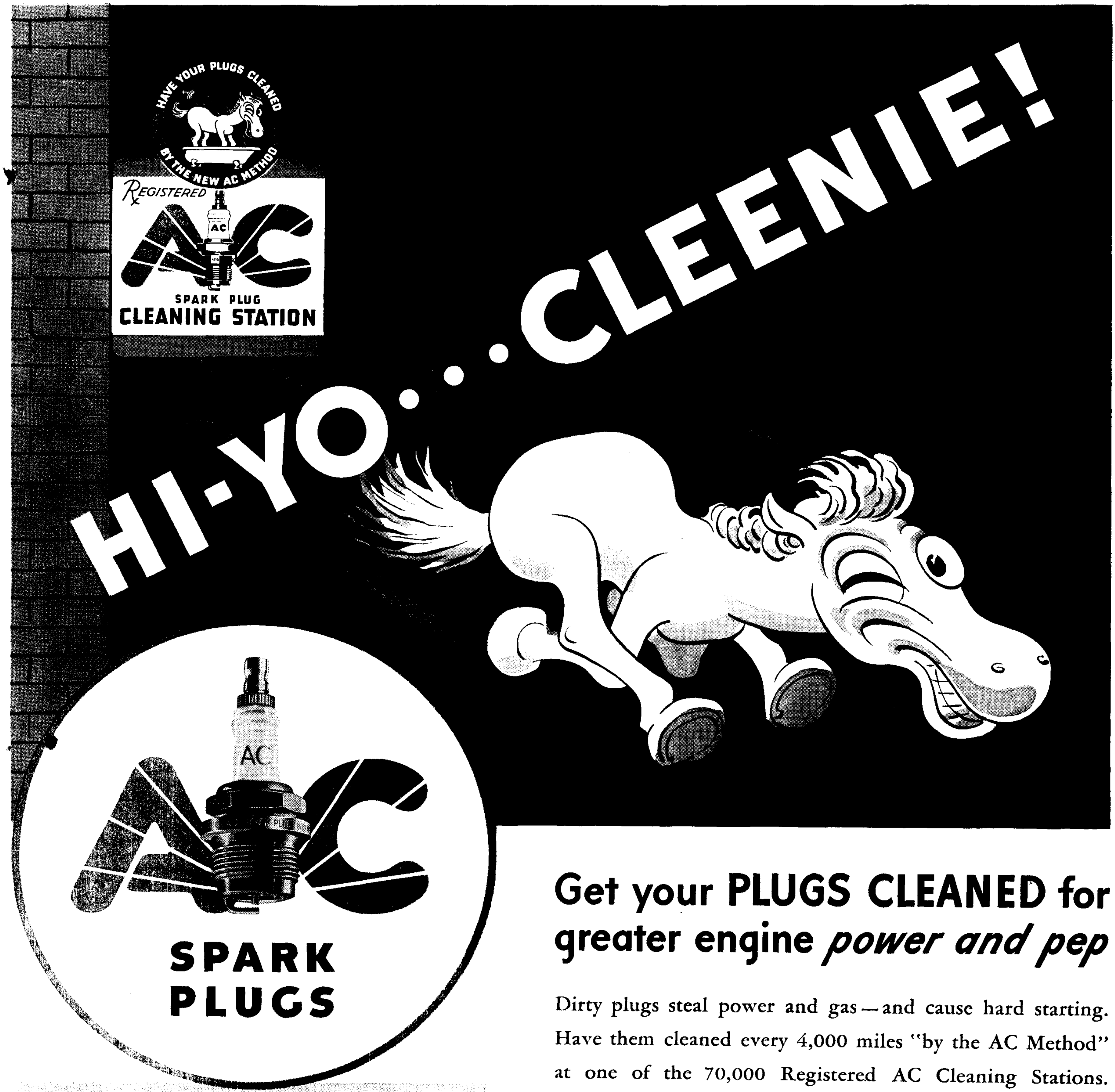
Again it was Homan: "He'll be back up. You wait and see."

That's what they were doing, waiting. Waiting, all track of time gone, to hear if there would come a creaking up the stair, and even Homan knowing in his heart that if it did not come Davie would be no different; if it did come, then they were all destroyed.

By and by the others saw Papa rise and stand higher against the dim rectangle of the window, looking out.

Another wink, and Homan was pleading miserably: "Don't, Mamma; don't, Jen; don't cry so!" For in the wink the two had crumpled to nothing, weak women with their eyes in their hands.

Papa turned away from the window. Davie was gone to make his million, down the black road.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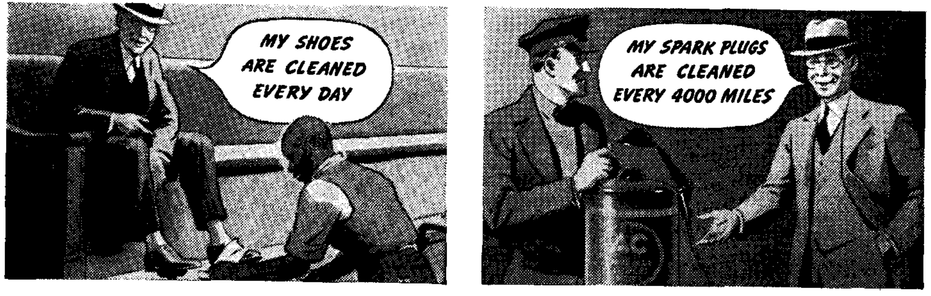
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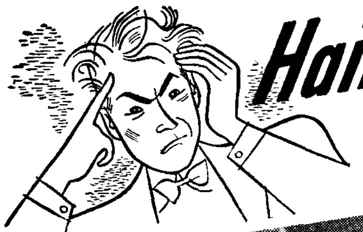

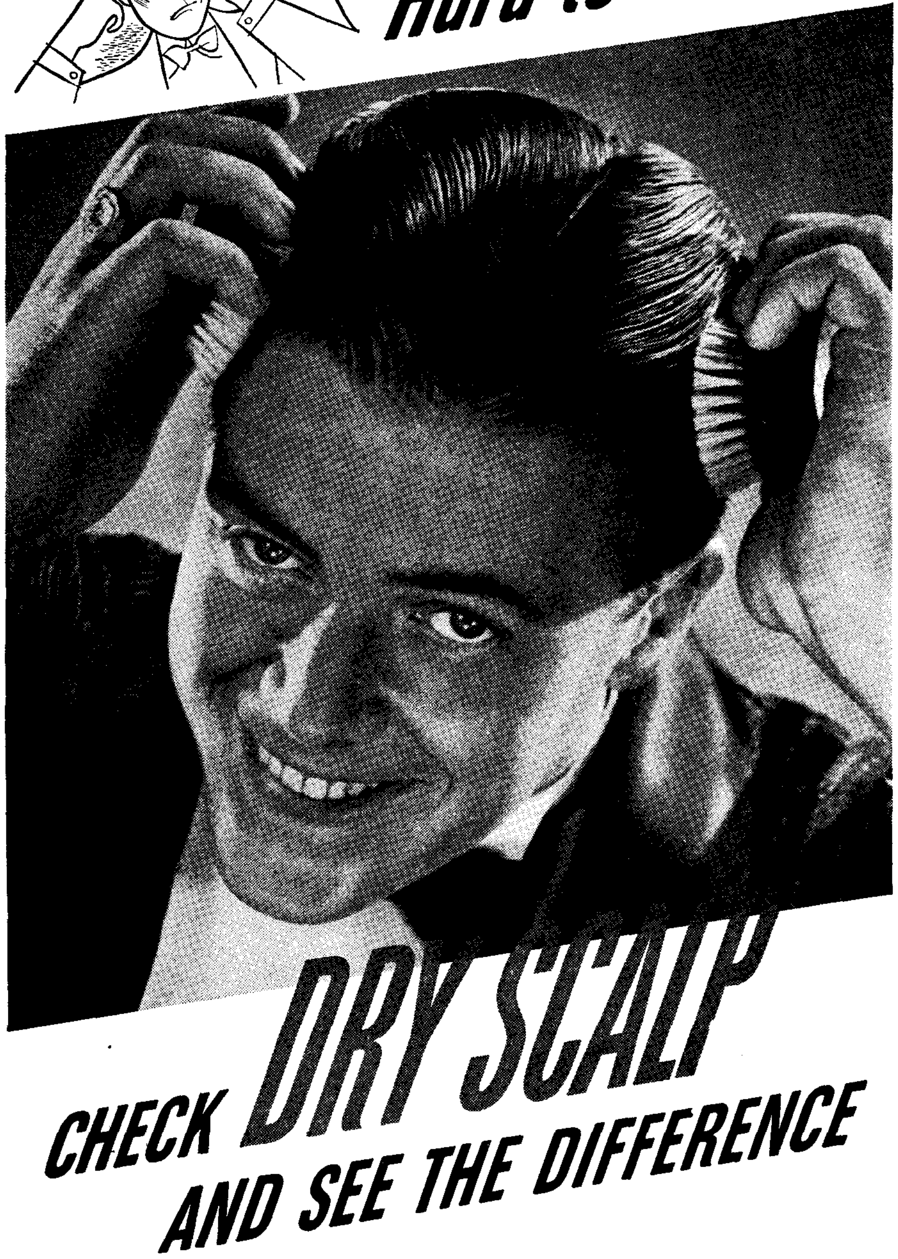

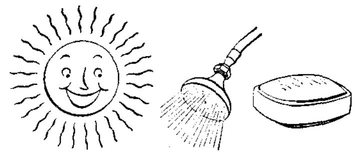

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Ravishing Mystery

Continued from page 18

schooling and she got a job with a dressmaker.

"Going around behind," she says. "Picking up pins. How much? Ten lire a week. If you translate it into English you'll think I am not telling the truth."

Then she was a midinette for the same shop, the little girl who lugged the finished gowns around town to the rich dames. After that she worked in a place comparable to our five-and-ten and then something pretty important happened to her. All I have for it is the word of the Paramount press department but it must be the truth because not even a press department could make up anything like this.

You see (this is the legend) Isa was not only a looker in her own right but a yearner after beauty. In that mood she discovered "a treasure house of beauty in Milan's great Palazzo Brera—the Palace of Fine Arts." Every day she'd go over there and hang around, her imagination "stirred by the great masterpieces." How she got off work to do all this hanging around is not explained. But presently: "The marble masterpieces became to Isa living, breathing things. Almost unconsciously, the girl fell into the habit of posing herself in the attitudes in which the masters had enshrined her models. Thus was she discovered. As Isa posed beside her favorite statue, head flung back and face lifted to the sky, she was surprised by a group of artists and sculptors. Immediately the ancient beauty they had come to worship was forgotten in the surge of admiration for the living beauty."

P. S. She got the job.

She became an artists' model, made enough money to take a night course in a business college, and wound up as head of the office for a large insurance company, with twenty girls under her. She might still be there if the company hadn't gone pfft.

Just Like Hollywood

That misfortune really got her started as an actress. People were always telling her: "Listen, Isa (which wasn't her name then), you know what you should oughta do with looks like that? You should oughta go on the stage."

So she hooked up with an amateur group in Milan and did one of the Pirandello plays and knew right away this wasn't going to be enough. She knew you could act around Milan until Mussolini was a memory and get exactly nowhere. She realized that the real money was in the movies and started taking the night train to Rome to get into the studios. She made the trip twelve times before she got in to see anybody.

"Just like here," she says. " 'Leave your name and address and we'll call you.' " Finally, though, someone woke up.

The picture she worked in was called Darkness and they fired her. Back to Milan she came and got a job in a law office. Soon after, there was a beauty contest in a paper and friends urged her to go in for it.

"I knew better than that," she says. "If I go in and lose, that ruins me for good down in Rome with the movies. So I get into a special section where I don't get my picture in the paper but I do get the screen test."

She won, and played the lead in Everybody's Wife, which was directed by Max Ophuls. It made quite a smash over Europe. Guarini saw it and gave her a personal contract, and the riot was on. Next thing, Henry Koster had her up at Vienna doing a picture for him. She learned the language in two months. Then she went over to Paris and did a couple there with Fernand Gravet. She learned French in six months. Four out of five pictures she made won the International Award in Venice.

Paramount made a test of her in Rome after that. A general test—tragedy, coquetry, sorrow, happiness, childishness, etc. She was back in Paris to do other pictures when Hollywood started the usual nonsense about coming right over, need you immediately, can't wait a minute. She bundled up her dog (a huge contraption known as a Hungarian sheep hound, which takes nips out of gentlemen's pants), gathered her German maid and M. Guarini about her, and started off. It was a year later before anybody at Paramount knew she was in the country.

And Then the Guillotine

History leaps now to the moment in Madame's drawing room when she is telling me about making Hotel Imperial. They wanted her to play the role of a female who eventually gets her revenge. No, says Miranda, that is wrong. Men bear grudges for years, but not women. Revenge, no; nevair. But then she happened to think about Zaza and her eyes flashed and she said plaintively:

"Oh, it isn't as if people hadn't done bad things to me."

It must have been bad at that, and I mention it only because if I happen ever to get into a picture I don't want them yanking me out when it's half through. Keep me out originally, okay; but no heave-o later. Miranda had thought she was doing all right. They liked the tests and even told her after the first rushes that she was swell. Then on the lot next morning when she was being made up in her dressing room, a gent had come in and said, "You're out of the picture." Just that; nothing more. That's the substitute for a guillotine they have out in Hollywood.

What it did was drive her right smack back into her shell. At best she is frightened by foreign sights and sounds and a couple of little nifty blows about the head are just the thing to make a stranger feel at home. At any rate she is at the present moment a dead loss to Hollywood night life.

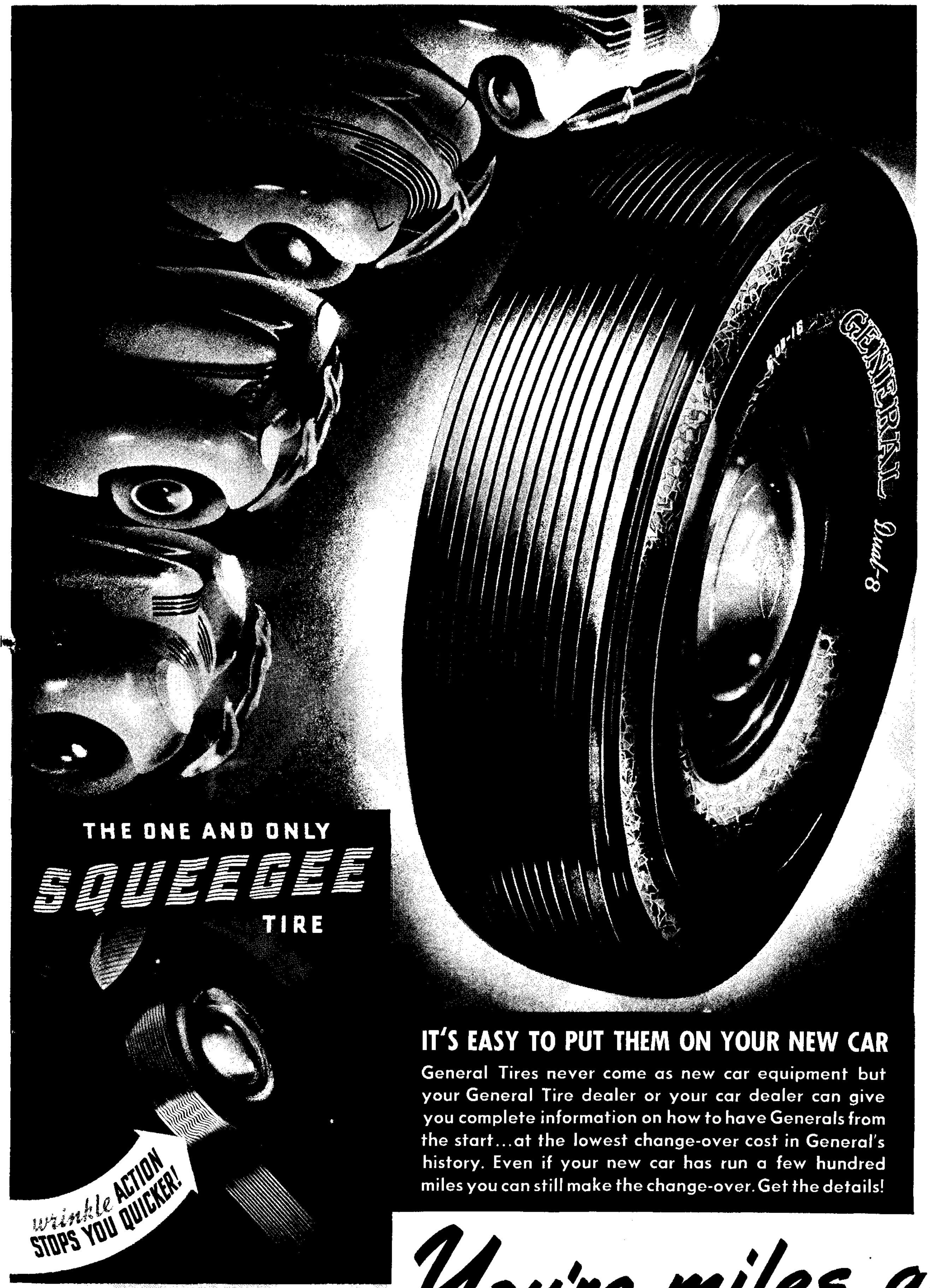
"What more does anyone want?" she asks. "A nice home, a few good friends, a garden, lots to eat."

From what I could glean, and I went into the matter with some attention, the lady is sincere. She lived the same way in Paris and Vienna, almost driving the handsome bachelors whacky. She drives her own car, swims, is given to smacking a tennis ball in a kindly manner, and is reputed to do a trifle of high-tailing around on the back of a nag. For the rest she sits in that house in a pair of white slacks and looks like the Lady of the Lake.

At the outset the young lady had some notions about the desires of the American press and for a time went into a long dance about how she had been known as the flower of something in Italy and the flower of something in France—but she has finally given that up under a barrage of astonished stares.

What remains is a thoroughly nice girl, whether or not you would believe it from this recital of her qualities. If I had any advice to give, I'd give it to the beauties of Hollywood: Raise a very large fund and keep that Miranda at home! She'll ruin you if she ever gets out in general competition.

HERE'S THE WAY TO PROTECT THOSE EXPENSIVE FRONT-ENDS



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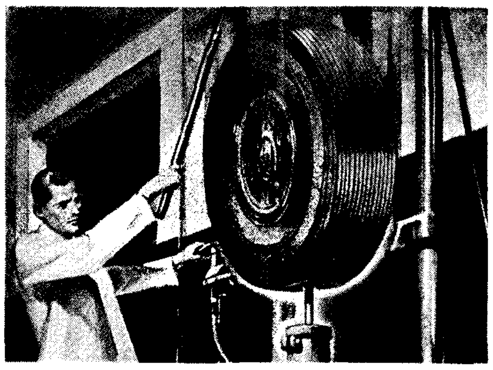

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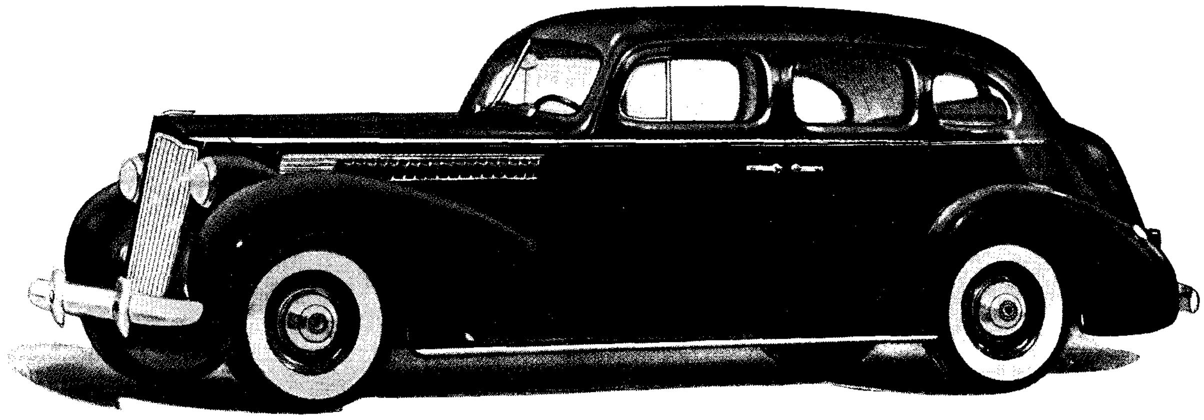

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The 1939 car that America's motorists voted the most beautiful

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

War Now or Never

Continued from page 10

the wealth of their peoples on armaments, reduced their countries to vast barracks and sacrificed every form of comfort and well-being to the preparation of armies, fleets and airplanes.

Both Germany and Italy look out upon the world and upon their neighbors as the prize of their warlike ambitions. Conquest is their theme. They mock at all ideas of morality or international law. They do not hesitate to break their word or to depart from solemn compacts to which they have engaged their nations. Whenever apparent advantage can be gained thereby they do not hesitate to tell the grossest falsehoods to the ambassadors of powers with whom they profess to live in friendly relations. They have practically destroyed the whole structure of good faith between countries, which plays so important a part in the keeping of peace, and they now hardly trouble even to keep up appearances. They extol and glorify force and fraud and they are prepared to use them both to the utmost limit. Such are the apparitions that confront the life and freedom of the twentieth century, and it is easy to see that they are incompatible with any sure or settled prospect of peace.

Insolvency and Discontent

But there is another resemblance between the positions of the two dictators that is even more menacing than their warlike passions. They are both in want of money. By continually reducing the standards of living of their working classes and by enforcing longer hours for lower wages and by rigorous control of currency and exchange, they have heretofore been able to dwell in a condition of increasingly hopeless insolvency without a breakdown. But the economic wolves are hard upon their heels. Their need of purchasing from abroad many of the essential materials for rearmament makes the export trade both of Germany and of Italy increasingly unfruitful. The gold and securities stolen from Austria and Czechoslovakia, amounting to nearly 100 millions, have given some temporary relief to Nazi Germany. The Italian dictator has not shared in these spoils and his economic and financial difficulties are acute.

Both in Germany and Italy there is a deep undercurrent of discontent that flows ever more strongly, although rigorously repressed by the secret police and covered with a surface of arrogance and ostentation. Neither of these dictators can stop; well was it said, "He who rides a tiger cannot dismount." The Nazi and Fascist parties are obedient to their leaders and able to hold down the mass of the people only so long as they can be shown from time to time trophies and spoils of victory. The weakness of the democratic countries and their love of peace have hitherto prevented any organized resistance being offered to predatory assaults, but it has now become quite clear that all these peaceful peoples have at last been so stirred by the danger that menaces them that they are arming heavily and rapidly and also are joining hands one with another to resist further aggression.

Thus, during the present year, three things have become evident: First, the two dictators cannot long go on as they are; second, they cannot reform or submit to a rebuff without exposing themselves to mortal internal danger, and, third, they are henceforth going to be confronted with organized resistance. Here again there is a conjunction of facts and tendencies from which it is rather difficult to see any outcome.

While all these processes are visibly in train, it is still not possible to predict at what point they may actually explode. In order to try to solve the time problem it is necessary to descend from moral, political and social arguments to the military and technical spheres. Let us then consider whether Herr Hitler is more likely to force war upon the world in 1939 or in 1940, or later.

There is no doubt that the German army is steadily overhauling the French. Germany can call to the colors each year nearly double the number that France can call. German recovery is upon a larger scale. Time, therefore, is on the side of the German army. Not only does it get numerically stronger every year but all its formations mature. It grows and it ripens at the same time. By 1942 or 1943, if there were no interruption from other causes, the German army would be nearly double that of France and probably as well trained all through. In the present year it is already numerically stronger, but German conscription in violation of the treaty was only begun in 1935. There are therefore only three classes of trained soldiers who have passed into the reserve. As these classes are twice those of the French we may count them as six annual quotas.

"It's a kind of a game, Butch. You sit here . . ." JAY IRVING

The French, on the other hand, having an entirely unbroken military progression, have twenty classes, and the French reserve of trained soldiers who have done their full period of service—never less than a year and now extending to well over two years—is between two and three times that of Germany. Moreover, the French formations have never experienced any disturbance. The officers and noncommissioned officers have been steadily advancing up the ranks of the service. The supply of trained officers from the ranks of major and colonel upward is complete and its preparation has been unhurried. The French, although keeping a smaller army in barracks, have a far stronger structure upon which to form their reserves on mobilization.

The amount of military training possessed by the two countries respectively could be measured by multiplying the months of service and training by the number of men liable to be called up in extreme emergency. It would then be seen how very marked is the French plurality. The Germans have sought to remedy this by calling up in addition at least two classes a year belonging to the years when they were not allowed to have universal service. But to these they have only been able to give two or three months of training, in spite of the very large numbers they have kept continually under arms. Moreover, the number of the staff available for the training has been far below the proportion required to equal the efficiency of the French service. The German army at the present time, although nearly 1,500,000 men are under arms, is an unduly young army and one that on mobilization will contain a very large proportion of men inadequately trained. It is also an army very short of thoroughly instructed and normally matured officers of medium rank.

All these weaknesses will correct themselves in time. Year by year, the whole vast mass of German military manhood will become welded into an ever more firmly disciplined and well-taught organization.

Why then should Herr Hitler not await this formidable reinforcement?

There is another aspect. We have to remember that the maturing of the German army into something like the quality it possessed in 1914 is, in spite of all the efforts being made, a gradual process. Three or four years would do much. A year does something, but only something. Therefore, as between 1939 and 1940, Herr Hitler will feel himself militarily stronger in the latter year but not to a decisive extent.

The main reason why Herr Hitler has been able to overawe France and England while he has been breaking his treaties and overrunning his weaker neighbors is the fears—or perhaps it would be truer to say the uncertainties—about the power of the air arm. The French know where they are about the army. The British are very clear upon the navy but the air belongs to what Bismarck called "the imponderabilia."

Both the British and French governments, through their incomprehensible slowness in developing air power and air defensive measures, were particularly sensitive lest they should be exposed on this score, but a more robust feeling is now growing on both sides of the channel. The French military authorities are inclined to view air attack as only a somewhat less efficient and more widely ranging form of artillery bombardment. The British are conscious of very rapid increases in strength and efficiency; already the British air force is far stronger than in September and all the arrangements for enduring air attack have advanced. It is perhaps not too much to say that by 1940 the British air force and the British nation will feel a great measure of confidence so far as the defense of the British Isles is concerned.

Time Becomes an Enemy

One may say therefore that a year's improvement in the German army will be more than overmatched by a year's improvement in the British air force. All these aspects are of course profoundly weighed and studied in Berlin.

It seems difficult to believe that Herr Hitler and Field Marshal Goering would be content to see the blackmailing squeeze of air terror gradually melt in their hands. This reflection also seems to count on the side of action.

We must turn our gaze finally to the vast sphere of munitions production. Here Germany leads the world. In no other country has such an elaborate, all-impressive organization been set up for the mass production of airplanes, cannon, shells, bombs, tanks, explosives and all the rest of it as has existed for some years in Germany. The whole German industry, all its variants and all its man power and woman power, is either employed in making munitions or is convertible at the shortest notice to that melancholy process. As long as Germany can get the raw material in sufficient quantities she can undoubtedly maintain a blast of fire and shell upon her neighbors without any intermission.

But the lead that Germany has acquired in munitions production is being diminished by the immense efforts now being put forward by the wealthy democratic and parliamentary nations. There is very little corruption, graft or untrustworthy workmanship in Great Britain. Our processes are leisurely and expensive, but also clean and solid. Italy is already left hopelessly behind in the armaments race. Moreover, Herr Hitler's regime runs everything to extremes. In time of peace the railways of Germany have been let down. Blast furnaces have been burned to a point where very serious renewals are required. So many *Ersatz* or replacement makeshifts have been introduced that the quality of the German war material is already falling definitely behind that of some other powers. It is exceedingly doubtful whether any great new expansion is possible to German industry, actual and potential, for war purposes. Meanwhile the far more naturally fertile industries in England and France are only now beginning to get under way.

Three years ago it was only in Germany that the great hammers were descending, beating steel into instrumentalities of destruction. They are still descending there, but now in every other country the clang of warlike preparation resounds. Here again are a set of tendencies that become graver, the more they are examined, because they too seem to show that time is not on the Nazi side. We have to add to all this the gathering together of so many nations, great and small, to resist the attempt of the two dictators and their party ma-

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This process, once set on foot, is likely to continue. It will gain momentum with every month that passes. The moral force of the world and of free civilization has only to be given a chance and reasonable time to become overwhelming. Here again is ground for thinking that the danger point may be near. To sum up the argument, it seems that unless some change of heart or change of regime takes place in Germany in the near future she will deem it in her interest to make war, and this is more likely to occur in the present year than later on. The summer and autumn months must be a period of intense strain and anxiety to all countries.

If, however, war should come, the stain of blood-guiltiness will not rest with the free peoples. They have gone to the utmost limits of patience and forbearance—nay, they have been so submissive to violence that they have to a large extent by their pacifism created the very tyrannies under whose flail they now lie.

But this chapter is closed. If Nazidom should resolve to play the final stake and force another world struggle, we must all do our duty and do our best in whatever situation we happen to be. As was said aforetime, "God willing, we can do no other." Nor need there be fear about the final result, although the sufferings of the assaulted nations will be as great in proportion as they have neglected their preparations. There is no reason to suppose that they will not emerge, living and controlling, from the conflict.

With blood and tears they will bear forward faithfully and gloriously the ark that enshrines the title deeds of the good commonwealth of mankind.

Dust Fights Dust

Continued from page 16

rose quartz earrings—is one of the commonest varieties of stone. You find large veins of it in most mines. It comes between veins in coal and iron mines. It is used for sand-blasting in iron foundries, and makes up the chert that pottery is embedded in when it is baked. So in all these industries the workers were breathing in silica dust right along with the coal or iron or other dusts and though the coal or iron might do some deceptive coloring in the lung it was the silica that was doing the damage. It had to be, scientists saw as soon as they thought of it, because coal stokers in factories and on boats didn't get miner's asthma, men who molded pottery didn't get potter's lung, nobody got any of these diseases, in fact, except people who were directly exposed to those tiny, jagged particles of silica dust.

But why, scientists kept asking themselves, why just silica dust? Was it because the particles were so tiny and jagged and sharp that they cut the lung and made it form this scar tissue? But then if that was so, why didn't diamond cutters who spent their days breathing in air filled with diamond dust, why didn't men who worked with aluminum in abrasive form (remember that aluminum, it's important), why didn't they develop these dangerous fibrous areas that spread and spread? Nobody knew.

They could have known of course, because as much as fifteen years ago two men found a clue. But nobody paid any attention to that clue . . . they were too busy working on ways to avoid silica dust in industries. And masks were invented for miners and sand-blasters to wear, and water sprays were devised to lay the dust, and ventilating systems, and some doctors and engineers claimed—and still claim, believe it or not—that the best possible protection against silicosis was a full set of whiskers.

But while they were doing all this, two active-minded gentlemen over in England were busily feeding silica to white mice and guinea pigs and rabbits, injecting silica into their muscles, into their veins, and finding that silica in large enough quantities is a poison. Get enough silica into these animals and they'd develop fibrotic areas in their livers and spleens and where all not. Of course, the element silicon, which is the chief component of silica, is present in a minute quantity in everybody's body. But silica is silicon plus oxygen, and silicon plus oxygen plus water . . . there's your first impossible fact about stone dissolving . . . forms silicic acid, which in strong enough concentration does horrid things to your innards.

And that apparently is what happens in silicosis. Once those tiny particles of silica dust get down a man's lungs—and with all the water sprays and masks and whiskers in the world they may get in if men work around silica dust long enough—there they stay, gradually dissolving away, poisoning the tissues, building up those big fibrotic patches until he dies, probably of tuberculosis, possibly even of just plain no more room in the lungs to breathe. But nobody realized it, or if anyone did nobody could find anything to do about it, any way to stop that dissolving, for years and years and years.

Somebody has found out at last, but we can't blame all the hundreds of other researchers who looked and didn't see, because when the answer finally was found it took a mine manager, a metallurgical engineer, a mine surgeon and a pure research scientist, not to mention a number of others, all working together for some seven years to find it.

Something to Wonder About

What happened was that one fine day back in 1932 a Mr. Ennis and a Dr. Robson came to Toronto to call on Sir Frederick Banting—Sir Frederick who with nothing but a garret of a laboratory discovered insulin and brightened life considerably for some million or two diabetics, Sir Frederick who now that he is famous has a whole beautiful research institute to carry out his ideas and a whole staff of bright boys and girls to help him.

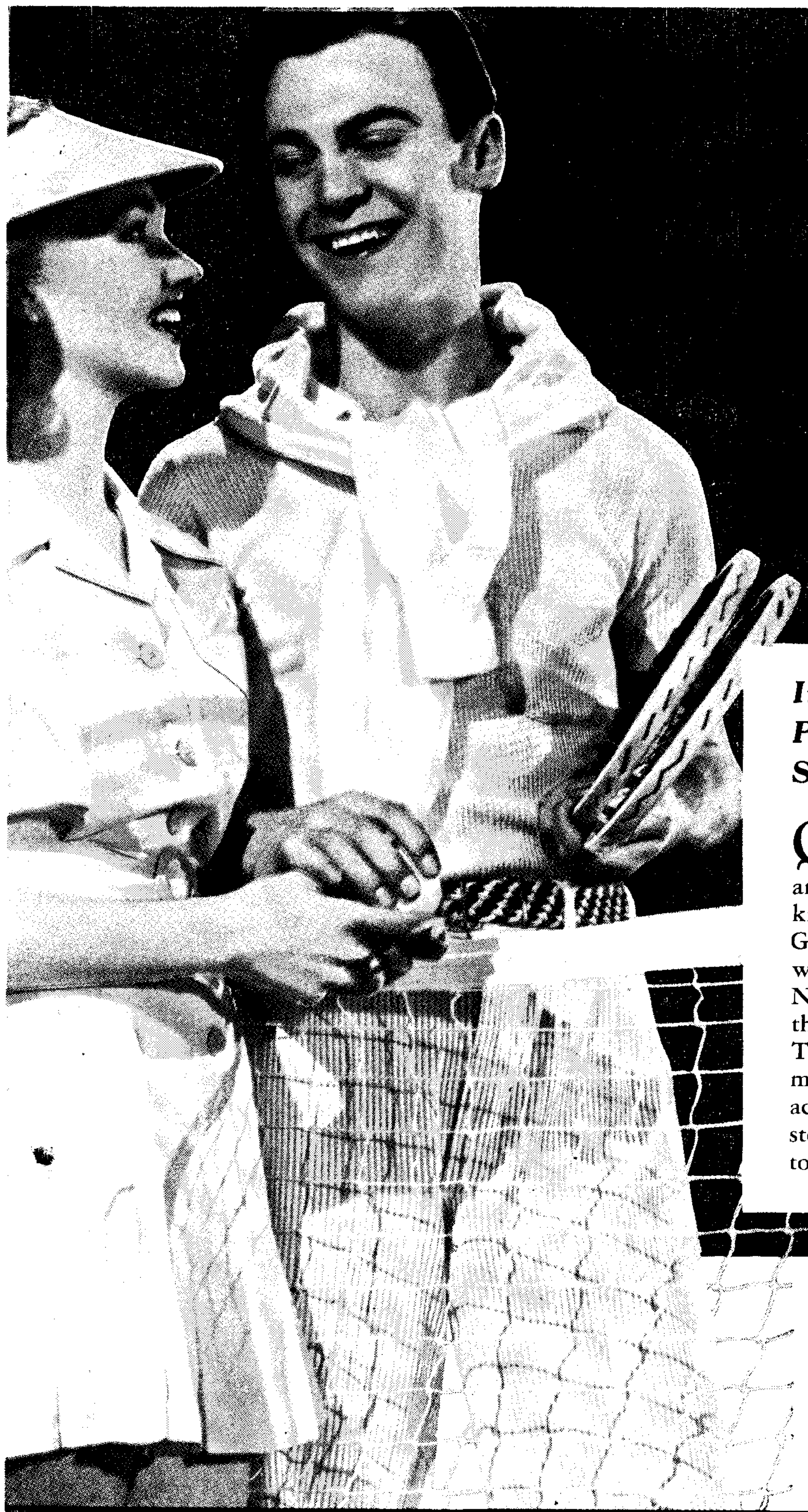
"About silicosis," said Mr. Ennis, who turned out to be the general manager of a little gold mine of a gold mine up in what's known as the Porcupine country some five hundred miles north of Toronto. "Our chief surgeon here has been making some interesting observations. Like to help us see what we can make of them?" Or words to that effect.

"Would I!" or words ditto, said Sir Frederick, who'd had a finger in the silicosis pie for some time.

"We've been noticing," drawled Dr. Robson, who for a man who gets so much done manages to look as if he took life uncommonly easy, "that the men up in the crusher houses don't develop silicosis nearly as often as the men right down in the mine where the dust isn't nearly as thick. Now I'm wondering, is it the mine gases, or what?"

"I wonder too," said Sir Frederick, and sent for one of his brightest young men, a terrier sort of person by the name of Irwin.

So the McIntyre, which is the name of



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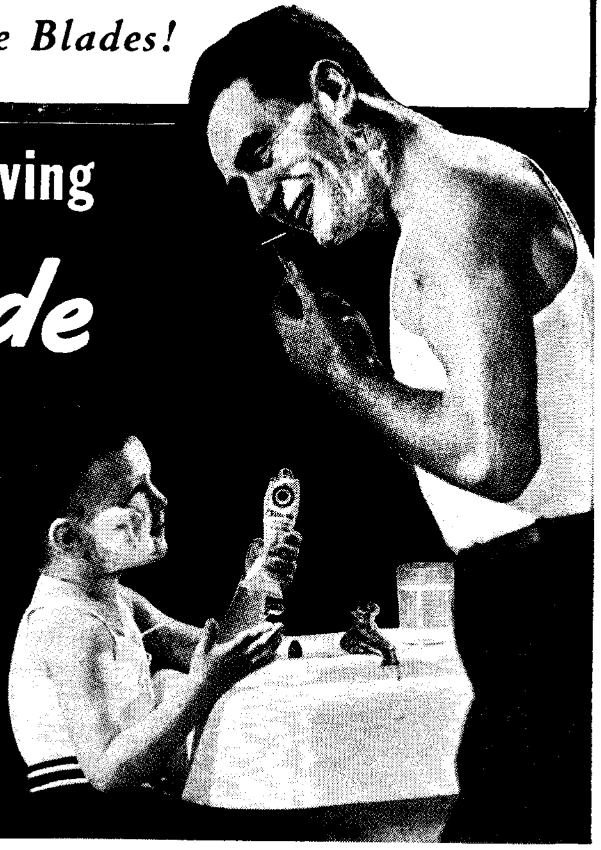

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the gold mine of a gold mine, supplied the money, and what was almost more important, the mine. Sir Frederick supplied the inspiringly well-equipped laboratory and some sound advice from time to time. Dr. Robson and Dr. Irwin, who turned out to have gone to medical school together, and a McIntyre metallurgical engineer by the name of Denny supplied the ideas, and the ability to change them frequently. Then they set to work.

Dr. Robson began putting cages of guinea pigs in the crusher houses where in spite of the dust nobody got silicosis. And after appropriate intervals he sent the lungs of these animals to Dr. Irwin to look at under his microscope. And Mr. Denny, the metallurgical engineer, began examining and analyzing samples of dust from all parts of the mine and from the crusher houses too. And then pretty soon all three of them began putting rabbits into cages and dusting them—blowing dust into the air they breathed, pure silica dust and various other kinds of dust that they suspected might retard or promote the development of silicosis, but always terrific amounts of dust, enough dust so that in a few months the rabbits would have the exposure men might get in a dozen years. And they did quite a bit of work with test tubes, too.

And they found out all sorts of things. That mine gases, for instance, do damage lungs and pave the way for silicosis, but I'm not going to go into that because mine gases give people headaches. That of all the silica dust that comes from drilling and blasting and crushing it is only the very finest particles (and I mean fine, from one to five microns which, a micron being one ten-thousandth of a centimeter, is just about streptococcus size) that actually get into the lungs and do any damage, and that this dust is so fine that a good deal of it isn't ever laid by water spraying, or kept out by most masks.

The Villainous Oxygen Atom

They also found that of all the different rocks being crushed up in the crusher houses along with the quartz, two kinds—country rock and slate, if you're curious—seemed in some strange way to reduce the solubility of quartz tremendously. This was one of the test-tube experiments. That, obviously, was why the men in the crusher house weren't developing silicosis.

The most promising-looking trail they followed was that of a physicist, Sir William Bragg, who was working over in England on the molecular structure of silica. This physicist decided—it's going to be tough, now, but only for a moment—that any piece of silica, or quartz, was made up of an infinite number of little molecules of silicon held together by atoms of oxygen. Take a smaller than microscopic pyramid, stick a smaller than microscopic round-headed pin into it at each point, fasten another smaller than microscopic pyramid to the other side of each pinhead and go on indefinitely. That's roughly the molecular structure of silica as Sir William Bragg saw it.

It sounds pretty abstract to us, but it didn't to the boys up in Ontario, because another Englishman, name of Heffernan, thinking about Bragg's theory, decided that if that was how silica was made, then whenever silica was freshly fractured, which obviously had to happen to make silica dust, it was bound to leave a lot of little oxygen atoms dangling in space—and oxygen atoms are notorious for disliking to dangle. So, said Heffernan, probably the silica dissolved just to satisfy all those unsatisfied oxygen atoms.

Well, that looked pretty promising to Denny and Robson and Irwin; if they could only find something to satisfy those oxygen atoms, the silica would stop dissolving. They began thinking about it and arguing about it. "But look," said one of them, "water satisfies those unsatisfied oxygen atoms and yet we know the silica keeps on and on dissolving." It began to look not so promising. So that was no good, just another blind alley.

This was in 1936 and they were pretty well discouraged. But from force of habit Dr. Robson and Mr. Denny kept dusting rabbits with silica dust and with various other things that seemed to the point, and sending the lungs down to Dr. Irwin to examine.

Well, one day two pairs of rabbit lungs arrived and when Dr. Irwin looked at them under the microscope he blinked his eyes and looked again. One of the rabbits had silicosis. The other was perfectly normal. Hey, he sent word back to the mine, you've made some mistake here.

Denny and Robson pretended they hadn't heard and sent down two more rabbits. Only one of those had silicosis too. "What is this?" said Irwin and sent word back again that some of their rabbits apparently weren't getting any silica dust. When it happened a third time Denny and Robson broke down and told him.

"Don't mind me—we just made you third base!" JEFF KEATE

For several months they'd been dusting one group of rabbits with just silica dust and another with a mixture of silica dust and aluminum dust. Sure it was a crazy thing to do—aluminum dust—but, well, aluminum wasn't harmful, aluminum compounds were used as a treatment for stomach ulcers, and then aluminum was known to be very receptive to any loose oxygen atoms floating around, and if Heffernan might be right . . .

The funny thing is, they still aren't sure that Heffernan is right, they still wonder about why silica keeps on dissolving in water. But if there are loose oxygen atoms around the silica dust, the aluminum certainly satisfies them, because what happens when you put aluminum dust and silica dust together in water is that for some reason the aluminum rushes to the silica and covers it all up with a coating of aluminum hydroxide. And aluminum hydroxide is very, very insoluble under the ordinary chemical conditions of the body, so once the silica is coated, coated it remains, armor-plated, as it were, with aluminum. So dust fights dust, aluminum dust fights silica dust and licks it, and there's your other impossible fact.

An Occasion for Rejoicing

They didn't find all this out at once, of course, either up at the mine or down at the Banting Institute. They thought at first that what the aluminum did was join with the silicic acid somehow and change it into something harmless. But when they tried putting aluminum into silicic acid in a test tube, nothing much seemed to happen. So it was then they thought maybe the aluminum formed some sort of film on the silica, but they couldn't prove it. They knew that as little as one per cent of aluminum dust put in a test tube with silica powder would entirely stop its going into solution but they couldn't prove it was by forming a film. So they got some much finer silica powder than you ever find ordinarily, a kind called silica smoke, and they found that when you added aluminum dust to that in a test tube it took more than twice as much to stop its going into solution.

That proved it: the finer the powder the more surface, the more surface to coat, the more aluminum it would take. But they didn't know what aluminum compound the coating was. On a hunch they took a lovely cherry-red dye called aurine that they knew would stain aluminum hydroxide red. They dumped into it some plain pieces of quartz and some pieces of quartz that had been exposed to aluminum dust. And the plain quartz stayed white and the pieces of quartz treated with aluminum turned bright red, a red you couldn't scrub off even with a brush. There was great rejoicing at the McIntyre mine and the Banting Institute.

At this point it occurred to them to analyze that oddly antidotal rock they'd shelved way back in the beginning. So they did and they found that when they were taken to pieces, country rock and slate both contained a good ten to twenty per cent of aluminum in various compounds. It all fitted together so nicely once you found the keystone.

But it was still only the beginning, of course, as far as the effect of all these discoveries on silicosis went. So they kept on dusting rabbits; some with silica dust, and some with silica dust plus aluminum dust, and some first with aluminum dust and then with silica dust and some vice versa. And they found that pure metallic aluminum would always coat any silica particles it could reach; the question was simply of getting fine enough pure dust to get deep down in the lungs. If the aluminum got to the silica before it had had time to do any damage, no damage was done, the lungs stayed healthy. If it got in the lungs after the fibrosis had started but there was still some free lung space and some free silica, it coated what it could and stopped the damage where it was. And it didn't seem to matter whether the rabbits got the aluminum dust before or during or after their exposure to silica, just so they got it . . . fine enough, and as much as one per cent.

They're working now on the theory that the aluminum coating not only stops the silica dissolving and stops the growth of those thick fibrous areas in the lung but also actually helps the lungs to cast off the silica. They believe now that along with causing fibrosis the silica has a stultifying effect on certain cells in the lungs whose special job it is to engulf any foreign particles and carry them off either through the throat or through the lymph vessels—invading a peaceful country, as it were, and at the same time paralyzing the army that is standing waiting to fight. And it looks now as if once the silica particles are coated even if they've been in the lungs a long time, the fighting cells, which scientists call dust cells because they eat up the dust, begin to come back to life and get back to work. So that the silicosis not only gets no worse but actually begins to get better. That's still up in the air however; Dr. Robson and Dr. Irwin won't commit themselves on that yet.

Now You Can Breathe Easy

But they and Mr. Denny are sure enough of what they're doing to be planning to start spraying aluminum dust way down in the McIntyre mine any day now, as soon as they get their machinery perfected. The first place they're going to start is right where the blasting occurs, and they'll use an ingenious little device which holds a tiny can of aluminum dust about the size of a small can of condensed milk, that the men can set to go off when they light the powder charge. And a cloud of aluminum dust will rush forward to meet the cloud of silica dust and mix with it and wait there ready to be breathed when the men come back a few hours later.

The next thing they're going to work on is spraying aluminum dust while the men are drilling, for drilling is another big silica-dust raiser. Or they may go at it all from a different angle and have aluminum dusting rooms where the men can go and breathe the antidotal aluminum for fifteen minutes or so before they go home at night.

So if things work out the way these inquisitive scientists up in Ontario expect, it looks as if before long there shouldn't be any more new cases of silicosis . . . no more at all. All that is needed is a good supply of aluminum dust and the proper equipment to disperse it, to give it a chance to coat the silica dust that with all the masks and ventilation and sprays in the world—not to mention the whiskers—is bound to be breathed in. And the mine manager and the mine surgeon and the mine engineer and the pure research worker whose perfectly calm, patient, rational co-operation found the way can sit back with their laurels and beam proudly. . . .

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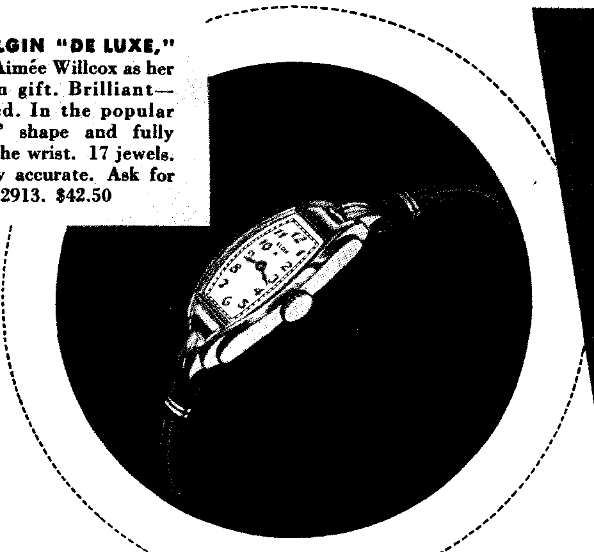

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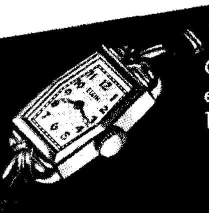

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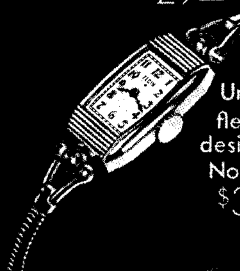

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For your young graduate-to-be, choose an ELGIN at your jeweler's now!

IT'S MORE than a whim that is prompting so many active, young graduates like Aimée Willcox to choose ELGINS now. It's family tradition . . . and something more.

It is the superb smartness and dependability of the watches themselves!

The newest ELGINS of the season have so much to offer. Their styling is refreshing and youthful as the graduates for whom they have been planned. Their technical perfection grows out of the 75-year partnership of craftsmen and scientists that is found only at ELGIN. And every ELGIN timepiece today is created in conformance with standards that are new and incredibly exacting.

Have you a young graduate to whom you wish to give a watch that will be cherished . . . that will truly express your sentiments and keep faith with its owner? Then by all means, visit your ELGIN jeweler now.

At almost any price you have in mind, you will find a tempting selection of ELGIN watches. Each one solidly honest in materials and workmanship. Timed directly to the standard of the stars by ELGIN'S own world-famous observatory.

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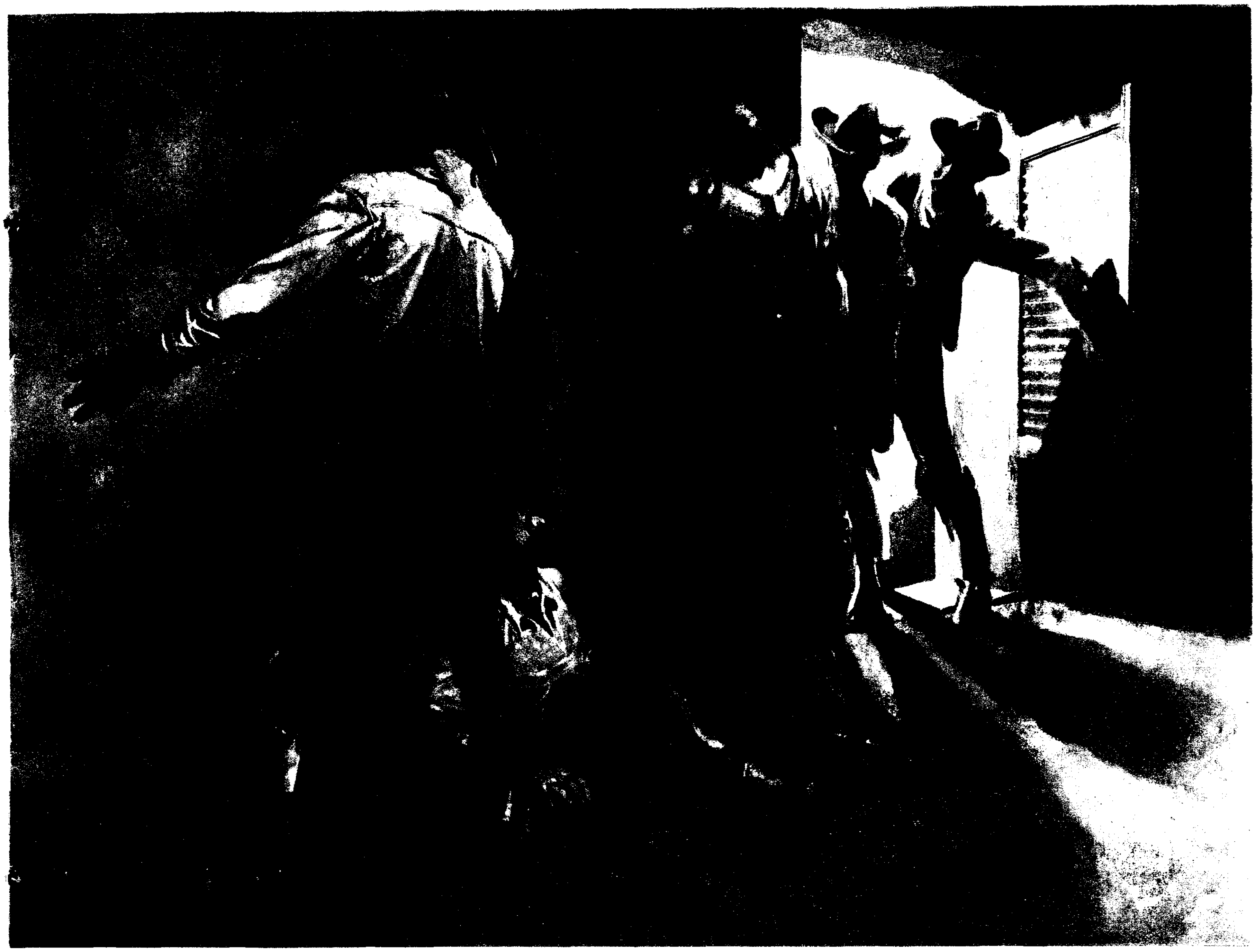
SINCE 1865 THE CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES



Benteen threw the outlaw against the saloon wall. McSween targeted the dark muzzle of his revolver dead between Bean's eyes

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER three years at an Eastern school, Eleanor Warren rejoins her father, Major Warren. The major is in command of Fort Grant, in Arizona. When Eleanor arrives, she learns that Indians, led by a man known as Antone, are causing trouble; and that the young lieutenant—Philip Castleton—whom she has promised to marry is by no means popular with his men or his fellow officers.

When two wagons are attacked near by—presumably by Indians—Tom Benteen, another lieutenant, and not Castleton, is sent by Major Warren to investigate. Benteen finds one survivor: a woman who says her name is Lily Marr. She becomes a guest of the post; and when Harriet Mixler, Lieutenant George Mixler's wife, gives birth to a baby, it is Lily (in the absence of Dr. Shiraz, the post physician) who assists her through the ordeal. No one knows who she is, what she is.

Antone's marauders are burning ranch houses, killing civilians. Led by Benteen, a detachment from the post finds the Indians, drives them back. Obedient to orders, Benteen then returns to the post. Whereupon Major Warren sends Castleton out, with twenty-five troopers. While Castleton is away, a stranger—a rough, ugly-tempered fellow—appears at Grant. Benteen keeps an eye on him. He sees the new arrival stride up to Lily Marr, hand her something. Benteen watches, while they engage in an altercation, then he joins them.

"You know this man?" he says to Lily. "You want him around?" "I know him," Lily replies, "but I don't want him around. Tell him to pick up his money."

The man had handed Lily some money. She had thrown it on the ground. The man stoops, gathers up five gold pieces. And Benteen suddenly remembers that the two wagons that had been attacked and robbed had carried *gold coin!* He orders the man to leave; and, when the fellow becomes insulting, throws him to the ground.

Later, Lily tells Benteen that the stranger's name is Jack Bean. He is, she says, an outlaw. . . . Meanwhile, Castleton has been trailing Antone's men. He finds them, and, in the course of a sharp skirmish, loses two men. . . . The paymaster is at Fort Lowell, just outside Tucson. Benteen takes a detail to Lowell, to meet him and escort him to Grant. Eleanor goes along. In Tucson, she spends several delightful hours with Benteen. They reach Fort Lowell very late.

VI

THEY walked straight across the parade, up to the porch of Colonel Bursom's house. Suddenly Mrs. Bursom's voice rose from a corner, faint acid in her tone, "It is about time."

Eleanor Warren was laughing. The sound of it ran gaily into the night. "About time? More than that, I think. Past time. Good night, Tom."

He turned down the steps, angling toward the gate of the fort and she knew then he would be going back to Tucson to a saloon. She knew what he'd do. He'd draw a chair up to a poker game and order a drink, and sit low and loose in the chair, remembering. This was the kind of release a man of his kind had to have. There was too much inside him. Somehow it had to come out. In a kiss, in a drink, in a fight.

Sergeant McSween watched Benteen and Eleanor go into the post, and followed. But he hadn't gotten far along when he heard the sentry challenge again and heard Benteen's answer, outbound. McSween turned himself wearily around and passed the sentry, trailing Benteen back to the saloon near the church plaza. He stood in the black solid shadows, with his shoulder points flattened against a dobe's wall.

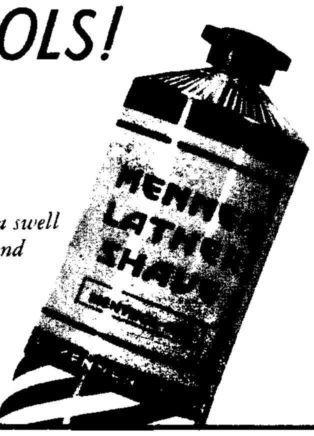
From the saloon came the steady undertone of drowsy voices and scraping feet. A Mexican stepped from the saloon, adjusted his serape more securely over a shoulder and walked across the plaza with a drunken man's extreme care. These were the only lights showing; elsewhere the mealy blackness of a desert night clung to earth and wall and sky, against which the cross of the church spire cut its immemorial shape. McSween, who was one of the faithful, watched the cross and had his own thoughts. Afterward, looking back to the saloon, he saw Jack Bean.

The outlaw came slowly along the wall of the saloon and stopped before one of the green-painted windows. Little glints of bright light showed where the paint had flaked away. Bean put his eye against one of these, looking in. He stepped back, traveling as far as the door. Here he paused so long that McSween thought he meant to enter. It was clearly in the outlaw's mind, and

(Continued on page 67)

A slight idea of how it feels to shave with icy Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave!

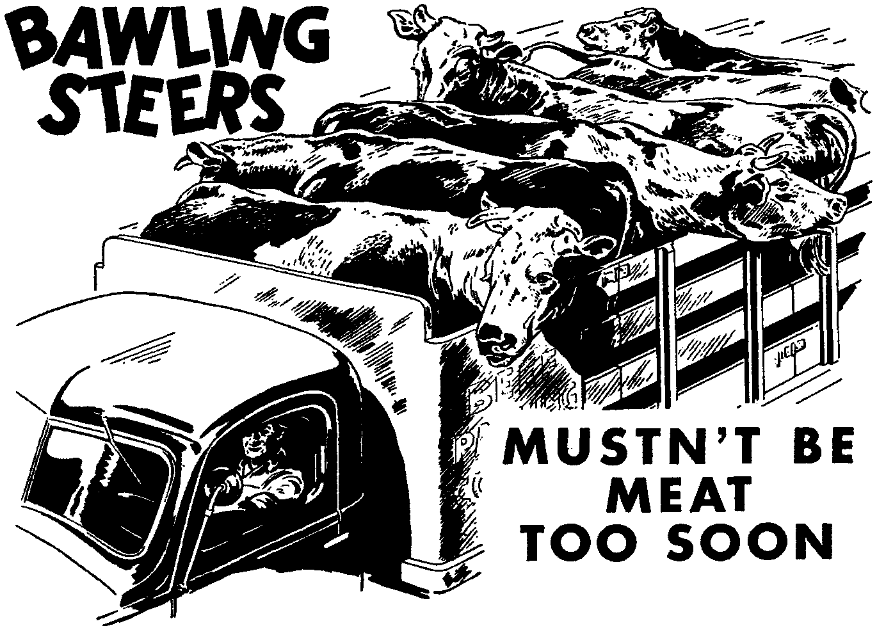
Man! how it COOLS!



Mennen makes a swell plain Lather—and Brushless, too!

Mister...you don't have to go to the Arctic Circle for an icy, refreshing shave. Here's how to keep the temperature DOWN and your spirits UP: Just soak that stubble of yours with cooling, bracing Mennen Menthol-iced Lather Shave. It wilts your whiskers—and boy how it cools your chin! Yessir...you'll give the merry HA-HA to the heat, when you say to your druggist—"MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED FOR MINE!"

BAWLING STEERS



MUSTN'T BE MEAT TOO SOON

Delivering cattle on the hoof without harm keeps many big truck fleets busy. Prime beef must still be "prime" when it reaches its destination. Cattlemen's trucks* stop their live loads with brakes that insure safe, balanced stops. You, too, can get the same Quick, Quiet, Smooth Stops and Longer Brake Lining Wear.

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LOOK FOR THIS SIGN OF FIRST CLASS SERVICE STATIONS

Irish Eyes are Smiling

Continued from page 22

shot? Let's look over these two boys, because they're the kind of lads to warm the cockles of your heart—big, white-limbed, clean boys with ambition in their hearts and no fear at all.

First shake hands with William David Conn of Pittsburgh. He's tall and he has big hands and though he only weighs 170 pounds now he'll be twenty pounds heavier in another two years and his beautiful left hand, which now strikes like a darting, angry, annoying rapier, will be more heavily loaded. And if nature is kind, his punch, instead of being annoying, will be lethal. No one around New York town knew much about Billy Conn except what he'd read in the papers. If people'd been reading the Pittsburgh papers they would have known a lot because Pittsburgh has been crazy about the lad for three years now. He'd been beating fellows like Teddy Yarosz and Babe Risko and Young Corbett and he won from Solly Krieger. But New York, being a provincial town, doesn't read the papers of other cities. New York had to be shown. So a few months back Billy Conn came up from Pittsburgh to show them. He did.

A New Hero is Born

It was a ten-round go with Fred Apostoli, a fine, strong fighter who likes his trade. Fred is swarthy and his chest is deep and he looked too powerful for young Billy Conn that night. Under the glare of the ring lights Billy looked very white, and around the ring boxing-wise men shook their heads and said sagely, "He'll cut easily." Then the bell rang and Billy advanced smoothly to the center of the ring. He threw a dozen darting left hands, he slipped away coolly from Apostoli's furious surges, and a new hero was born.

The next day the boys who write about fights said that he was another Jimmy Slattery, who was the fastest thing on wheels fifteen years ago. They compared the boy's left hand with the beautiful weapon Tommy Loughran carried not so long ago. And best of all, the lad exuded color. What is color? I don't know, but whatever it is Billy Conn has it. It may be the furious way he fights back when he seems to be cornered. It may be that he throws ten left hands where another boxer throws one.

He got the nod over Apostoli that night and did it all over again a month later, this time over the fifteen-round route. Now, twenty-one-year-old lads just don't go fifteen rounds against middleweight champions. Apostoli was the favorite but in the end it was he who weakened and it was Billy Conn who came on with a burst of speed in the last two rounds to win the bout.

Max Schmeling was at the ringside that night. Going out of the Garden I asked Max what he thought of the boy. Max has always been careful about his fistic judgments but he didn't hold back this time.

"Wonderful," Schmeling raved. "The boy is good. He is fast and his left hand is so good. He is the best young fighter I have seen in years."

Apostoli, sitting disconsolately in his dressing room, put his stamp of approval on Conn. Like the thoroughbred that he is, Fred refused even to squawk about the decision, which was close. He only said, "The boy is very hard to fight. He is very good, that boy."

That, then, is the Billy Conn of today, a fighting Irish buzz saw if ever there was one. But then he's been fighting since he was thirteen, and by now he should have learned something of his trade. It all happened like this: Johnny Ray, who had been a good fighter, was running a small gymnasium in Pittsburgh. Some professionals used the gym and a great many kids came to learn how to hold up their mitts. Johnny's pal was nobody else but William David Conn, senior, a steamfitter by trade. He and Johnny Ray were convivial souls and they'd sit around over a glass of beer and talk about the good old days. One night Bill Conn said, "Johnny, that kid of mine is always hanging around your gym. Why don't you teach him something?"

Johnny said, "Sure, Bill." And maybe because Johnny said, "Sure, Bill," he will someday ride around in a big car and talk casually about The Champ. The next day thirteen-year-old Billy Conn showed up and asked Johnny Ray to make him a fighter. Johnny got some gloves small enough for the youngster and told him to put up his hands.

"The sales force is ready for your pep talk, sir!"

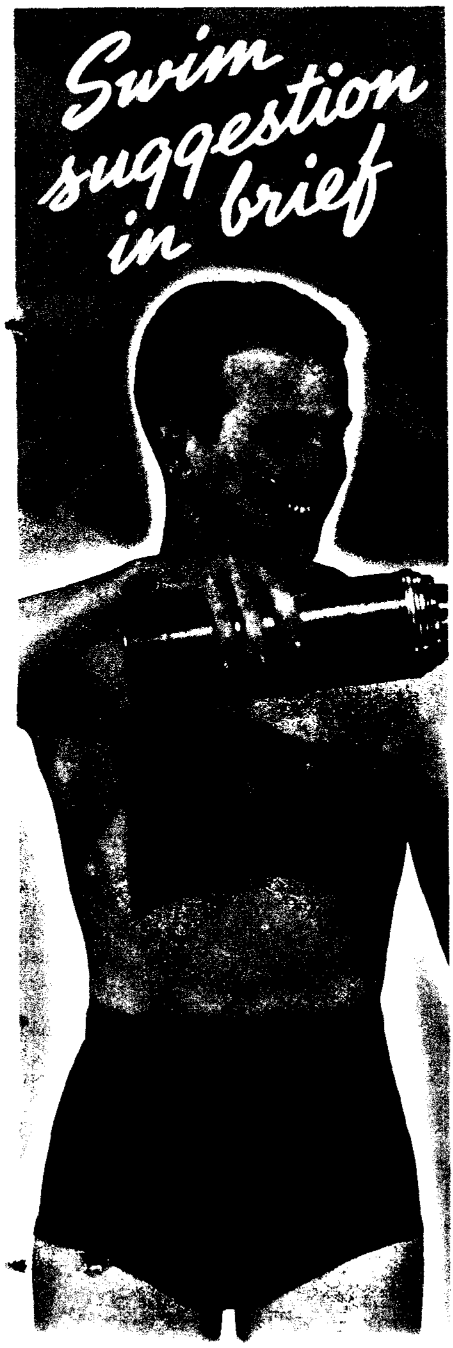
LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"As soon as he put those hands up," Johnny says, "I knew he had something."

Johnny taught him some things and then let him box with the other kids. Young Billy loved to fight. A year passed and he didn't miss a day at Johnny's gymnasium.

"When he was fifteen he weighed 120 pounds," Johnny says, "so what do you think I did? I took him to saloons and gamblin' houses. I said, 'Look, see that guy? He was once a good fighter. Now he's a bum on account of rum. If I ever catch you takin' a drink, I'll kill you.' Then we'd go to a gamblin' place and I'd say, 'Billy, see that guy there looking for a handout? He used to get $10,000 a fight. If I ever catch you gamblin' I'll break your neck.' "

Then he let him fight his first fight. He was 130 pounds then and almost sixteen. He fought a lad named Dick Woodward in Fairmont, West Virginia, and he got two and a half dollars for it. He lost it and several other of those early fights but Johnny Ray didn't mind. This was school. Time enough to win fights when he got out of school. When he was sixteen and a half he started to



JANTZEN'S SUEDE-SHEEN "SURFER"

● Brief trunks have a lot of good things in their favor. Especially the new Jantzen "Surfer"! More sun, more freedom, more action! Decidedly smart and youthful in appearance, too. It is tailored in rich, lustrous *Suede-Sheen* fabric, created and made exclusively by Jantzen. Soft and luxurious, yet rugged in wear. *Lastex* yarn has been added to achieve better fit than you've ever known before. Like all Jantzens the design and workmanship is outstanding and superior. $3.95. Other Jantzen Trunks from $2.95 to $4.95. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

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win fights. He's been winning them ever since. He had a nice streak when he won thirty-eight in a row. Billy has never lost a return fight. Even if he's beaten he learns enough during the bout to turn the tables next time.

After his second fight with Krieger, a fight that Billy won decisively, Krieger said to sports writers, "I don't feel so bad. I was beaten by the next heavyweight champion of the world. I beat him a year ago and thought he'd be easy, but he's improved a hundred per cent."

Yes, put the name of Billy Conn down and remember it. Oh, he'll lose some fights; he's bound to. But give him two more years and twenty more pounds and maybe we'll have that Irish heavyweight the promoters have been looking for.

In the Cauliflower Kindergarten

Let's forget William David Conn for the moment. Let's consider Patrick Edward Comiskey of Paterson, New Jersey, our other Irish candidate in the fistic sweepstakes. If Billy Conn is in the freshman class of Cauliflower College, Patrick Edward Comiskey is in the kindergarten, but Patrick Edward has one thing Billy lacks—he has a punch. Glory be, but he has a punch. It's a right hand that he carries high and that explodes when it lands. Patrick Edward is only eighteen but I tell you if he lands that right-hand punch right he'll knock out any man in the ring.

The story of Patrick Edward Comiskey is only in its first chapter but even so it's worth reading. It wouldn't have been started if a fight manager of Paterson named Billy Daley hadn't been crazy to own an Irish heavyweight. Two years ago Billy Daley went to Ireland and sent out a call that he was ready to dump fame and fortune in the lap of any boy who looked as though he could develop into a potential champion. They came from all over Ireland to the gymnasium of Dublin and they put on gloves and went through their paces. Some were big, strong lads who were a delight to the eye—but they were so slow they couldn't get out of the way of their own brogues. Others looked fast and shifty but showed that they couldn't take a punch.

Billy Daley watched them sadly. There wasn't a lad in the bunch who would ever become eligible for even a semifinal bout and he was looking for a champion. So Billy returned to Paterson with a light pocketbook and a heavy heart. He met Johnny Lane, who had been training his fighters during his absence, and he told Johnny Lane the sad story.

"Well," Johnny Lane said complacently, "while you've been looking for an Irish heavyweight in Ireland I've found one right here in Paterson."

"What can he do?" Billy Daley asked without much interest.

"He can hit," Johnny Lane said.

"What else can he do?" Billy Daley asked.

"He can hit," Johnny Lane said stubbornly.

So Billy took a look at the boy and he liked his big hands and his tall rangy form. He watched him once in the gym and liked him even more. He found out some things about him and liked what he found out. Then he tossed him into a charity show as an amateur. Patrick boxed a big, experienced lad and he made very short work of him. The referee was quite impressed. He came over to Patrick's corner while they were dragging his victim away and he slapped the boy on the shoulder.

"You can go a long way," the referee said, "if you take care of yourself and learn something about the game."

The boy blushed and he said, "Thank you, Mr. Tunney." Gene Tunney had loaned his name and his efforts to the charity affair and the prophecy he made that night has so far stood up nobly. Not that Patrick Comiskey has gone far as yet but he's eighteen and he's gone as far as they've asked him to go.

Billy Daley felt that he had something here and he was careful not to drop it. He and Lane worked hard with Patrick and then Billy thought that it was time he asked Patrick the question. He sent a good, rough experienced professional named Jack Glover at him in the gym one day and he told Glover to give the kid everything he had.

"It sounds a bit cruel maybe," Billy Daley says, "but I had to find out if Pat could really take it. If he showed that he couldn't I'd have made him give up boxing and have him go back to the foundry where he had been working for a while."

But Pat didn't take much of a beating. Glover peppered him with lefts and crossed hard rights and the more Pat was punched the harder he came back. After four rounds Daley stopped it. He had found out what he wanted to know. The kid loved to fight and he could take a punch without swooning.

Pat won ten of his first eleven fights by knockouts. Daley has tossed him in only with youngsters of his own class. He isn't throwing him to the wolves. The kid improves with each fight, and when he hits a man the man is knocked out. I saw him fight three times. They put him in the Garden a few months ago against a nice boxer named Marty Lieberman. For two rounds Marty gave Pat a going over. Pat was bleeding a bit and looking bad and then suddenly his right connected and Marty was in dreamland. He was still hurt fifteen minutes later when I looked at him in his dressing room. Then Pat fought a dreadnought named Shapson who outweighed Pat by sixty pounds. For three rounds Pat tried to reach his jaw, forgetting all about the ample front porch that Mr. Shapson was carrying, which was a truly inviting target. Then in the last round he went to work on that and had Shapson puffing hard at the end. Because he is only eighteen, Pat, of course, cannot box more than six rounds.

The Kid's On His Way

Pat won another nice victory a little later over a strong lad named Chief Wheeler. This kayo came in the third, but what those of us who had been following Pat noticed was that he had suddenly developed a good left hand. Until then he had been only a right-hand puncher.

Whitey Bimstein is one of the most sought-after trainers and seconds in the game. There isn't anything about boxing he doesn't know. He watched Pat put the doughty Indian to sleep and then said, "The boy was loose tonight for the first time He moved in and out nicely and he jabbed well. The kid is on his way."

Daley has a very good heavyweight named Maurice Strickland. Strickland is a picture fighter; he's smooth and unhurried and a very fine boxer. He works out with Pat every day and gradually Pat is losing his awkwardness. Gradually he is hitting with his right instead of clubbing with it. Gradually he's learning to pick punches off and roll with them. He's still in kindergarten but he can hit and he can take it and he's eighteen years old.

So hold your breath, sons of Erin, and keep your fingers crossed. It's been a long, long drought but maybe Billy Conn and Pat Comiskey will one day revive the glory of that day when Corbett met Sullivan in a championship fight that an Irishman was bound to win.

Swim suit news of '39

JANTZEN GLAMOUR FABRICS

● Capturing the joyous spirit of smart America at play Jantzen presents these triumphant new Glamour swim suit Fabrics — *Velva-Lure, Satin-Knit, Knit-in-Prints* — with greater beauty, smarter textures, firmer figure-control than ever before. The miracle of their seal-sleek fit is the skillful way *Lastex* yarn has been added—a secret that is Jantzen's own. You'll delight in the enticing new textures, lustrous sheen and caressingly soft feel of these flattering new Jantzens. Illustrated: The new Jantzen "Formal", a sparkling half-skirt style in gorgeous *Velva-Lure* fabric $7.95. Other Jantzen creations, $4.95 to $7.95. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
GLAMOUR SWIM SUITS

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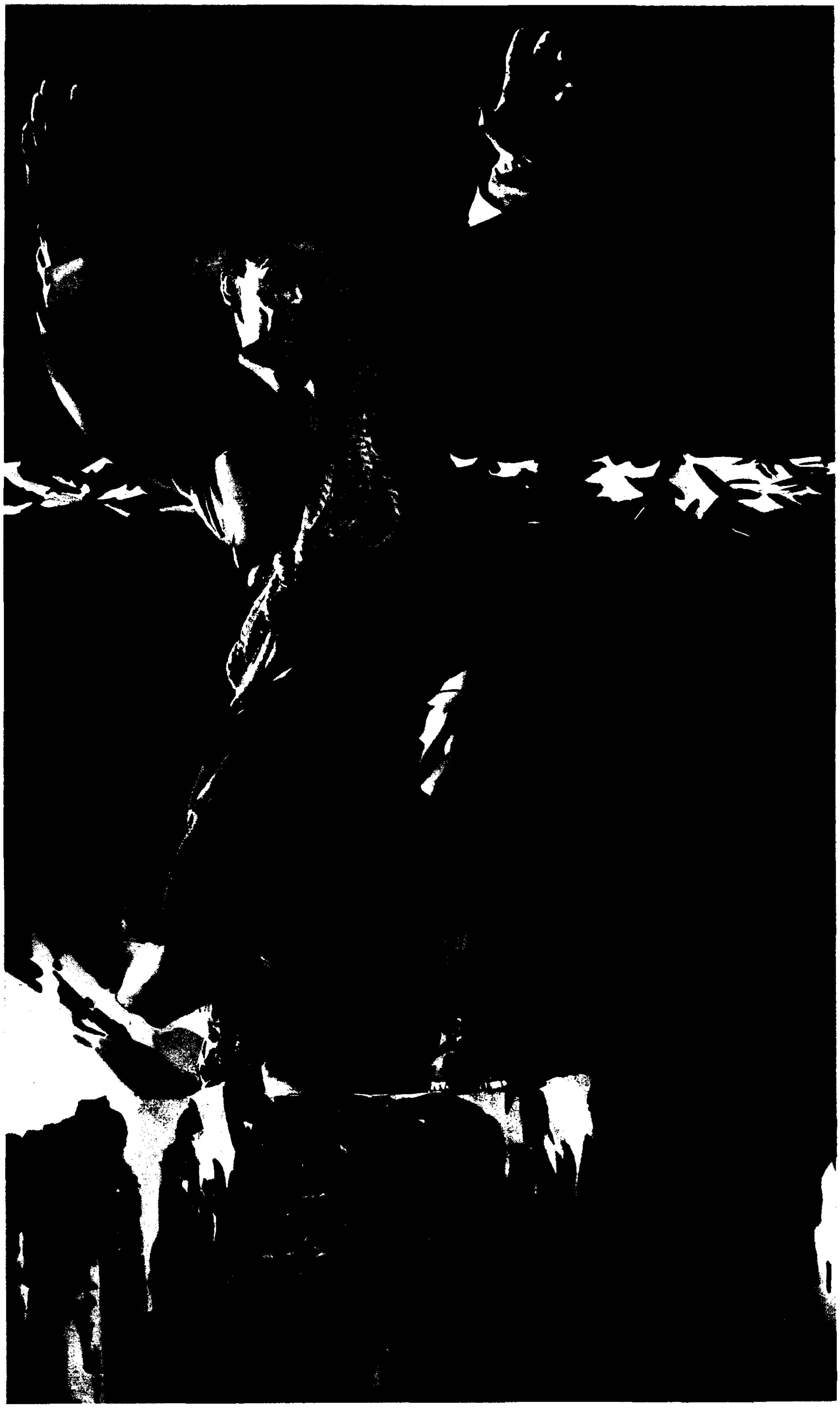
High Justice

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



He stopped short with a jerk and a startled gasp. He stood rigid, pressing back

IT WAS night in the world below, and the valleys were already in darkness. The climb had been a hard one, and the four men arrived at the shelter hut just before darkness reached the heights. They saw tiny twinkling lights, miles down and miles away. Houses and villages and hotels. Up here were only the hut—dark and bleak and glazed with ice—and a vast cold vacancy of snow. But, comfort aside, there were compensations.

The sun had set, and they made the last hundred feet up a gentle incline, with a thousand-foot precipice to their left, in the many-colored light of the afterglow. Also there was thin cold air like wine—refreshing to laboring lungs.

They reached the hut. Kettermann, the guide, put down his ice ax and worked to open the battered door. The others waited, their panting breaths growing gradually more even. The door creaked open. Kettermann went in. He produced a candle and lighted it inside. Young Hans—the other guide—crowded forward with the spirit lamp. He gathered icicles from the hut roof, to melt. They made loud bumping noises as they went into the little pan. The stove made a thuttering sound as it caught, and presently the pan sang unmusically while the ice fragments turned to water. One of the two American climbers—the younger—gazed out at the pinnacles.

"I still don't believe what I'm seeing," he said, staring.

The other man fumbled in his pocket. He got out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Very pretty, Sam," he said uninterestedly. "Very pretty. But I'm going in the hut. Stay out here if you like. It'll be cold presently, when the wind comes." He paused and added: "Bruce fell from here, you know. This spot. Bruce was—there. He stepped back too far. That's all there was to it. Watch out."

He crowded into the hut.

THERE was a sort of platform before the hut. It was made of mud and stone, and it stretched for quite ten feet from the hut door to the edge of the cliff. It was smooth and level. And it was amazing to find a level space here. This was two thirds of the way up to the summit. That anyone should have gone to the trouble of making a level platform here—where perhaps fifteen people in a whole climbing season might elect to pass a single night—was so extraordinary as to be unbelievable.

After a day of climbing, ten feet of level ground was so unfamiliar as to be intoxicating. Young Sam walked across it, and the absence of effort was startling. He found himself trampling high, lifting his feet absurdly, feeling actually dizzy with the sensation of level walking.

He almost went over the edge.

He stopped short with a jerk and a startled gasp. He stood rigid, pressing back with his toes to keep his own momentum from toppling him over. There was sheer black emptiness before him, only inches from his toes.

Voices murmured in the hut: Kettermann rumbling in his thick Swiss-German to young Hans. The other climber—Steve—did not speak. The young man outside moved cautiously backward. Bruce had walked off this place into nothingness. Now, a year later, he'd almost followed him.

Young Sam fumbled shakily in the earth at his feet. He found a small stone, perhaps a quarter-pound in weight. He tossed it out into the blackness into which Bruce had fallen. Then he counted, listening for the sound when it hit.

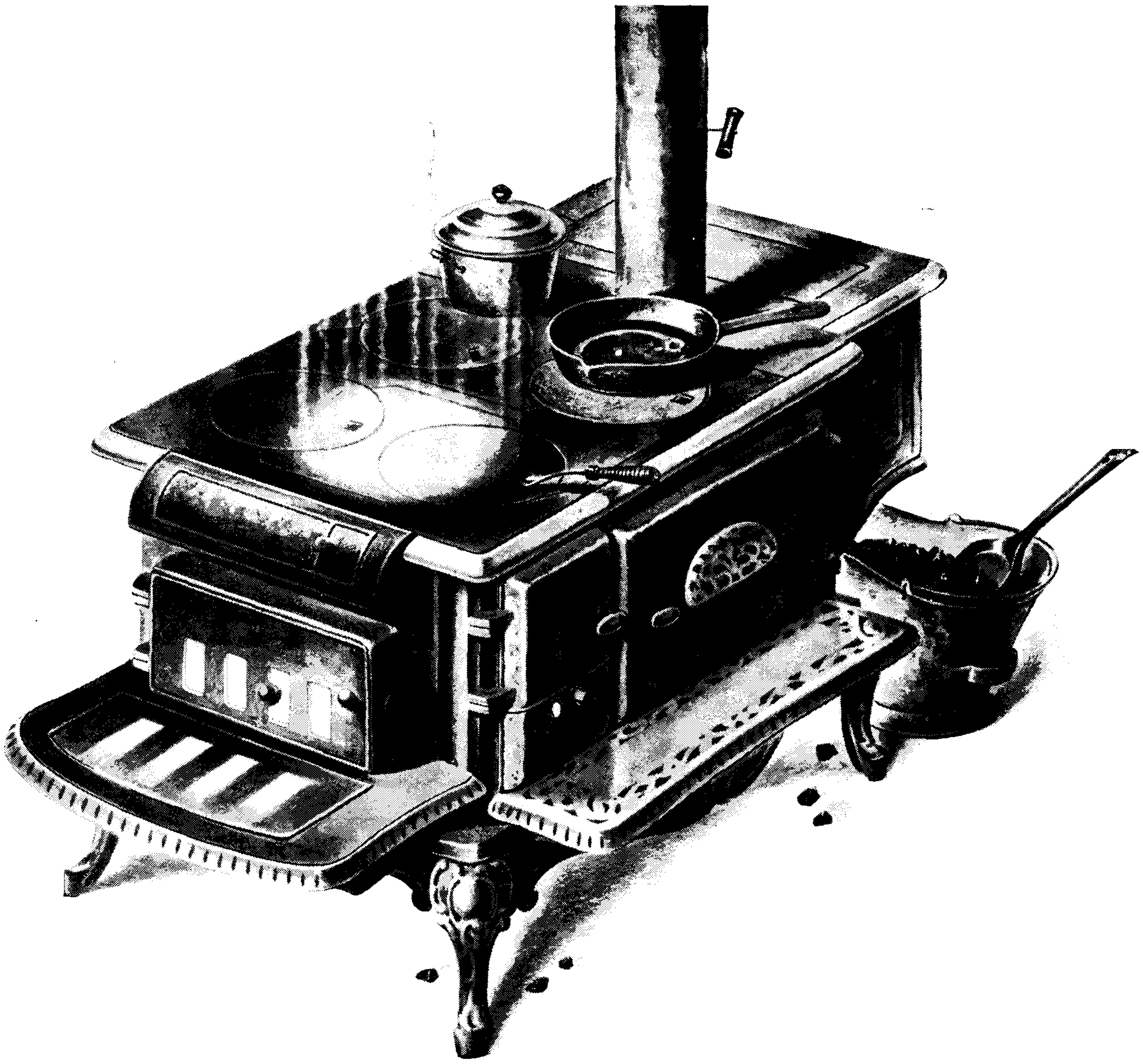
He did not hear that sound. The night was filled with a singing silence such as comes only among high peaks and glaciers. The silence was made up of a multitude of tiny happenings. Little cracklings, oddly resonant. Frost.

Sam was well away from the edge, now, but he backed still farther in a sudden startled caution.

His companion came out of the hut.

"Coffee's ready, Sam," he said tonelessly.

The younger man stammered: "I—threw a rock



YOU CAN'T PUSH YOUR OIL AWAY FROM THE HEAT

WHEN the dinner is in danger of burning, you can push it to the back of the stove or turn down the heat.

But once oil turns to varnish, as old-fashioned oil will under modern driving conditions, there's nothing you can do.

So the time to do something is when you have your crankcase filled up.

Demand Insulated Havoline. Here's why:

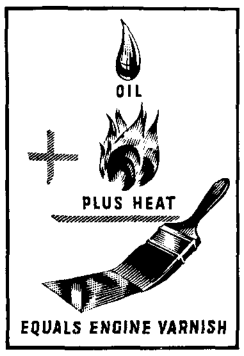
Many motor manufacturers in order to give you dazzling performance, increased power and economy have had to increase engine speeds and reduce clearances. This exposes the oil to greatly increased heat and makes old-style oil form varnish under hard driving, varnish that can cause your rings to stick or pistons to drag—reduce your gasoline mileage—help run down batteries by causing hard starting—even "freeze" certain modern engines completely.

Havoline does not form harmful varnish under the hardest driving. It is insulated against heat.

Because it is distilled, as well, it doesn't leave hard carbon to cause knocking or excessive wear. It gives faster getaways—the most from your gasoline.

In short, there's no better oil at any price because it provides a factor of safety for all cars in all weathers, under all driving conditions. Fill up with Havoline. It's a change for the better.

Stop where you see the Texaco Star. That's a sure sign of Insulated Havoline Oil, Sky Chief and Fire-Chief Gasolines, dependable Marfak Lubrication, helpful, courteous service and clean Registered Rest Rooms.



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AGAINST HEAT
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DISTILLED AND

INSULATED

... AGAINST HEAT ... AGAINST COLD

off," he said foolishly, "and—and I didn't hear it hit!"

Kettermann put his head out.

"There is no wind, chentlemen," he observed professionally. "Maybe we eat where there is most room?"

He spoke gruffly and unintelligibly to Hans. Hans came out with the folding cups. They steamed fiercely in the thin cold air. Kettermann moved his ice ax from where it leaned against the hut wall. He produced his pipe and filled it deliberately, resting with the assurance of one who though employed was nevertheless the leader of the party. Hans gave the coffee and food to the two Americans, and then squatted down himself.

"A good climb today, Kettermann," said the American called Steve. "Just one ticklish place. Really ticklish, that is."

"*Ja, Mein Herr.* Just one." Kettlemann spoke with the precision of a man who has learned English for strictly business reasons. "The young chentleman showed much wisdom. He kept still. If he had moved—"

Young Sam was embarrassed. He'd been horribly scared, but right in the middle of his panic something coldly efficient had taken control of his muscles. Now he was glad it had happened. He could count on something efficient taking control in an emergency, hereafter. He had acquired confidence.

"I was frightened," he said awkwardly, "but I'm glad . . . "

HIS voice trailed off. Kettermann nodded approvingly.

"It is no shame to be scared," he said with heavy precision. "To be not scared is sometimes worse."

The older American said slowly:

"In a way, Sam, it was lack of scare—overconfidence—that killed Bruce. He stepped backward right off the edge of the platform here. I saw it. It was terribly simple. He was one of the best climbers I ever knew. We'd come up here without guides, just the two of us, and we'd had a cup of coffee and something to eat, and we sat out here because there was an hour's calm after sunset, just like tonight. But he was restless and presently he began to pace back and forth on the platform—this platform—because he wasn't worn out even with the climb we'd made. Wonderful stamina, Bruce!" And he pulled out a cigarette, and struck a match to light it, and puffed.

"Then he looked up at something on the slope behind us, there. I don't know what he thought he saw. He looked up in the starlight, and took a step backward, as if to get a clearer view of it over the hut rooftop. And there wasn't anything to step back on."

The younger American looked out in the starlight to the unguarded edge just ten feet from where he sat with his empty coffee cup. He closed his lips tightly, remembering that he'd almost stepped off that edge himself, a few minutes since. There was silence. It became burdensome. Sam broke it, awkwardly:

"It must have been pretty bad for you, Steve."

Steve said heavily:

"It was bad. . . . That night especially, up here all by myself. When he fell, it was dead calm. But the wind blew later. It seemed to me that wind devils howled all night long. I thought the hut would go over, once or twice."

Kettermann smoked impassively. Again it was Sam, the younger American, who broke the silence.

"And you couldn't be sure, then, that he wasn't just—injured," he said sympathetically. "There wasn't any way to find out until daylight. That must have been bad. But it must have been even worse, facing Bella. . . ."

Steve said grimly:

"That was very bad. And there were some people who whispered. I'd been in love with Bella before she met Bruce. Some people suspected that Bruce's fall might not have been accidental, or that at least I might have gotten to him and rescued him. They didn't know how far he fell! It's a thousand feet sheer, here!" Then he added detachedly: "When Bella marries me next month, most of those whispers will turn up again."

Young Sam said wryly:

"I didn't tell you, but I nearly went over myself, just now. Just because the platform's level. Maybe I can do some good, if any whispering starts up."

Steve said evenly:

"That's one reason I brought you here, Sam. In the morning I'll show you something else."

Kettermann smoked. The younger guide, Hans, had listened patiently, trying to piece together the occasional words he understood into a coherent discussion. Now he spoke, unintelligibly. Sam thought he said something about a bet, a wager. Kettermann rumbled to him in reply. His Swiss-German was hard to understand at best, and now it seemed as if he purposely mumbled so that he would be even less understandable than usual.

"I don't give Fred a chance to step out back home—I keep writing him for money"

MEDILL

"*Ach! Gott!*" said Hans. He nodded soberly.

THE candlelight streamed out the door across the platform. It made a spreading fan of yellow light that was cut off—and horribly—by the edge of the platform.

"But—er—nobody really believes anything wrong of you, Steve. Why, it would be silly to go around pushing people off cliffs! Nobody'd get away with it. Would they, Kettermann?"

Kettermann puffed twice, and let the smoke trickle from between his lips.

"Sometimes, maybe," he said.

"I mean," said Sam, "they'd certainly be caught. You—er—you guides would know if a man had been killed by accident or not. You'd have a sort of feeling . . ."

Kettermann puffed again and said gruffly but precisely:

"Sometimes, yes. And it is bad for climbing if many people get killed. If somebody uses the mountains to kill somebody, he strikes at our bread and butter." He added abruptly: "So we do not like it."

He closed his lips in a tight line. Hans wiped his mouth and mumbled something humbly inquiring. Kettermann nodded. Steve laughed. It was not at all humorous.

"YOU'RE beginning to see," he told his companion. "I was here with Bruce when he fell to his death. We were alone; without guides. You know what people whispered. I'd been in love with Bella, and he'd married her. Now Bella's going to marry me next month. You're her brother. And I've wondered if you didn't come on this climb with me just to see if my story checked up with the spot where the thing happened!"

Young Sam said:

"Look here, old man. I damn' near went over the edge myself. Of course I see why Bruce fell! Of course!"

"You didn't answer me," said the older man grimly. "But let it go. Even if Bella has a lingering doubt—which she hasn't—what you'll tell her will make her realize how idiotically reasonable it was for Bruce, good climber as he was, to topple a thousand feet from a shelter hut. If you came along to check my story, it's all right with me. If you didn't, I'm still glad you made the climb."

Sam squirmed.

"Your story's checked. That is, it would be if I'd had any doubts."

"I know," said Steve. He spoke somberly. "But it's looked bad all the way. Bruce is still down there, you understand. His body never was brought in. He's under a disintegrating cliff face. It rains rock all day long. You saw some of that!"

The younger man nodded unhappily. He had seen what a rock face is like when the rock particles loosened by frost split off and fall. Every minute of every hour of daylight and most of the night, stones fall down the steep cliff faces. This party had come up a ridge, but they'd seen stones of all sizes from pebbles to monsters like locomotives go crashing and bouncing down into the valley below, from the cliff faces away from their route.

Climbing such a cliff face would be a form of suicide, and no slow one, either. No guide would attempt it. Even to arrange an attempt to recover a human body under such a bombardment from overhead would be difficult or impossible. Which was why, down below, there was still a tiny patch of storm-frayed cloth, with perhaps a white bone or two showing through: Bruce. It could be seen from the platform in the daylight.

"You see my idea," said Steve heavily. "Tongues are going to wag when I marry Bella. I can't stop them, but I did want somebody to see—"

The younger man said warmly:

"I never had the slightest doubt, Steve!" He believed it, now. "You're oversensitive!"

"I wanted you," said Steve doggedly, "to see where he fell from and where he fell to. When the whispers start, if you can't offer proof that I didn't throw him off, at least you'll be able to testify that he must have been killed instantly. I didn't go off and leave him to suffer while I saved my own neck! I owe it to Bella that people shouldn't believe anything worse than that I murdered Bruce."

"I'll take care of it, old man," promised Sam stoutly. "Dammit, I nearly went over myself. Of course I'll tell them."

THE older man subsided. The younger seemed to fall into busy thought. Kettermann smoked phlegmatically. Peaks lifted their heads toward the heavens all about them, palely phosphorescent in the darkness. Hans said something softly to Kettermann. Again about a wager of some sort.

"*Ja*," grunted Kettermann.

"Kettermann," said Sam suddenly, "if I'd stepped off the edge, here, how far would I have fallen before I touched?"

The guide grunted, drew his pipe from between his teeth, and spat meditatively. Then he said precisely:

"I think three hundred, maybe three hundred and fifty meters. No less, *Mein Herr*."

"A thousand feet easily. Sheer fall. Any man would be killed instantly. Nobody could fall a thousand feet and live even a second, could he, Kettermann?"

"It has happened, even that," said Kettermann, with deliberate precision of utterance. "I would not say how often, *Mein Herr*."

The younger American said vexedly:

"It's hard to believe. . . ."

Kettermann scowled at the darkness. Sucking on his pipe, and wrinkled, he looked like a gargoyle in the candlelight.

"It was a chentleman," he said with heavy care for his speech, "who was climbing with a friend. He fell. His friend did not. He fell a great way—three hundred meters. He should have died at once. But he did not die."

Again it was the younger American who said:

"Well?"

"Nobody knows but me," said Kettermann, sucking absorbedly at his pipe, "because his body is under a cliff that rains rock all the time. It is deadly, that cliff. Deadly! Nobody would go after the body because of the falling rocks, and it is bad business not to bring in a body. It is suspicious."

Steve said tonelessly:

"You see, Sam?"

The younger man nodded. Kettermann went on again with painful precision:

"Ladies in the hotels thought that they could see the body with the telescopes on the hotel terraces. They

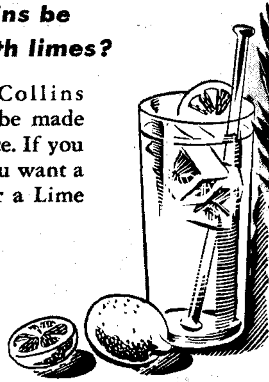
GIN QUIZ No. 1

Questions and Answers that will help you make a better Tom Collins

By John T. FitzGerald
Chief Instructor, Bartenders School, Inc.

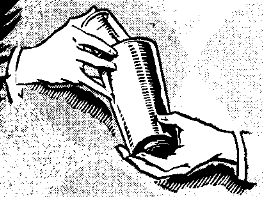
I Should a Tom Collins be made with limes?

No—a Tom Collins always should be made with lemon juice. If you prefer limes, you want a Lime Collins or a Lime Rickey.



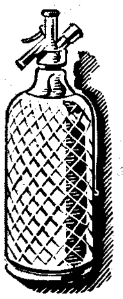
II Which way should the drink be shaken . . . sideways, or up and down?

Up and down is more effective. The longer distance between the top and bottom of the shaker adds extra compression and insures a better mixed drink. Remember—you shake a drink to wake it up, not rock it to sleep!



III Can plain tap water be used instead of carbonated water?

No—a Tom Collins made with even Hiram Walker's gin will not taste right if plain water is used! Charged water livens the drink, points up the flavor of the gin, and makes the "cooler" taste more refreshing.

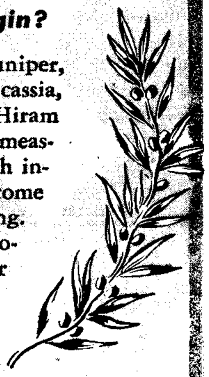


IV Are all gins distilled in the same manner?

No—some gins aren't distilled but are made by compounding flavoring substances with alcohol and then reducing the proof. Other gins are made by distilling the flavoring ingredients with the grain. Hiram Walker follows the latter method, but has added the famous "Controlled Condensation Process," that insures a "harmonized" flavor that's always uniform.

V What ingredients are used in making gin?

Hiram Walker uses Italian juniper, Moroccan coriander, Chinese cassia, and Spanish orange peel. And Hiram Walker invented a method of measuring the flavor strength of each ingredient so that none will come through too weak or too strong. The result is a perfectly "harmonized," delicious flavor that never varies from bottle to bottle.



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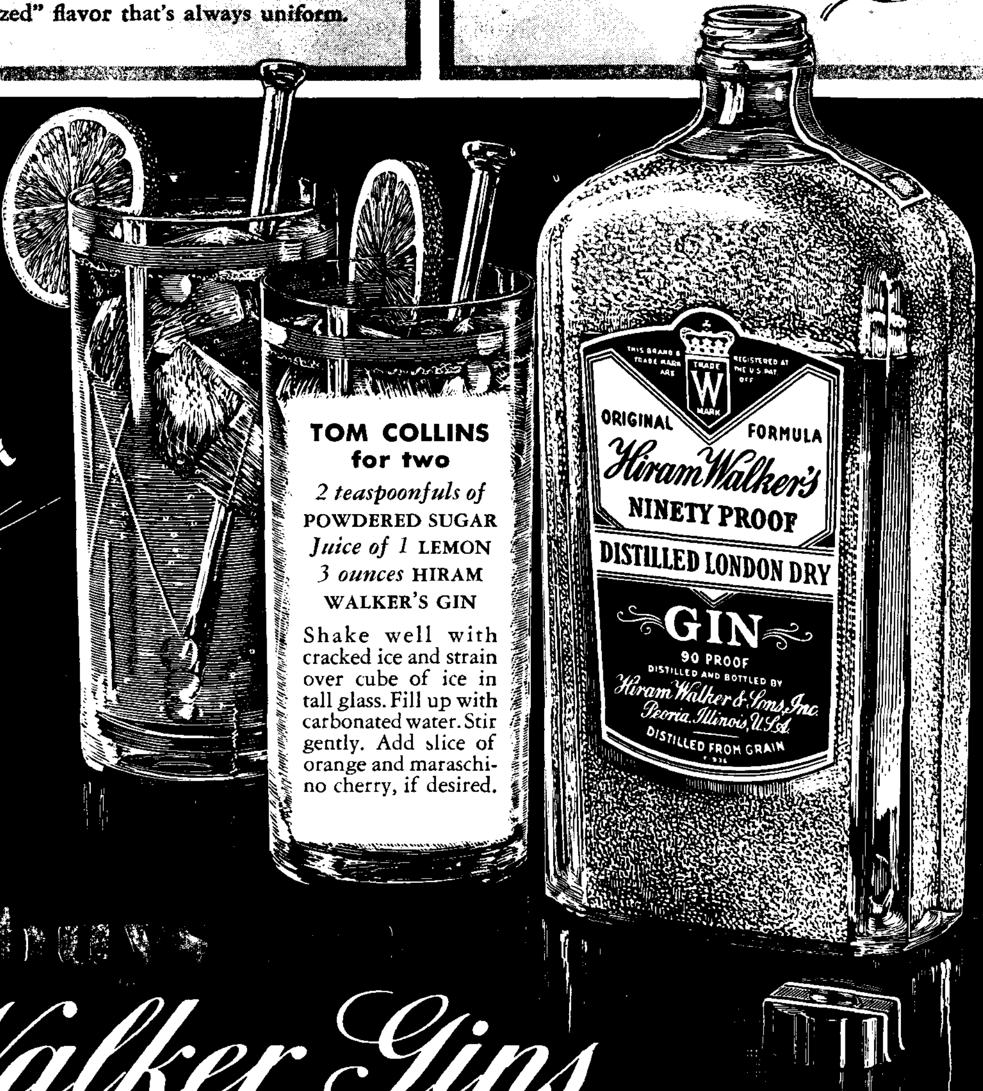
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TOM COLLINS for two

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Juice of 1 LEMON
3 ounces HIRAM WALKER'S GIN

Shake well with cracked ice and strain over cube of ice in tall glass. Fill up with carbonated water. Stir gently. Add slice of orange and maraschino cherry, if desired.

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"That made me think a bit"

"I had no such protection! Next day I talked with an insurance man who caused me to think a lot.

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"A new slant"

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looked, and maybe they saw a flowering bush, but they said, 'How terrible!' to one another, with much enjoyment. It was bad business. Bad business! It did not help guides to get work!"

"Go on!" said the younger American.

"I told other guides that the poor chentleman's body should be brought in. And I said that at the coldest part of the night, just before dawn, the rain of rocks is least. It might be done then. And I thought that the chentleman's family would give a reward. So I went to get the body. I studied the way with a telescope, and I picked a path. I climbed to a place to wait for the safest time—and it was cold! *Gott!* How cold it was!—and then I finished the climb. It was hard climbing in starlight only. I would not like to do that again! But I got to the body. It was a year and more that the chentleman had fallen. He was only bones and cloth. He should have been easy to carry away. But I did not carry him."

"Why," asked Sam impatiently. "Why not?"

"He had been murdered, *Mein Herr.*"

"But what—how—"

"He had fallen more than three hundred meters," said Kettermann with stolid precision, "and yet he lived after he hit. For a while. I do not know how long. I do not know how. But I saw. He was broken and crushed, but somehow he had written with a pencil on a leaf of a notebook, and he had weighted it with a stone that protected the writing. And then he had died. He had *written the name of the friend he was climbing with,* and underneath he wrote that his friend had murdered him. And I remembered that the man he accused of murder had seemed to be very sorry for the dead chentleman's death."

"But—didn't you tell the police?" asked Sam uncertainly.

"It was—" Kettermann counted on his fingers, "last Thursday, *Mein Herr.* The day you chentlemen employed me to guide you."

Silence. Steve, the older man, stood up suddenly.

"I'm going to turn in," he said tonelessly. "I'm tired."

But he did not go. He stood restlessly on his feet.

A LITTLE wisp of breeze, thin and icy, came out of the quiet solitudes and died away again. It was the precursor of stronger winds to come. Sam frowned. Kettermann's story contained one point of direct importance to him and to Bella.

"Look here!" he said. "You'll tell the police when we get back, no doubt, but meanwhile you said you'd risked going under a disintegrating cliff face at dawn. Is it safe then?"

"No, *Mein Herr.* It is never safe. But the least fatal time is before the sun rises."

Sam said:

"The gentleman who fell from this platform was my brother-in-law. I understand his body can still be seen from up here, in daylight. Would you go under this cliff with me, to recover it? I'll pay well enough, if it can be done! Can we do it?"

Kettermann smoked. He seemed to be considering. Then he absently brought his ice ax before him. He fingered it thoughtfully.

"Many places I would not try," he said deliberately. "But this place, *ja.* We can reach the chentleman's body."

The older American said harshly:

"But I tried to get Bruce's body right after his fall. No guide would try to approach it. It was agreed to be too dangerous!"

"It is dangerous, *Mein Herr,*" agreed Kettermann stolidly. "*Ja.* But it can be done. I have done it. Thursday!"

Then the American named Steve made a queer, stricken sound. He had been teetering back and forth on his feet. Now he stood rigid, staring at the grizzled guide. And Kettermann watched him warily, the ice ax in his hand.

"*Mein Herr?*" said Kettermann.

Steve made another queer sound in his throat. Then he turned and walked steadily to the edge of the platform. But he did not pause there. He walked off.

Kettermann put out his hand as Sam sprang to his feet with a cry, but the young man tore himself free. His ears waited in hysterical frenzy for the sound of an impact to come up from below. He felt that he would go mad when that sound came.

But no sound came. The young American stood there, panting, and no sound came, and no sound came, and no sound came. . . . And then the voice of Kettermann beat into his consciousness.

"You should be calm," said Kettermann, with heavy precision. "He walked over the cliff by himself, *Mein Herr.* You saw it. But we will say that he fell like the other chentleman. There will be no scandal. It is bad to have scandal about the mountains."

"You mean," Sam cried thinly, "he pushed Bruce off and—and Bruce lived after that fall—and wrote—"

"No, *Mein Herr,*" he said in a queer mixture of pedantic precision and apology. "Only the chentleman believed that he lived and wrote. I would not go under this cliff, *Mein Herr! Himmel! Nein!* It is too dangerous! But I knew the chentleman Bruce, and he was a good climber. And there were whispers, as that chentleman"—he indicated the cliff edge—"said. And I believed those whispers, but Hans did not, because this chentleman"—again the jerk of the thumb toward the abyss—"was openhanded. So Hans betted with me that I was wrong. And so I told the story of a climb I did not do and a discovery I did not make, to see if Hans was right or I was."

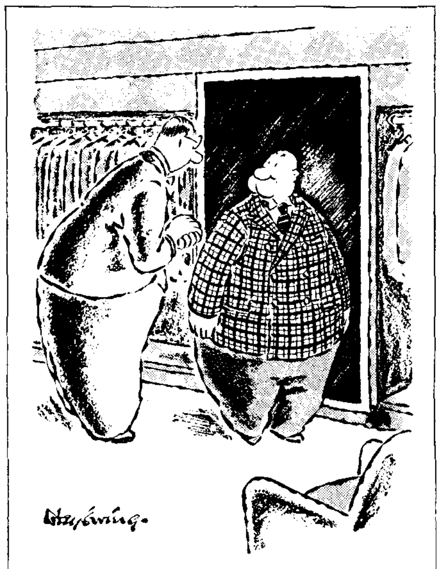
"Then you—your story was a damned lie!" cried Sam furiously. But he stopped short suddenly, realizing.

"Yes, *Mein Herr,* it was a lie," admitted Kettermann precisely. "And that is bad. But also it is bad when a chentleman uses the mountains to kill another chentleman. It is murder, and it is bad for the guide business."

He said something in his guttural Swiss-German to the younger guide, Hans. Sam snapped in half-mad suspicion:

"What's that you're saying now?"

"I just reminded Hans, *Mein Herr,*" said Kettermann stolidly, "that I won the bet he betted me, and he owes me twenty Swiss francs."



". . . and do I get a baseball bat?"

JAY IRVIN

The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 59

the impulse teetered him toward the door until he shoved his hand against it and pulled away. Continuing along the wall, he cut around the saloon's corner, toward its rear. To the observant McSween nothing could have been clearer than Bean's purpose. This big black Irishman left the dobe, came up to the saloon and started for its rear, in the opposite direction Bean had chosen.

Inside the saloon, Benteen walked to the bar and signaled for a drink, which he took straight and quick. It was then past three o'clock, two hours short of the time of starting back to Grant. He moved out of the saloon and headed for Fort Lowell's gate, and had taken a dozen paces when a voice, even and very hard, hit him in the back:

"Just a minute, Captain."

He knew the man, even as he turned. He remembered that tone. The green-stained light of the saloon window ran a sickly glow across his path and for a long moment he could not see beyond it.

"Here, Captain," Jack Bean said, in that same thorough cold fury. "Here."

BENTEEN'S eyes saw the vague shadow Bean made in the mouth of the ragged alley beyond the saloon. The outlaw stood near a dobe wall, the blackness of the wall dripping on him, covering him with its formless substance. Benteen held his arms down by his side, at once outraged for not having a gun on him; and his mind was made up when Bean spoke again:

"You see me now, Captain? I never shoot a man in the back. I always give a man warnin'. You see me now?"

Benteen bent his knees and shoved himself across the green lane of light, low and fast, turning to the right as he plunged forward. Jack Bean's gun threw its round blossom of light and its shattering racket into his face. The breath of the lead touched him. There was a shadowy twenty feet between them, and the projecting edge of the dobe fifteen feet away, a shelter if he reached it. He swung in, toward the dobe, seeing the muzzle light spread again. But his mind changed and, with the dobe wall right before his arms, he suddenly refused the shelter, cut wide of it, and crashed into Jack Bean's swinging arm.

He tasted powder. Jack Bean's gun exploded in his ears, but he caught the man's arm and carried it up and back until he heard the grind of gristle. Jack Bean's finger, jammed in the trigger guard, exploded a last shot at the sky; and then Benteen's long palm wound around the barrel, holding it out of range. He carried the outlaw back against the dobe wall and raised his knee and smashed him in the stomach. Bean's wind belched out, his free fist caught Benteen on the jaw corner, scraping skin; for a moment the two of them heaved and turned and wrestled along the wall in bitter silence.

McSween's voice bawled up the street: "I'm comin', Lieutenant."

They reached the corner of the wall, staggered around it into the pure darkness between this dobe and another. Benteen brought up his left hand, sledging the base of Jack Bean's jaw. They whirled on backward, with the outlaw's wiry shape bending and whipping. Benteen kept smashing his shoulder into Bean, kept throwing him backward and twisting the overhead gun. They came against another dobe wall, Bean's head cracking against the dried mud; Benteen caught the man's small waist and dragged him away from the wall and, with a circling heave, battered him into it again. Bean's gun fell and his knees buckled under him. He capsized into Benteen's arms. Benteen hit him twice in the belly, got him by the neck and dragged him back along the alley.

McSween stood there with his own revolver lifted. "I couldn't fire, Lieutenant! You were in the way!"

Benteen sucked the thin and hot and insufficient air into the bottom of his lungs. Bean, half strangled by Benteen's crooked arm, kept lunging against the ground with his feet, he kept trying to turn and break free, his arms sliding slow punches against Benteen's neck. Benteen got into the green lane of light and threw the outlaw against the saloon wall. McSween targeted the dark muzzle of his revolver dead between Bean's eyes and spoke with a throaty softness: "Be still, Sonny, or I'll blow your brains against the saloon."

Jack Bean's eyes were slate-black against the surrounding paleness of his skin. The green light showed this. Blood dripped down the corner of his lip and a round spot, like a burn, began to flush up behind his ear. "Captain," he ground out, "I'll be in this country a long time, and I never forget." Then he let out a hard, furious cry. "You damned fool, why didn't you use your gun instead of runnin' into me?"

"What gun?" said Benteen.

Bean stared at Benteen. "I knowed you didn't have a holster, but was you crazy enough to walk around Tucson without a gun of some kind in your pocket?"

"No gun," said Benteen. "Now you pull out of here."

Bean said disgustedly: "I never brace a man unless he's got a gun. How in hell was I to know? Listen, Captain, you better carry a gun. Next time I call I won't wait."

"Maybe," said McSween, "there will be no next time. Lieutenant, I had better take a walk with this man. A little walk beyond the town."

"Captain," said Jack Bean, a driving anger in his tone, "you made a mistake layin' your hands on me. No man ever did that. I propose to kill you."

"Walk along," said Benteen.

Bean unhurriedly brushed himself and turned into the church plaza. McSween grumbled under his coal-black mustache and waggled his revolver at the retreating figure. Benteen looked down at himself, and saw the shreds of his gray shirt hanging about his waist. He grinned at McSween and turned back to the post gateway.

A DAY and a half beyond the limit of his orders, Castleton brought his detail front into line on Grant's parade ground and turned it over to Sergeant Hanna. The two dead men were lashed crosswise on their saddles. For a moment he looked at them, his eyes half closed against the glare of the sun. "Hanna," he said, "put Sweeney and O'Grady in the quartermaster's shed. Send a detail to the cemetery to open up a couple of graves."

All the people of the post stood in the shade of the ramadas, looking on. The detail was motionless, waiting dismissal, the sun-inflamed eyes of all these troopers fixed on him. He felt the sullenness behind that impassive glancing; he felt the silence of the roundabout spectators; turning, he saw Major Warren waiting at the doorway of commanding officer's quarters. Castleton left his horse, stiffly crossing the parade. There was no expression on Warren's round, heat-flushed face.

Castleton saluted. "I report back from

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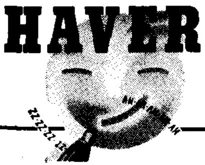

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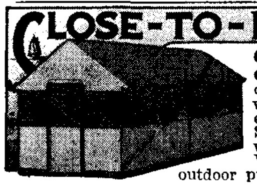

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detail, sir. We had a brush with Antone's party in the Pinals. Privates Sweeney and O'Grady were killed."

Warren said: "When you have washed up I wish to see you and Mr. Mixler."

After dismissal George Mixler walked to his dobe, toward Harriet who at once turned into the house. Lily Marr came from the dobe, gave him a close look, and went on down the walk. Mixler found Harriet in the bedroom. She stood at the rear doorway with her back to him, its stiffness and its squareness telling him everything he needed to know. He paused over the cracker-box crib, studying the yellow and wizened face of his son, seeing his small arms turn fretfully in a troubled half-sleep. There was, he thought heavily, something wrong with the child. He said in a hopeful voice:

"Has everything been all right, Harriet?"

"No," she said. When he heard the hard, remembering bitterness in her voice a dullness traveled through Mixler. He went to the kitchen, stripped to his waist and washed and shaved and put on a fresh shirt. It took time, and all the while he waited to hear her step, to hear her voice changed back to the way it had once been. For him there was something unnatural in her manner. He had his actually terrifying fear that childbirth had unsettled her mind; suddenly he had to see her face.

"Harriet," he said, "turn around."

Stony indifference held her still. It left him helpless, it left him in a thoroughly defeated mood. But he spoke again, very gently: "Is it always going to be like this, Harriet?"

"No," she said. "Not for very long. As soon as the baby can travel, I'm going."

"You're sure it's got to be that way?"

She came about, showing the set, white composure on her face.

"Yes," she said.

There came to George Mixler, whose life had never been complicated by any kind of real trouble, a grinding feeling of injustice. He put his blond head down, setting his teeth tight against the rough-and-tumble words he wanted to say. He said them all—but to himself; and when he was done he looked up to her, gentle again.

"You know best," he said.

CASTLETON was at the door, calling him. He joined Castleton, going down the walk and stepping into the commanding officer's house. Captain Harrison and Ray Lankerwell waited there with Warren. Warren said:

"Where did you leave Antone, Mr. Castleton?"

"We followed his trail from the point near Trumbull Butte, continuing north into Castle Canyon. On the third morning we started west from the canyon. About an hour's march we reached a long rock fault. They were behind it. When we turned to skirt the rocks we ran into another party in a very rough stretch of ground to one side of the rocks. They made a brief stand and gave way, west again toward the top of a hill in the direction of the Apache Mountains."

"How many were in that party?" asked Warren.

"Dura said about forty."

Warren said: "Captain Harrison, take twenty-five men who have not been on the last two details. You will leave after sunset. Lankerwell and Manuel Dura will go along. Rations for five days." Major Warren paused, looking hard at Harrison. "I want you to keep Antone moving but do not permit him to pull you into a trap."

Harrison nodded and stood there until Warren said, "That's all." Afterward Harrison and Lankerwell left the room. Warren's eyes were very blue. He stood before Castleton and Mixler, a round and normally comfort-loving officer who grew more formidable with each moment.

"Mr. Castleton, I always give my officers the option of judgment when they are on independent detail. What was your thought in continuing beyond the limit of time I had set?"

"Antone was directly in front of me, sir. Never more than an hour's march after we hit Castle Canyon. I thought it possible to overtake him."

"Did you scout the canyon before entering it? Put flankers on the rim?"

"No, sir. I did not believe Antone would try an ambush there. We got through it without a scratch."

Warren turned on Mixler: "What was your judgment when you started into the canyon?"

Mixler flushed a little. He stared at the major. "I had no judgment, sir. Never gave it a thought."

Warren let the answer sink into dead silence. These moments ran on until George Mixler stirred his heavy legs and looked down. Warren pulled at the ends of his mustache, speaking again to Castleton: "You got through the canyon and continued west until you reached the rocks. Had you scouted the country?"

"No, sir. Indian sign was very strong. We knew they were dead ahead."

"You knew they were behind the rocks?"

Castleton remained stiff and straight in the room. His jaws cut hard lines against his cheeks. He met Warren's eyes. "No, sir."

"Did you know they were flanking you in the rough country beside the rocks?"

"No, sir."

"Then it was a trap?"

"I should like to say—"

Warren's voice killed Castleton's reply. "Was it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Manuel Dura mention it might be a trap?"

"Yes, he did."

Major Warren nodded at Mixler. "That will be all, Mr. Mixler."

George Mixler left the room at once, glad to be rid of that scene. He turned to the sutler's store. Entering, he sat down at a table and had the sutler bring over a bottle and glass; he poured himself two swift drinks of whisky, and sat there silent, staring at the blunt ends of his fingers, loose and moody and defeated.

Back in the commanding officer's house Major Warren asked one more question: "What impelled you to continue then, knowing you were on dangerous ground?"

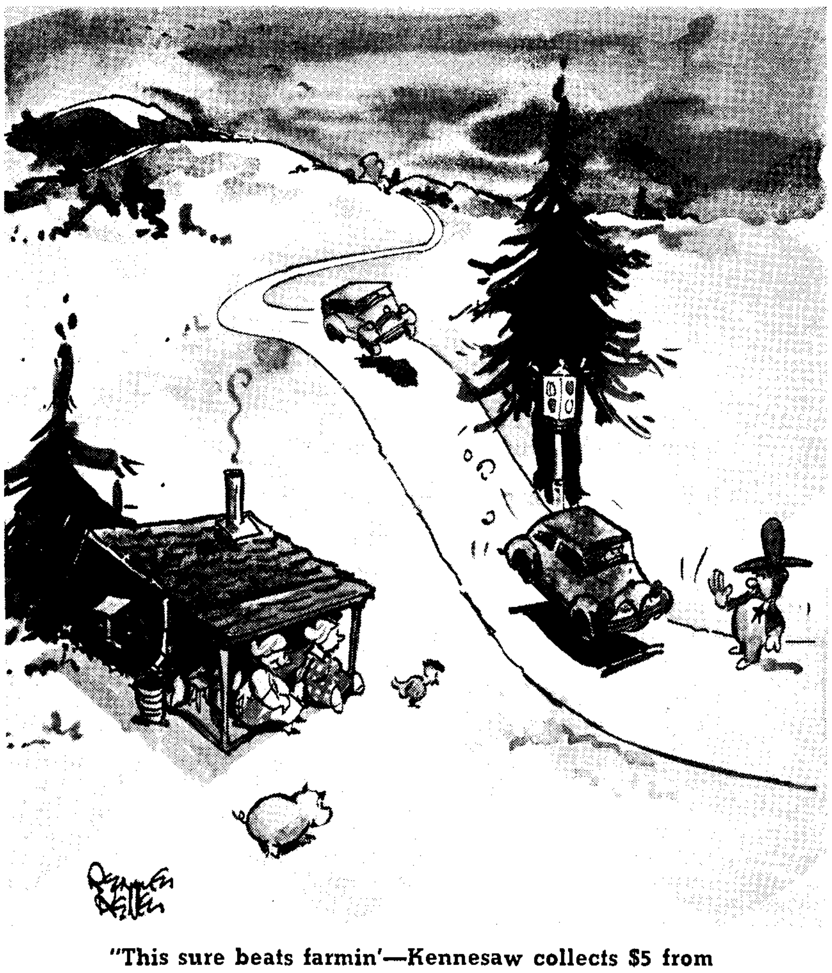
"I believed we could overtake Antone. It was my judgment the risk was justified."

But he looked at a man who was no longer mild or jolly. When Warren spoke it was with soft-voiced detachment that made the words so much the worse.

"There are times, Mr. Castleton, when it is necessary to risk a command. Nor do I condemn an honest mistake. It takes a good many years to season an officer in the field. Neither of these conditions apply to you. You are an ambitious officer. In order to further your own particular career you disregarded my explicit warnings, the advice of your guide who knows Indians better than you could ever hope to know them, and rode into a trap, wasting two excellent soldiers. The kindest thing I can say to you, sir, is that you were a fool. My hope is that you will profit by this incident. If you do not there is no place in the army for you."

Warren wheeled away, seized his hat from a chair and stamped out of the house. Slowly turning, Castleton saw him cross the parade and enter the shed where the dead troopers lay.

AT DUSK Captain Harrison led twenty-five men out of Grant's parade on a five-day scout, Ray Lankerwell and Manuel Dura accompanying him. The straggling Indians from Nachee's peaceful band started back to the camp on the San Pedro. Night fully fell, the increasing moon laying its silver-



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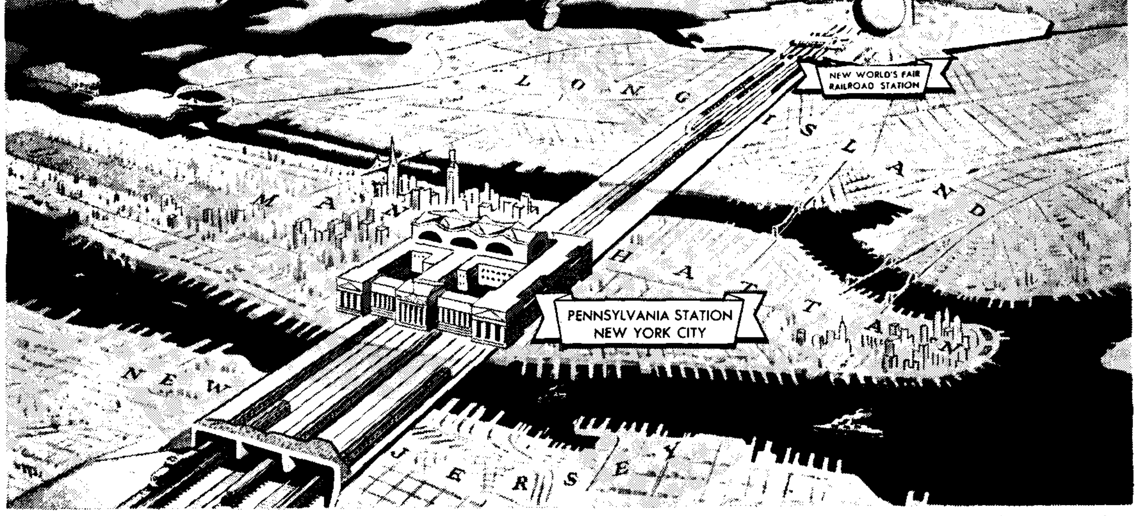
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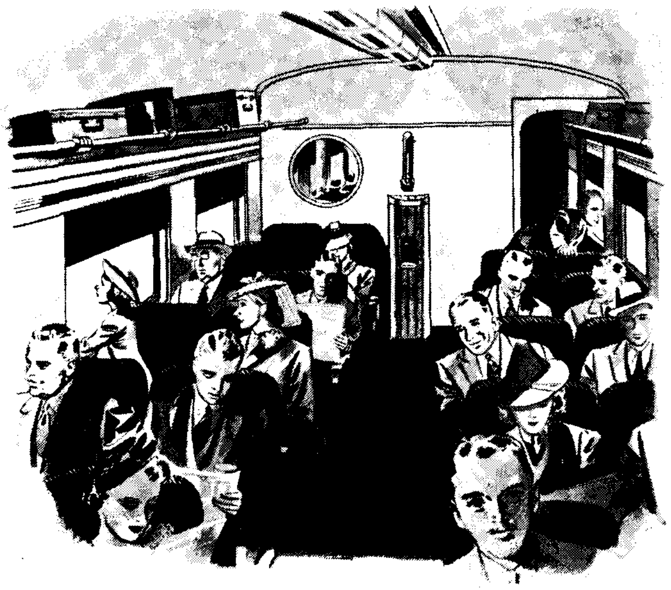

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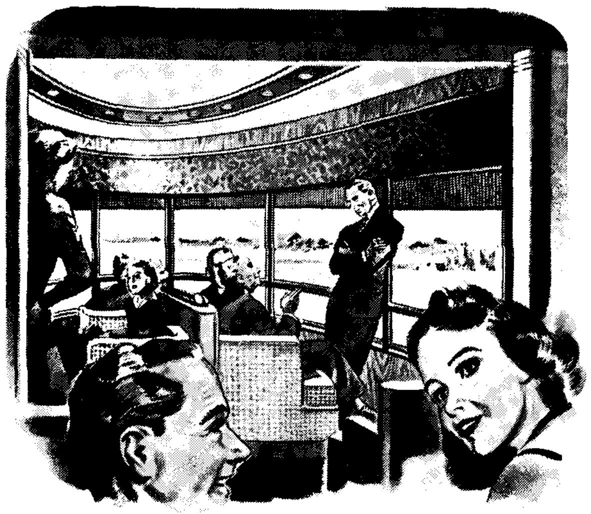

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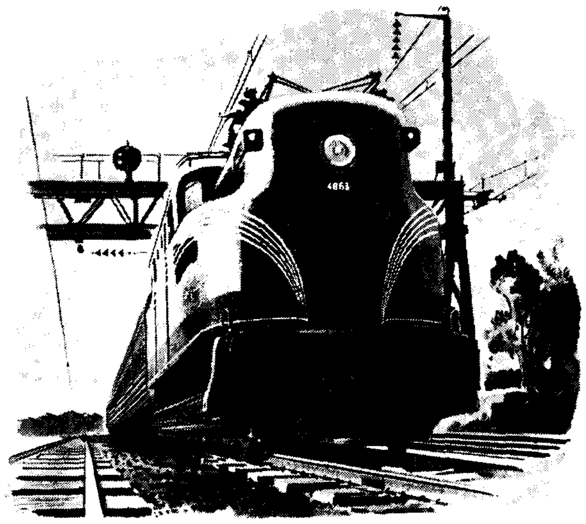

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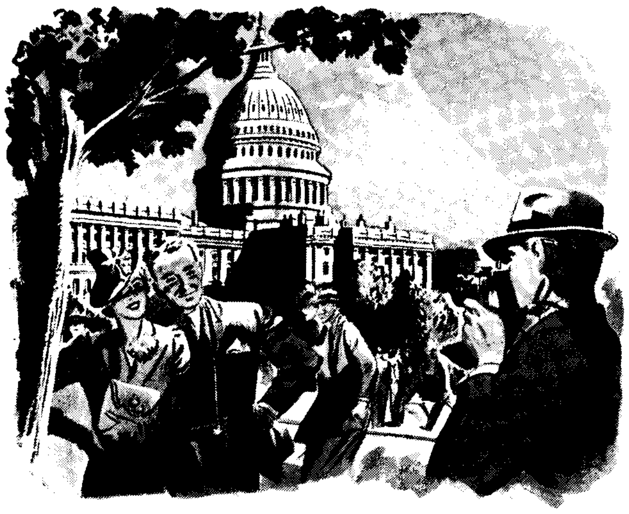

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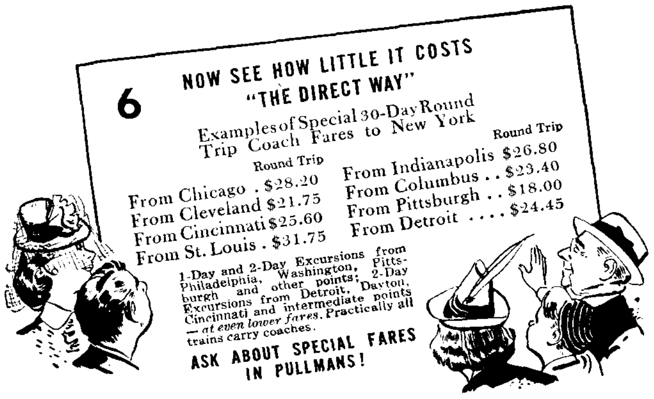

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frost glow across the gravel and alkali earth. Lamps made a firefly pattern all around the parade and the hour call ran from post to post. At tattoo Castleton took the usual check roll call on the parade and returned to his dobe. He lay on the bed, staring up at the black ceiling, sleepless with all that was in his mind, his impatience turning him more and more desperate.

In the fort this night other people had their thoughts and were prompted to strange speech and odd acts. Lying in his single cot, George Mixler listened to the steady mewling of the baby. There wasn't any light in the room. The thick hot air pressed against everything and the smell of baked earth was very strong. Harriet's white nightgown made a blur on the other bed. He heard her reach out and gently rock the cracker-box crib.

He said: "Do you want me to pick Sonny up and walk around?"

"No."

There was a distance between them pretty hard to bear, as bad as if one of them had died, and it made him remember how close they had been in those few years of married life. He said:

"You remember the boat ride across from Old Point Comfort, Harriet?"

"No."

He pushed the single sheet entirely away from his stripped body and scrubbed the heavy sweat around his chest. Sweat ran out of his scalp. It soaked the pillow. He said: "How soon can Sonny travel?"

"Maybe a week."

"I guess you had better go then," he said quietly; and put all his hopes away.

SERGEANT HANNA sat in the back of the bakery shop, pushing the table's candle idly around its own drippings. Light turned his leather face faintly red. Herb Levi, second-line sergeant of K Troop was there, and Corporal Oldbuck, and Cowen. Cowen stood attentively in the background. Hanna used the candle to mark the fight.

"They was behind the rocks. We turned left—and then we saw 'em up behind the humps. So we went at that bunch. O'Grady died behind the third hump. Sweeney was hurt when his hawrrs fell but it was an Injun that ran out from the rocks and stuck a knife in his chest. After we brushed 'em from the humps we beat 'em back when they came up from the rocks. They ran then, the devils—straight for the hills. 'Twould have been nawt any of us come back from that, had we followed. And still, I saw the wish in Castleton's eye. For a minute I thought he meant to follow; and in me mind I kissed the cross."

"A fool," said Levi.

"In a way he is," admitted Hanna. "I will never feel very sure of me life as long as I follow behind him. 'Twas a hell of a march on hawrrses and men, but to him we're nawthing to consider."

Cowen said, with a sepulchral solemnity. "Was he afraid?"

"Afraid? No! Had he been in the humor he would have gone up that hill after Antone alone. No, no fear. But no reason ayther. And cold, my boy. Dead cold. Have a look at his face and see if ye find a spark o' sympathy there. He is a fine hater, and driven by the wish to be a great man. And he means to do it, if he must kill himself or us." He looked solemnly around. "That is no idle fancy. I do not like the thought of goin' on the next scout detail with him. He will be mad to try his luck again."

"Another thing pushes the boy," said Levi. "That would be Mr. Benteen."

"Ah," breathed Cowen, "you should have seen his face when he found out Miss Eleanor had gone to Tucson with the lieutenant."

"A bad look," suggested Hanna.

"A killing look," said Cowen.

The three of them were old soldiers, with the loyalties of long service ground into them. They remained silent after Cowen's remark, thinking about it and gradually awakening to its meaning. Hanna looked at the other two, a narrow surprise on his blackened cheeks. "And so the man is—a killer. It had nawt come to me that way before. He has no pity I have ever seen. He has damned little conscience in the way he handles his men, and the Lord put a pride in him that will brook nawthin'. So he is, a killer."

"How is it Miss Eleanor does not see that?" puzzled Levi.

"Ah," grumbled Hanna. "Love. She only sees his strength, not the damned deadly thing behind."

Cowen stiffened. "Hanna, keep your Irish tongue off that girl."

Hanna stared at Cowen. "You fool," he murmured, "I taught her to ride and I taught her to soldier since she was knee-high to a waterin' trough. You should be tellin' me about Eleanor Warren. It is God's pity she cannot see the better man. The Lieutenant Benteen is an officer and a gentleman in the true way. Now, it is something to see him ride and somethin' to hear him command. Every man in this regiment knows it. A pity she does not."

Taps floated across the parade.

There was an unfinished bottle on the table. Hanna drank his share and passed it to Levi who rubbed the neck clean and, slyly winking at Hanna, offered it to Cowen. Cowen put both his hands flat against the sides of his trousers. "No, of course not," he said irritably. "You know damned well I don't."

Levi saluted him and tipped up the bottle. Cowen sighed, his eyes watching Levi's Adam's apple slide up and down. Cowen's lips puckered. Suddenly he wheeled around, and stamped from the room.

"Temperance," said Hanna, "is a wonderful thing. Save me another drop, Levi. It is a dry damned country."

As soon as the last note of taps had faded, Harry Jackson rose from his cot and slipped out of the barrack. He reached the guard line behind the quartermaster's shed, waited until the sentry on that post had walked to the far end of the beat, and quietly crossed it. At the far margin of Arivaipa Creek he flattened on his belly to take a quick survey of the desert. As before, the shining of Rose Smith's light, a mile away, was a lure that made him forget the danger of the land, and so he rose and fell into a quick trot. When he reached her door he paused, noting that the inner board shutters had been drawn across the window. Faint light seeped through the cracks, and there was the murmur of talk inside. Harry Jackson listened to it, distinguishing no words. And at last knocked.

JEALOUSY and fear grew in him while he waited, but when she opened the door and he saw the shape of her shoulders and the shining of her hair against the light, this went away and left him humble. He stepped inside, waiting for her to close the door. Her face came around to him, carefully watching him. She didn't smile.

He said: "I couldn't get away last night. On guard duty."

"Harry," she said, "I don't think you ought to run the desert like this. Antone's Indians are around."

Her words, seeming to carry concern, made him feel good. "I'd come," he said, "if I had to walk ten miles." There was smoke in the room. He said: "Your uncle been here?"

Her answer came out rather slow and delayed. "Yes." But on her face was a settled expression; it had a weariness.

"Harry, you going back east when your enlistment's up?"

He gave her a puzzled look. "Why?"

"You ought to."

He had his cold run of doubt. "Rose," he said, "this is a bad place for you to be. You ought to have a better home. I never did quite figure out why you got to stay with your uncle. You ought to be in Tucson, or up in Prescott. There ain't anything here for a woman like you—"

She broke in, "It is after taps. You better go back."

"When my hitch is up I'm goin' up to Prescott and settle. Maybe you'd like that."

"Me?" she asked and stared at him, her eyes obscure. "Why me?"

Harry Jackson's cheeks were red; his blue eyes were sharp and excited. "We could be married."

"Me?" she murmured. "Me, Harry?"

He said: "Why, it won't be such a long wait, just a year. I've got two hundred dollars, and I can get a job with a freighting outfit any day."

She kept staring at him until he quit talking. The set of her face was odd, her eyes were very round and her lips were pulled together as if she were angry. He heard her murmur, "Thanks, Harry," and then she went to the room's back door and opened it and spoke to somebody in the darkness. She said, "Come in," her tone sounding exhausted. Canreen came out of the night.

Canreen's big-lipped mouth spread apart. He was laughing from the top of his lungs, quick and enormously amused. He said, "Hello, kid. You're kind of late tonight, ain't you?"

"Canreen," said Rose Smith, "he wants me to marry him."

Canreen quit grinning. His eyelids came together and he stood there, puzzled, not understanding. "Huh?" he said.

Harry Jackson remained in the center of the room. He pulled up his head and his long black hair came down the side of his face, giving it a young, thin appearance. His lips were turned, as though he tasted alum; a kind of cold sickness spread across his features. The girl saw it and Canreen saw it. Canreen at last caught on; his voice ceased to jeer at Jackson. It was a little bit kind. "Kid," he said, "don't you see? Hell, go on back and forget it."

Harry Jackson said nothing in that long, stretching silence. Something went out of his eyes while he looked. The girl saw it die. Then he stared at Canreen and even Canreen, not a quick man, found murder in the boy's eyes. This was all. Harry Jackson turned out of the dobe, pulling the door behind him.

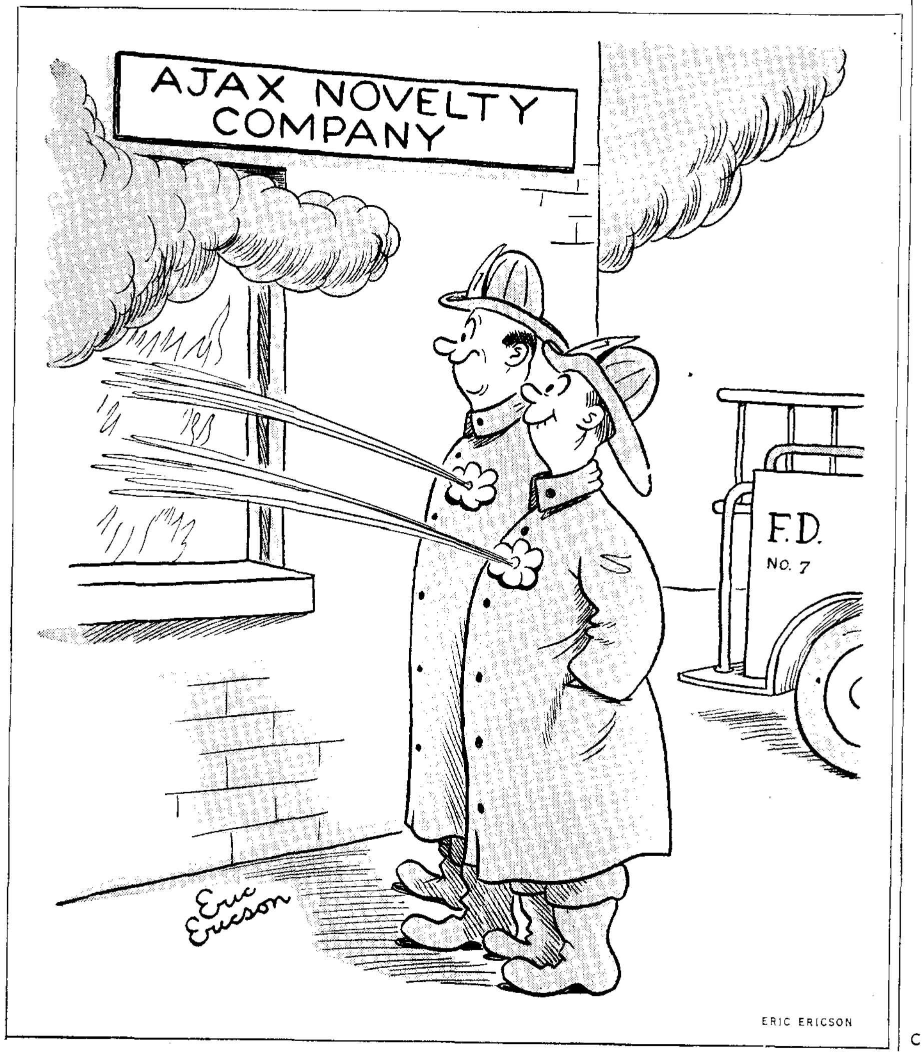
AS SOON as Eleanor returned from Tucson she heard of Castleton's brush with the Indians. The story came first from her father at the supper table and, as usual, he confined himself to the strict facts. But she asked:

"Did Antone surprise him?"

Major Warren stroked his mustache, thus covering the expressive part of his face. She knew he did this deliberately. His answer, as always, avoided direct judgment. "The boy had a little hard luck. They were in the rocks and he could not surround them."

The true story would be among the enlisted men, and Cowen, who was an inveterate gossip, would know it. After her father had gone for his evening stroll, she turned to the kitchen. "Cowen," she said, "what happened?"

Even with his hands in the dishwater, Cowen's massive dignity clung to him. He contained important information, and self-consciously showed it. Nevertheless, it did not entirely come out. "Mr. Castleton pursued the Injuns into the Pinals. This was a hot trail and the lieutenant kept on it very strict. He reached Antone in some rocks and made the charge, but was fired upon from the left flank where some of Antone's warriors hid. He rushed 'em and then was surrounded for a bit, but fought 'em away. Sweeney lost his hawrss and was hurt—and afterward an Injun run from the rocks and knifed him. The lieutenant chased a savage around one side of a hump o' ground and O'Grady went the



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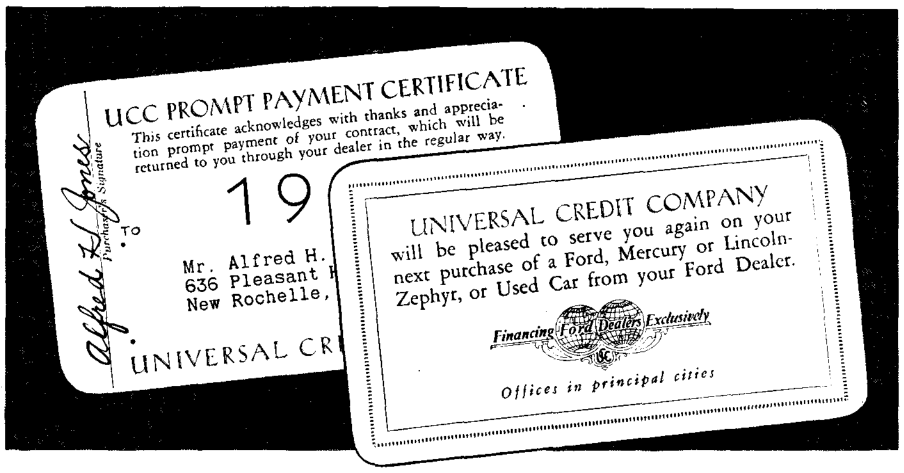

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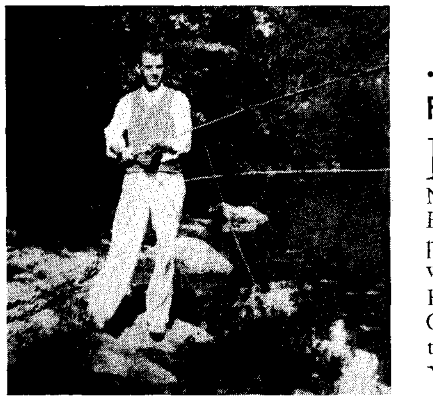

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other side of the hump. That's where O'Grady died. The lieutenant killed the Injun. Afterward the bunch ran and 'twas too rough a country to follow safely."

"Was it a trap, Cowen?"

Cowen scratched his ear with a soapy thumb. "Now I did not exactly hear that," he countered. "Though I did hear the lieutenant caught up with Antone very sudden."

"How did they look when they came back?"

"Ah," said Cowen, "like lobsters boiled too long in the pot. And wouldn't anybody after five days of that ridin'?"

"Five days, Cowen?"

"Very near. The lieutenant had a hot trail and wanted to keep on till he caught the red scoundrel."

She knew most of the story then. Phil had overstayed his orders two days in order to gamble on his luck, had been surprised, and had lost two men. She stood in the doorway of the dobe, deeply concerned. He was too ambitious and too proud not to feel the sting of failure; and the judgment of the officers would nag at his mind. They wouldn't say anything to him but their manners toward him would reveal it. This was the brutally effective way men had. Knowing Phil Castleton, she imagined his humiliation and began to worry.

SHE looked around the dark quadrangle and didn't see him. Disappointed and a little piqued by his absence, she went down to see Harriet Mixler. Lily Marr sat in the bedroom, rocking the cracker-box crib. Harriet smiled out of a face drawn very thin. Neither she nor the baby looked well.

"As soon as he can travel," said Harriet, "we're going up to Fort Apache and get out of this heat. He won't live unless we do. When fall comes I'm taking him east."

Eleanor, sympathetic and broad-minded by nature, felt only impatience, remembering George Mixler's wire-drawn features. Still, she would not have let her opinion escape had it not been for her own confused state of mind.

"Harriet," she said, "what do you expect from marriage or from army life? Every time George goes out on scout he takes his chance of dying. Why should you cry about trouble, why should you put all the blame on him, and make him so miserable he can't eat or sleep? People should stand their miseries. You should stand yours. When you married him you knew he'd be knocking around from one frontier post to another most of his life and that he would never have the freedom of a civilian, or the money, or any of the conveniences. You thought the uniform made him a very gallant figure, and so it does. But don't you know what the uniform means? He made a bargain with the United States. You thought that pretty nice when there was no trouble. Yet trouble is what all his training is for. Now that it comes do you want him to crawl out of it and run back to Virginia and drink mint juleps in the moonlight? I'm disappointed in you."

Harriet flung back her answer. "He can do what he pleases. I can't be an army woman. I'd grow old and wrinkled, and break my heart at it."

"So you'll run away and break his," said Eleanor. "You wanted him to quit the army. You threw the choice at him. Any woman who tries to make a man choose between his wife or his career is a fool. Maybe he'd throw up his career—and you'd have your man. But what would you have? Nothing you'd want. You would have destroyed everything in him that you liked—his self-respect and his loyalty."

"No," said Harriet, "he's made his choice. He wouldn't leave the army."

"I think," said Eleanor gently, "you ought to be proud of that. But if you want a man you can wrap around your finger you'll be a miserable wife."

"I'm going," repeated Harriet Mixler, in a stone-set voice.

"Yes," murmured Eleanor, "I think you will." She left the room.

Outside the doorway, she stood watching the shape of the sentry drift by, hearing the murmur of the troopers in the barracks across the way, catching the keen hot smell of dust damped down by the passing sprinkling cart. An orange-silver moonlight vaguely diluted the darkness and the mountains directly east of the post lay high and solidly black—with the feeling of danger and mystery and ancient wildness in them.

It was odd to stand here and have her thoughts drift beyond control. She had been thinking of Phil Castleton, wondering about him; the next moment all these vivid impressions of the night lifted her spirit to an eager pitch and then, in the sway of this strange restlessness, she remembered Tucson and Benteen and her feelings were quick and pleased and on the shadowy edge of wistfulness. She could not explain that mixture of sensation in her body though she honestly tried to clear it up; there was, she realized immediately, danger in the mood, danger in the memory, and it was with a distinct relief that she saw Castleton cross from post headquarters.

She took his arm, happy to have him near. They strolled along the north side of the triangle without a word. Near the post bakery a beam of light crossed the walk and she noticed the rather hard angle of his face. But he felt her glance; it drew his smiling attention. Beyond the beam of light he stopped and drew her in for a kiss. For her this was the deepest pleasure of the evening. Even the forgetfully severe pressure of his arms brought her nearer to him.

She said: "It's been a long time, Phil."

"I always miss you. Five days, or three years. One's just as bad as the other."

"That's nice to know."

"See anything new in Tucson?"

"We went to a Mexican play and ate enchiladas and hot chocolate. And—" She had meant to add that they had sat on the steps of the church in the moonlight. But she turned aside from it, saying, "It was really a pleasant diversion." A distant uneasiness stirred in her at her own evasion. She didn't like it, she didn't approve—and wondered why she had so definitely drawn away from mentioning the rest of the episode.

He said: "We?"

"Tom and I." She at once heard the change in his voice, its cooling and its brief jumpiness. So she asked, quietly amused, "Jealous?" and knew before he answered that he was.

"Certainly," he said. Nothing more, but that was enough. Some parts of that night, she thought distantly, she couldn't tell him.

"Did you have a pretty hard scout?"

"You've heard the details, I imagine."

"Yes. I'm sorry, Phil. Better luck next time."

THEY were at the men's side of the quadrangle and as before he pulled her away from the walk so that the voices inside would not register. "What are you sorry for?" he asked.

His tone made her wonder. She knew the depth of his pride and she had expected to hear some echo of his defeat, some unconscious admission of humiliation. She didn't hear it. His voice was cool and quick and quite self-confident. Whatever his thoughts were, he kept them carefully hidden—and this reserve troubled her, as though it were a lack of faith on his part in her. The moment's closeness was broken. She changed the thing she had intended to say, which was about the trap he had fallen into. In his present attitude she knew it wouldn't help.

"You wanted to catch Antone, didn't you. I'm sorry you didn't."

"I have learned," he said, "that Antone is clever. A good sagebrush general. He picks his spots always in reference to a safe retreat. This time he faded into a rocky country we could not follow. But I do not have much respect for his striking power. Both Manuel Dura and Al Hazel put too much stress on his danger. I went through a canyon at dusk. Dura and Mixler were both uneasy about it. Nothing happened. We came up against the rocks, with Dura full of old-maid symptoms. We lost two men and accounted for ten or twelve Indians. I regret the loss of the men, but we paid off for it."

HE MENTIONED this with a cool indifference that both puzzled and displeased her. Somehow his words were not right; they were screens against his real feelings. She found herself saying:

"It was O'Grady's third enlistment. Sweeney was very fond of me. They were good men."

"I took my chances, too, Eleanor," he said in the same touch-and-go voice.

"Phil," she said, "I am expressing regret. I'm not arguing."

He said: "You will be the only one not expressing disapproval. The post seems to think I'm a poor officer. Yet I would do it again." Then she heard some of the hidden anger get loose. "And I will do it again, given the opportunity. I have no use at all for the damned penny-ante tactics of this campaign. If I were Antone, watching a file of troopers chase him up one canyon and retreat down another I'd have nothing but contempt for the American uniform. Next time I see the color of his skin I shall follow, on horse or on foot, or on my belly, as long as I have one man left to draw a full breath. Then we shall see."

"Phil," she said, "don't carry a chip on your shoulder."

He stopped. They were in the thick shadows by the post headquarters and all she saw was the line of his jaw. "Eleanor, are you making the common disapproval of me unanimous?"

She had her own temper. "Hold on, young man," she said immediately. "If it is a fight you wish to pick, just tell me. I love to push pins into rash young officers who grow too proud."

"So," he said, again cool.

"So," she mimicked, stung by this irritating aloofness. "If I am to be your wife, Phil, you must not use that 'Run along little girl' tone at all. I was straddling army-wagon tongues while you were still playing marbles. I know something about this army, mister. You seem to think nobody at the post likes you. If that were really true, Phil, it could only mean that you were wrong. I don't think it is true. But one thing you must do, if you really want to get along. You must go halfway to other people."

He used that dry distant tone again, saying, "Tell me the rest of my faults," and at once she knew she had to break through this man's barrier. She said:

"One of us is a fool, Phil. Either you for using that tone, or I for standing it."

"Eleanor," he flashed out, on the very edge of arrogance.

"Well?" she said.

He took her arms, almost shaking her. But he came all the way down from his high, biting anger; and the sound of his words then, humble and afraid, made her remember that she loved him. "Eleanor," he groaned, "never speak like that. This is a lonely life and if you leave me, how in God's name—"

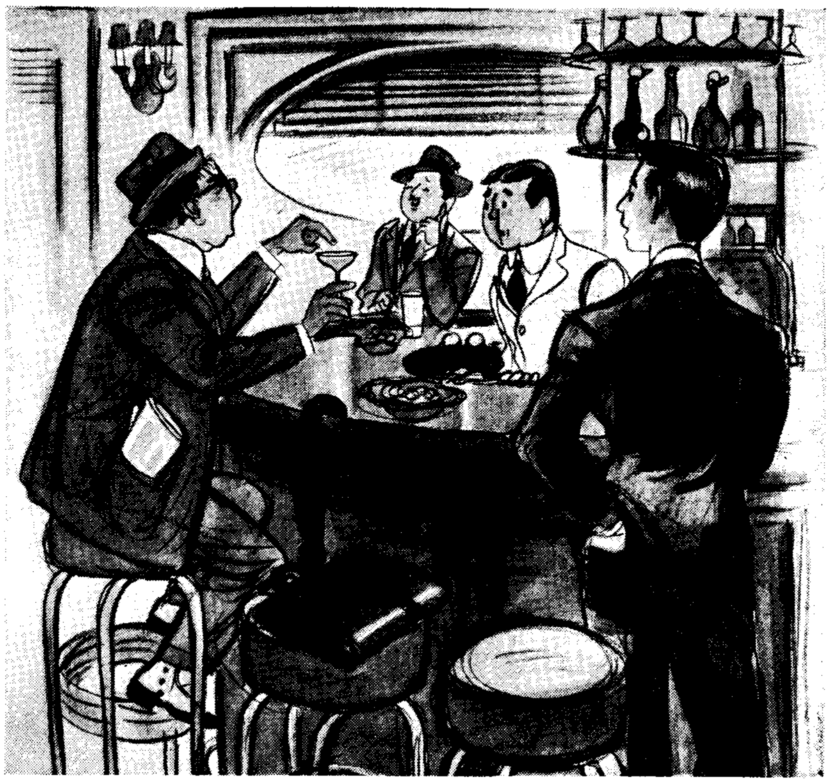
She said, "Hush," gently and sweetly. "I know. You can't help it. It drives you so hard. I can understand. But others don't—because you never let them see. We'll be together a lot of years, Phil. If I am good for anything, I'm good for you. And I'll help. I know how. Only, you've got to do a hard thing in the next few weeks. You've got to make your peace with the men in the post."

"How?" he said.

"That," she said, with more insight than she realized, "I can't tell you. You're a man—you must do it the way men do."

A long windy breath rushed out of him, telling her how desperate and balked and stormy his feelings were. Then he murmured: "Eleanor, I wish we could be married shortly. Would a month be too soon for you?"

(To be continued next week)



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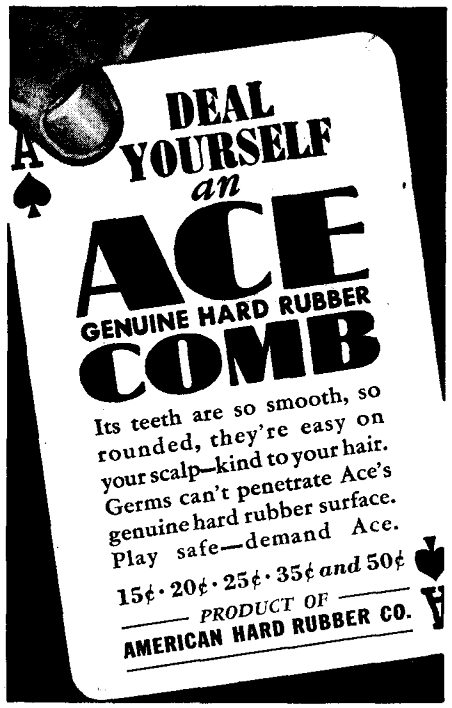
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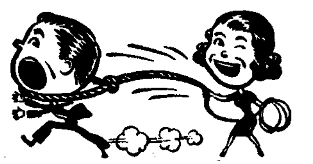
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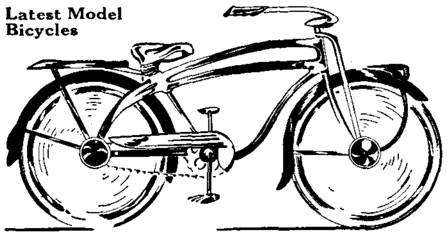
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Two Guys and a Girl

Continued from page 21

flashed that smile that always made her feel helpless.

"Oh, it's just some of Milbank's old junk," he said. "Prob'ly stale."

They came into the room and Dick greeted Ronnie's father politely. Then he looked at Eric with an absolute dead pan. Eric rose and Ronnie murmured their names. They kept on looking at each other in that dead-pan way even as they shook hands with seeming heartiness.

"How are you?" Eric said.

"Glad to know you!" said Dick.

THEN they sat down with Ronnie between them and nobody could think of anything to say for a second or two. . . . Ronnie observed that her father had abruptly shifted his newspaper. Then there was a strangled sound from behind the paper and suddenly he muttered some excuse or other and went hastily out of the room. Something, Ronnie gathered, had struck him as funny.

Dick and Eric, in the meantime, had been measuring each other coldly. But Eric was the one who led off.

"You going to State?" he asked condescendingly.

"No," Dick said.

Eric continued to look at him with a curious expression. Dick reddened.

"I'm going to Melville High," he said. "*If* you care to know."

"Oh. Not through yet."

"Sure I am," Dick said. "Only they keep me there to look after the furnace."

Eric looked very bored.

"Pardon me while I laugh," he said.

"Oh, think nothing of it," said Dick. "Pardon me while I sneeze."

They smiled at each other unpleasantly. Neither of them had looked once in Ronnie's direction.

"I think you're both being absolutely terrible!" she said.

And she turned, with an admiring smile, from one to the other.

"Well," Eric said abruptly, "I was going to take you to a movie, Ronnie. But never let it be said that I'd interfere with another man's date—"

"Oh, dear!" said Ronnie happily. "Oh, dear, isn't this absolutely too awful? But I tell you what I can do. I can phone Ginger Matthews—"

"No, thanks!" Eric said hurriedly, shaking his head. "But a blind date's out. Absolutely."

"That's a point," Dick agreed. "Ginger's a pretty swell girl. I guess she'd be pretty particular."

Eric smiled wearily. "Speaking of girls—" he said. "I've got letters I promised to write. . . . See you later, Ronnie?"

"Absolutely," Ronnie said.

"Why 'absolutely'?" Dick demanded irritably, as they drove down the street.

"Why, because I absolutely will see him, won't I? I can't very well help it, can I? When he's staying in my own house? Honestly, Dick, if you're going to be so simply unreasonable—"

"But *why* 'absolutely'?" he persisted, with increasing annoyance. "Why not, 'Maybe I'll see you—maybe I won't'? Why 'Oh, ab-so-lute-ly!' as if you couldn't wait to get home from the movie to see that—"

"I didn't say, 'Oh, absolutely!' Not the way you say it, I didn't! Because it sounds altogether and completely different. . . . But, look, Dick—" she added earnestly. "Don't you think you ought to be a little bit nicer to Eric? After all, you've got to remember he's a stranger here—he hasn't *any* friends—"

"No. He won't have any, either."

"Why? Why won't he?"

"Oh, I don't know," Dick said coldly. "I just don't think he's the type."

THERE was a good deal of dramatic tension about the Ferguson house during the days that followed. Ronnie's father was perplexed.

"I don't understand that child," he complained, privately, to Ronnie's mother. "I'd always had an idea that Ronnie was a good deal more level-headed than most of these youngsters you see around. But the way she torments those two young idiots—why, the girl's a born flirt!"

"Of course she is," Ronnie's mother said serenely. "And that's the normal thing for her to be, John. Because no woman alive ought to rely on any one man—until she's safely married, I mean. That's nature, I suppose—nature with an eye to the race."

"Well—!" John Ferguson said reflectively. "Nature's pretty darned partial to women, it seems to me. Because if it's nature's law that those fool boys have got to make such a howling spectacle of themselves . . . Holy smoke! Marcia, did *I* ever carry on like that?"

She smiled—and said nothing.

He stared at her.

"I shall say no more," he announced, at length. "Let Ronnie get on with the good work."

And Ronnie did. Ronnie was blithely pursuing a difficult course these days, without benefit of experience. But she had sound instinct to guide her. Th[illegible] instinct told her it wouldn't hurt Dick Hendricks to know she could have another man—and a college man—if she wanted one. Dick had been just a little bit too sure of himself lately—sure of her, too, and sure of everything else.

HER instinct was not at fault. College had not yet opened. When Dick drove Ronnie home from school, Eric would invariably be lolling about the lawn or the porch. And eventually—Dick would have to leave Ronnie and Eric together. But if his barely suppressed fury was gratifying to Ronnie's feminine soul, so was the subtle satisfaction of talking about Dick all through dinner while Eric sniffed and snorted.

It may have been that this new and intoxicating sense of power was going to Ronnie's head a little. And it was precisely when things were at this exciting pitch that Ronnie's mother decided to give a birthday party for Ronnie.

"It will be in the way," she added, "of a little compliment to Eric, too. Of course, when college opens he'll begin making his own friends, but still—"

"You don't think it will look funny—Eric and me being in the same house? As if we were giving the party together, kind of?"

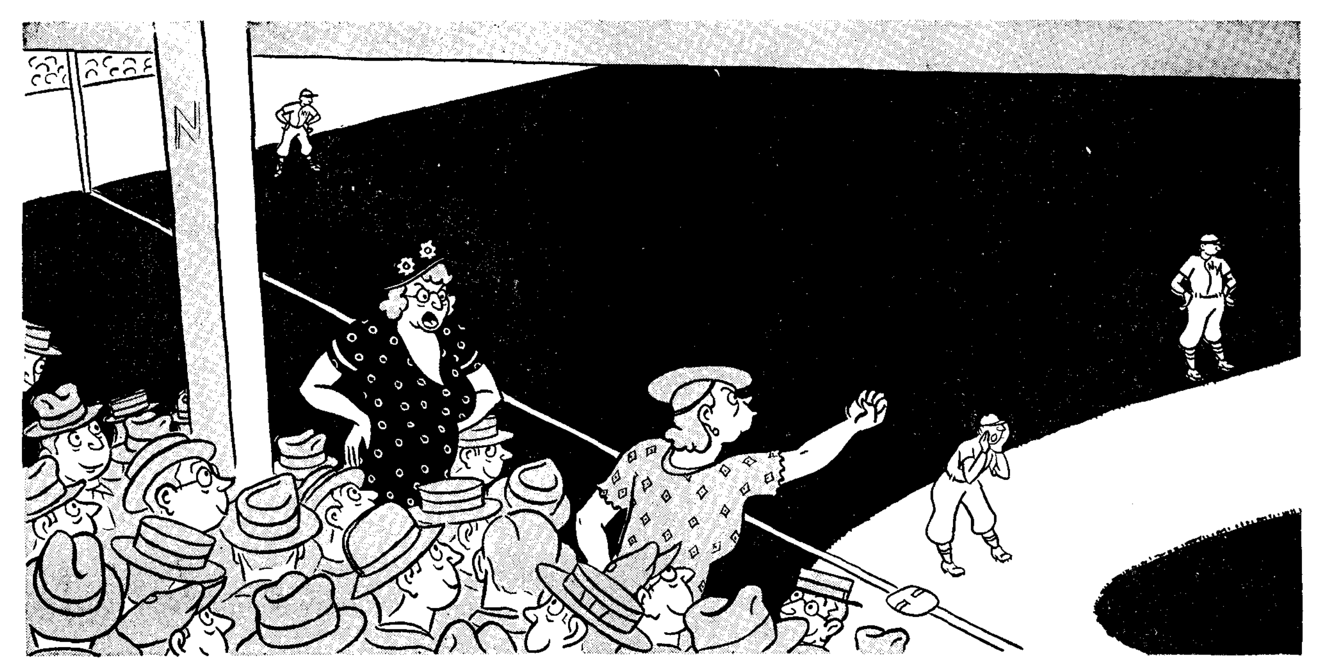
"Now that's a silly idea," her mother said, smiling.

But perhaps it hadn't been so silly, after all. There was a difficulty involved here that would not have been involved had the party been held elsewhere. Dick Hendricks would have taken Ronnie to a party given any place else in the known universe. And that fact alone would have informed all and sundry that she was his girl. But in this case he had to come alone to the party —to be greeted by Ronnie on one hand and by Eric on the other.

"Glad to see you, old man," said Eric.

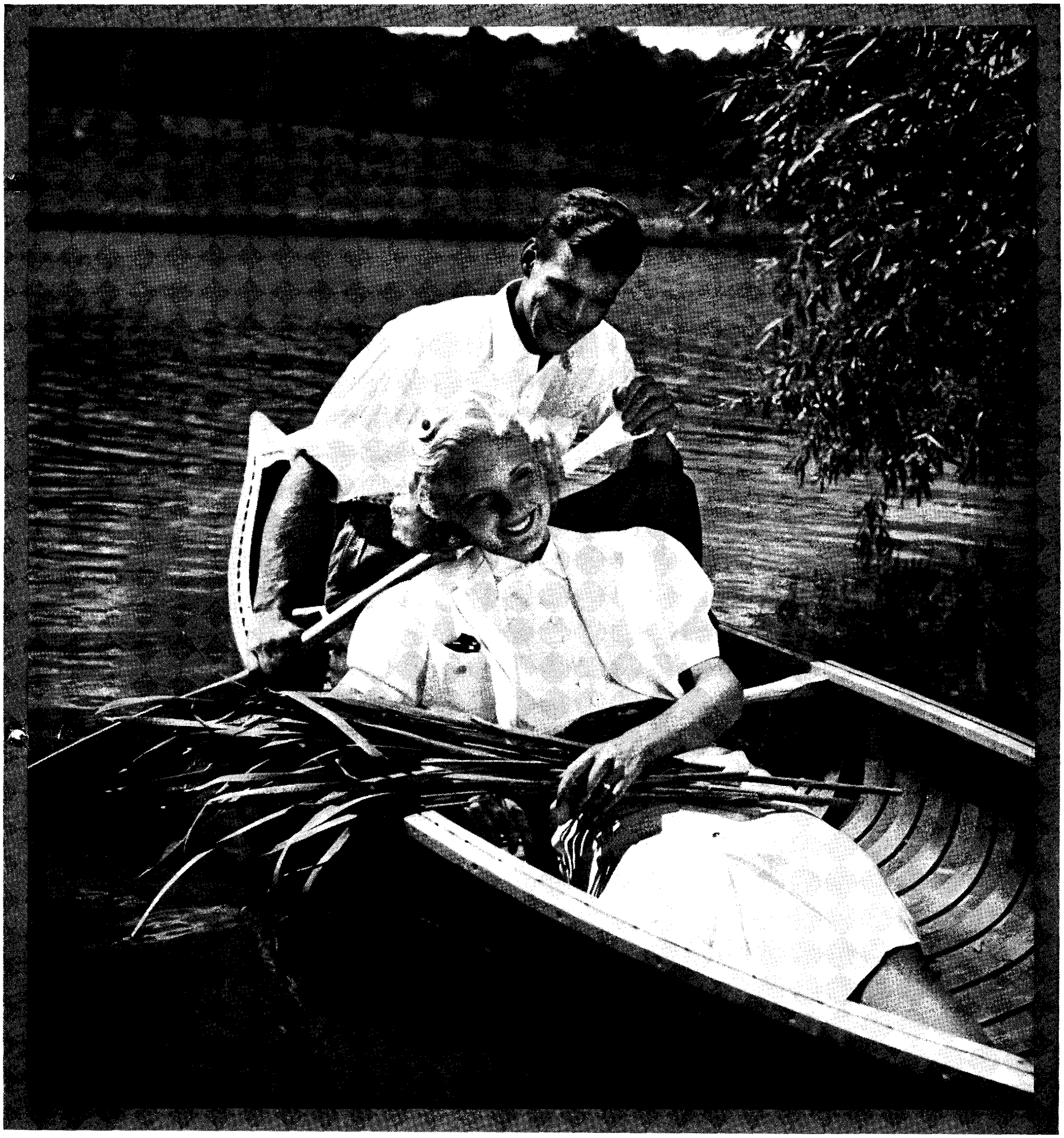
Dick stared at him. Certainly anybody would have thought it was Eric's house.

"Oh, Dick—!" Ronnie said apprehensively. She drew him aside a little. "I



"Yah? What do *you* know about playing shortstop?"

IRV BREGER



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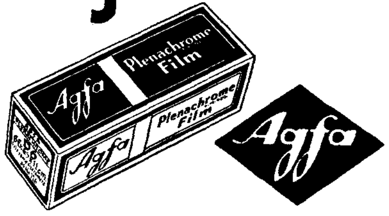

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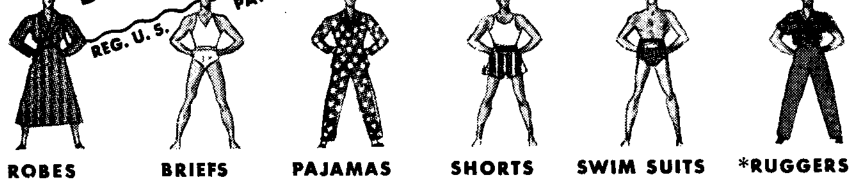

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simply adore the gardenias," she said.

She was, of course, wearing the flowers he had sent her. That should mean something to him, she reflected uneasily. Because she had put Eric's yellow roses in a vase on the dining-room table and Eric had been obviously annoyed.

But Dick looked at her glumly. His eyes traveled from the gardenias on her shoulder to a new ornament dangling from her wrist.

"What's that thing?" he demanded.

Ronnie's heart sank.

"Eric gave it to me," she admitted miserably. "He gave *it to me for* my birthday. I—I had to wear it, didn't I?"

"Oh, sure. Especially anything as swell as all that. What did he do? Make it out of an old sardine can? *Ha,* ha! Pardon me while I—"

"Dick! Please—"

But it was no use. Ronnie was stricken with a sudden sense of panic. She was beginning to realize that this situation had slipped, somehow, from her inexpert grasp. . . .

The usual gang began to arrive, two by two. Ronnie's parents had decided to go to a movie, and Ronnie had all the cares of a gracious hostess on her shoulders. But all the time she was welcoming new arrivals and ushering the chirruping girls into the bedroom, she was uncomfortably aware that Eric had taken over Dick's usual jobs—like rolling up the rug and ladling out the fruit punch. It was going to be, Ronnie thought, a pretty awful evening.

It was. It was one of those parties where the hushed guests huddle in groups, waiting for what's going to happen. The little gusts of talk and laughter died to silence every time Eric Reynolds found a tune he liked and turned to take Ronnie into his arms. For right away Dick Hendricks would stalk across the room and tap his shoulder.

"Excuse *me,*" he would say, in a cold, sardonic voice.

But he wouldn't have been dancing with Ronnie two minutes before Eric would be after them. And then Eric would tap Dick's shoulder. . . .

Finally Ronnie pretended she didn't want to dance any more.

"I've got the most terrible blister on the *heel,*" she said, turning imploringly from one to the other.

DICK looked at Eric with a new interest.

"I don't see any blister," he said.

A fast one. A very, very fast one. In the background somebody snickered—and Eric's face flamed. For one terrible moment Ronnie thought the two were coming to blows—because of the way they were looking at each other, with both their chins jutted out. She didn't realize that neither of them was quite old enough to do battle for the love of a maiden.

Eric had let his chin relax. "More high-school humor," he said contemptuously.

And then, by some dire mischance, Ronnie laughed. It was a miserable laugh, meaning nothing—certainly not meaning any encouragement to Eric. But Dick looked at Ronnie for a second and then he turned around and stalked out of the room.

Eric caught her hand.

"I don't care to dance," she said coldly.

"Oh, well," he said, "if that's the way you feel about it—"

He went, then, to haul Ginger Matthews to the radio. In another instant the music was loud and everybody was talking and Eric was dancing with Ginger as if he'd forgotten there was a Ronnie Ferguson on earth.

But Dick Hendricks seemed singularly obtuse. Ronnie looked at him in despair. They were alone together in the little cloakroom off the entrance hall. He kept looking for his muffler in a very detached way.

"Dick—Dick, please—oh, I don't know why you've got to be so *awful!*"

"Awful? Me? Well, that's too bad, I'm sure. I'm sure I apologize."

"Honestly I don't know why you've got to be this way! *I* haven't done anything!"

"Oh, no! *Oh,* no!"

"Well, I haven't!"

And, unfortunately, she gestured.

"Well, just look at that thing on your wrist!" he said heatedly. "I mean [illegible]t *ten-cent thing.*"

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Ronnie. "He gave it to me for my birthday, didn't he? And it would have been too terribly rude not to wear it, wouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't know." He changed his tone then and looked at her with his eyes very dark and desperate. "I should think if a girl felt one way about one guy she wouldn't feel the same way about another guy—and act the same way—and even laugh the same way. . . . But live and learn, I guess. And I guess I ought to be pretty grateful to you, Ronnie, for teaching me the way girls are— Yeah. I guess I've got something to thank you for, at that!"

THEN, suddenly, he found his muffler. He threw it around his neck. She couldn't say anything. Her throat felt raw and there were tears back of her eyelids.

"You're so crazy!" she managed at last feebly. "You're so *crazy!*"

"Sure. So I'm crazy. That's the way you better remember me."

"Remember—"

"Oh, I don't suppose you'll be seeing much of *me* any more. But that won't interest you any. Not when you've got that—that dish-faced baboon around here. Well—signing off."

He gave her a cynical version of his usual forefinger salute and edged past her.

"Oh," he added coldly. "You might tell Mrs. Ferguson I had a swell time and all that."

"I will."

"Well—that's all, I guess. Goodby, Ronnie."

"Goodby," she said.

She heard the door click behind him—it was the most desolate moment of her life. She waited for a little while in the cloakroom, praying that, by some miracle, he would come back. But she heard the old car starting.

The other guests began leaving after that because—although Ronnie did her best—the party had died on them.

In the end Eric tapped his hand over an ostentatious yawn.

"Well, that's that," he said. "What an awful lot of little squibs!"

Ronnie turned on him.

"I suppose you realize," she said, "you're talking about my *friends!* I suppose you realize that!"

"Oh, really? I didn't think they were your friends especially. I just thought they were people you happened to know."

"The great mind," said Ronnie, in a shaking voice. "The great mind!"

Eric smiled satirically.

"What's the matter? Did that guy Hendricks have his little feelings hurt?"

Ronnie forgot about being a lady.

"*Oh—you!*" she said. "Why, you—you aren't worth the ground Dick Hendricks walks on! Or even the ground he comes within one million miles of even thinking about walking on!"

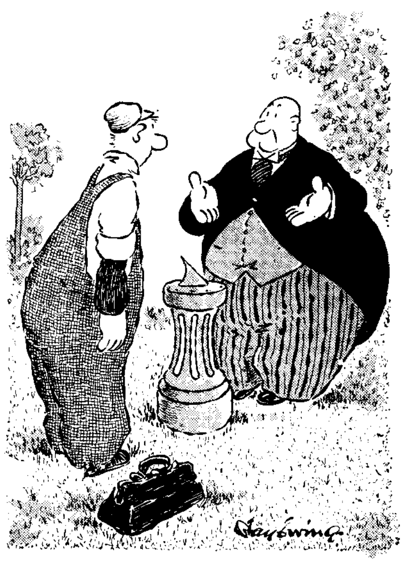
No one can say what might have happened then. But at that instant Ronnie's parents came into the house and automatically Eric and Ronnie joined forces against the kindly curiosity of their elders. Both of them, indeed, were smiling brightly. . . .

"Well—!" Ronnie's mother said. "Has everybody gone? What was the matter, dear? Didn't you have a good time?"

"Oh, sure!" Ronnie said. "We had a perfectly wonderful time!"

IT WAS the very worst night of Ronnie Ferguson's life. It might have been better—a little better—if she could have understood what had happened to her. The baffling fact remained. She'd had two men—and now she hadn't even one man. She was beginning to realize vaguely that she had overplayed her hand.

For a long time after she was supposed to be in bed she was sitting at the desk in her room, writing letters to Dick and tearing them up. *Dear Dick*—she wrote . . . *I suppose it seems kind of funny to be writing to anybody when they only live a block away* . . . That was no good. *Dear Dick*—she tried again . . . *The moon is coming in the window as I sit here writing* . . . She blushed violently, and ripped the page to little bits. Then, suddenly, the lucky charm caught her eye. She took off the bracelet and dropped it into the wastebasket. A big tear splashed on the page, and there was no more stationery.



"Yesterday it started to go ticktock, ticktock!"

JAY IRVING

The next morning was a Saturday morning—a morning, moreover, that was marvelously clear and crisp and cold. Pale sunlight fell over the pretty yellow china on the breakfast table. Ronnie's mother greeted her cheerfully. But Ronnie struggled to produce a miserable smile and slumped down into her chair. She stared glumly at her grapefruit.

"Eric's packing," Marcia Ferguson said.

Ronnie looked up.

"Honestly? Is he *going* somewhere?"

"Yes. I know it's disappointing, just when you're getting to be such friends. But his mother's just wired me she's changed her plans. The whole family has decided to go out to the coast for the winter—and so they're entering Eric at Stanford. He's leaving this afternoon."

Ronnie had brightened. But she lapsed, now, to her former apathy. After all, Eric's departure—agreeable as was the very thought of it—couldn't make any essential difference to her life. It was too late for it to make any difference now. . . .

Shortly after breakfast she wandered out of the house. She ambled dispiritedly down the sidewalk.

She was arrested suddenly by a familiar banging and creaking sound. By a great effort she refrained from turning her head. But she glanced hopefully out of the corner of her eye as Dick Hendricks drove past her.

He hadn't even smiled. He had lowered his chin a little—not having any hat to raise—and then he had turned his eyes away, intent on the road. Ronnie, on the other hand, had smiled—but without any great warmth. It was the way she would have smiled, for example, at some middle-aged gentleman in the First National Bank. Now Dick had vanished from her sight. He had wheeled around the corner as if he were bound on a matter of life and death.

But when Ronnie came to the next block the car appeared again. By a seemingly curious coincidence they were proceeding, now, along a parallel course. Dick had slowed the car down to a sort of sputtering creep and Ronnie, on the other hand, was walking rather rapidly, her lips curved in a slight smile, her eyes fastened on some amusing and interesting goal in the distance. Dick, it seemed, was concerned about the car. He would race his engine suddenly and shoot forward—then he would slow to a crawl again, shaking his head and frowning faintly over some baffling foible on the part of his brakes.

This pantomime continued—on both road and sidewalk—for some little time. When Dick spoke at last, Ronnie was visibly startled.

"Oh!" she said. "I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

"I said—" he repeated, reddening, "I said I supposed you might as well get in—if you happen to be going my way."

"Oh," said Ronnie, "I suppose I really might as well walk! But thank you—thank you very much just the same."

He raced ahead then, to her momentary alarm. But he was waiting for her at the corner.

"I thought I'd go down to Milbank's," he said. "I thought I'd wrap myself around a few waffles. So if you did happen to be walking in that direction—if you didn't happen to have a date or anything—"

"Well, no-o. I haven't got a date exactly."

SHE loitered to a standstill. He pulled the car to the curb. They looked at each other wistfully.

"Well, look, Ronnie—" he said.

He took a rather squashed white package out of the pocket of the car.

"It's for your birthday," he went on gruffly. "I brought it over last night but I didn't give it to you on account of you wearing that other piece of junk."

Ronnie got into the car. Then she unwrapped the package. Dick had given her a bracelet with seven little enameled lucky charms dangling from it.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh-h!"

"Oh, it's nothing," he said carelessly. "I thought you might get a laugh out of it, that's all. Those little diamonds or something in the monkey's eyes—they are kind of different, I thought. I guess they're not real diamonds, though."

"I'm crazy about it," said Ronnie huskily. "I'm crazy about it!"

She was, it seemed, having some trouble with the clasp. So he fastened the bracelet on her wrist. His big hands were gentle and clumsy. . . . They were so close that, when they looked up, their heads bumped. They blushed, and looked at each other for an instant in blissful embarrassment.

"That other guy's out," he said abruptly.

"Oh—him! He's going to Stanford. But," Ronnie added hastily, "he'd be out anyhow."

"Mean that?"

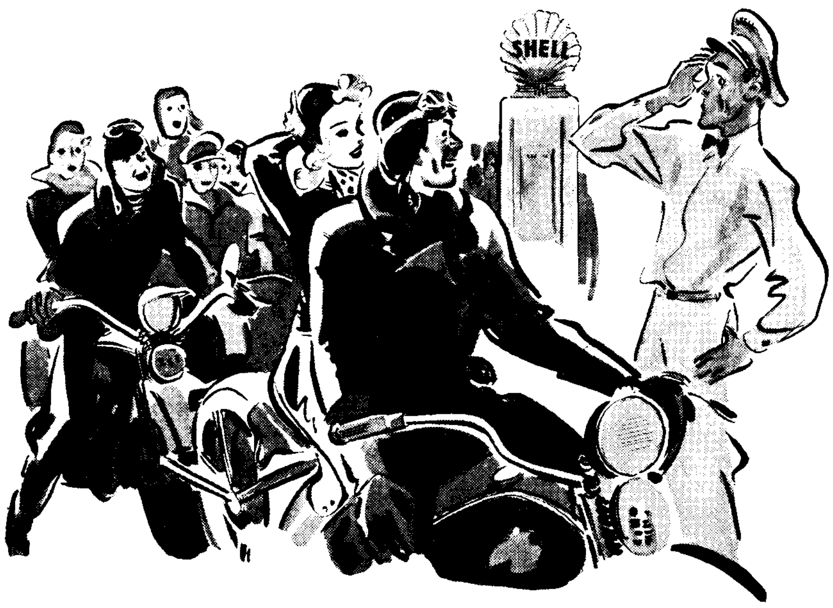
"I mean it like mad," said Ronnie.

So then he threw in the clutch and grinned at her sidewise.

"Can I tear into some waffles!" he said.

"Can *I!*" echoed Ronnie.

And happily they rattled along to Milbank's. . . .



In come the whole Peoria Tourin' an' Hill-Climbin' Club

Now take a lawn mower, I can control it. But motorcycles have got me buffaloed. I can't remember how to shut 'em off!

Naturally, I'm a little nervous last Saturday when *twenty* of 'em roared and sputtered into my station at once. Nice bunch of boys and girls on 'em, too.

While the girls are powderin' their noses, I talk to some of the boys. Seems they have clubs like theirs all over the country. This particular crowd from my part of Illinois climbs hills—for sport!

But what I was goin' to tell you was what they said about oil. They said if you had your auto engine between your *knees*, you'd know how important it is to have good oil in it.

One boy said to me: "When we start our motors out *cold*, they hafta have oil that is *fast-flowin'* to get around those pistons. Then in a little while they're runnin' hotter'n—" (He talked plain.) "An' you need a *tough* oil for that, believe me."

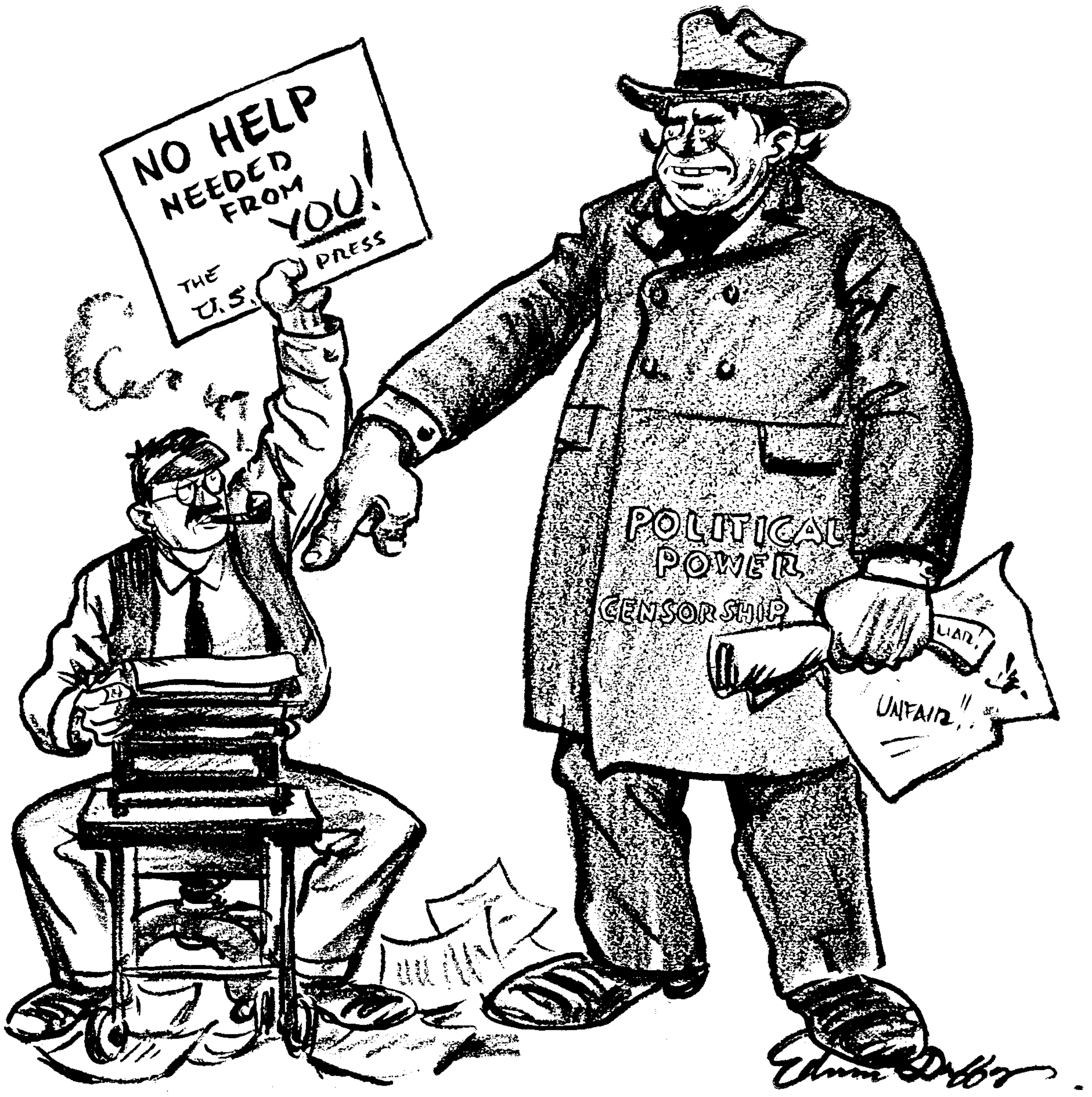
This made me feel good because Golden Shell Oil was what they used. And the price—only 25¢ a quart—pleases the boys, too.

Maybe they spend their oil savings on *liniment*.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. Where are you off to for Decoration Day? Well, remember—there's always one of us Shell Dealers along the way who can help make your trip a pleasant one.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LIAR!
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Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
[illegible]

Washington Gag Man

WE SHOOT another editorial on Honest Harold Ickes' one-man war against the American press because we think somebody ought to take Honest Harold's press ideas apart and show how dishonest they are.

As we interpret Mr. Ickes' verbal haymakers, he vibrates between two themes: (1) That newspaper publishers mold their papers' policies to fit their own prejudices, toady to advertisers, suppress news and distort truth; but (2) that newspapers hire or buy the syndicated output of columnists whose views differ from the views of many a publisher, and that therefore both the publishers and the Newspaper Guild should see to it that the columnists "shall not stray too far from the path of truth."

These two themes kill each other off. Mr. Ickes asks for freer papers; then he asks for papers whose hired or boiler-plate writers' ideas shall dovetail with the publishers' ideas. What we think it all boils down to is a demand for some kind of gag on the press.

For Mr. Ickes' information all the states have adequate libel laws to handle any person who strays from the truth in print to somebody else's real injury. That is all the regulation the press needs from the law. The readers furnish the best regulation, with their habit of dropping away when a paper begins to offend their ideas of propriety, honesty and so on.

As for what Mr. Ickes calls the "calumnists," here's a free ad for them:

Plenty of columnists give us a pain with their logrolling, their blind spots, their political or social bias, and their drool about their digestions, dogs, children or hang-overs. We have a hunch that the column-conducting game has passed its peak, at least for the time being, with the editorial page doing a corresponding comeback (free ad for ourselves).

But in a free-press country, these untrammeled special writers constitute the very eagle on the flagstaff of that same free press. When a newspaper owner pays to print ideas that offend his prejudices and convictions, he runs a free paper. When our national press with fewer and fewer exceptions does the same thing, we have a national press that is nearer and nearer free.

Having a press that thus reflects so many varying points of view, this country keeps and improves on the ancient and excellent town-meeting idea. The only difference is that the town meetings are conducted nowadays in the press, on a national scale. Thus we preserve the core of our democracy, though in a way that could not have been foreseen by the Puritans who held the first town meetings.

Honest Harold Ickes has an American citizen's right to beef about all this till his brain is cleared for its next attack of mental dyspepsia.

But we should all understand that, in so beefing, Mr. Ickes is not merely suggesting improvements for a free press. What he is asking for, whether he realizes it or not, is that we abandon the free-press fundamental and harness our press to some one gang's ideology.

Not Enough Cooks

IT COMES out, via the Federal Social Security Board, that in the field of household help the United States has no labor surplus.

Our total of 2,327,307 domestic servants are classified as follows: maids of all work, 1,240,086; cooks, 273,594; housekeepers and stewards, 195,808; launderers and laundresses, 357,525; untrained nurses, 153,443; chauffeurs, 94,720; waiters, 12,131.

We wonder why more young people don't go into this work—make it a career, we mean. It at least offers more security than many other kinds of work. Did you ever hear of a really good cook being jobless for long?

We imagine the trouble is that too many Americans, both the possible servants and their possible employers, regard household work as somehow menial. There's no reason why it should be.

A little more widespread realization of the fact that a good cook or an efficient furni[illegible] duster and wrestler-arounder is one of the jewels of civilization, and we should think this country could easily build up a domestic-help group comparable to the English in excellence and group well-being.

Fair Deal for Dachshunds

AS THE urge to lampoon Hitler and Germany mounts in American cartoonists' bosoms, how's about a gentleman's agreement to lay off the dachshund as a German symbol? Why not use Storm Troopers, swastikas, Hermann Goering, Hitler himself? They're all laughable enough. Why pick on a defenseless breed of dog, and thus rub up ill will toward that breed here?

The dachshund is a splendid dog, all the way down from the old-style 30- or 35-pound, coarse-coated badger hounds with their floppy ears and infinitely sad faces to the chipper little sleek-coated toys beginning at 4 or 5 pounds. No breed is more loyal; few are more intelligent. The dachshund is generally an excellent watchdog, and always good company.

Let's let these dogs waddle around uncaricatured in this country. You may not care very much for Hitler, but don't take it out on the dog.

Every house needs
Westinghouse

"It makes our whole KITCHEN look NEW!"

Husband: *"Why shouldn't it, Honey? It's a whole new refrigerator."*
Wife: *"Oh, fiddlesticks! Don't be so matter-of-fact. Get excited."*
Husband: *"Calm yourself, sweetheart — you know I'm not the hysterical type—but it does do something to the old culinary department at that."*

You've seen the kind of hat so smartly styled that it makes its wearer "look ten years younger." The new 1939 Westinghouse Refrigerator is styled to do that for your kitchen. It's distinctly new . . . thrilling to look at, and just as thrilling to use.

It has a new control—True-Temp. For the first time in any refrigerator, temperatures really stay constant, despite changes in room temperature.

It has a big new Meat-Keeper—15 pounds capacity. The special combination of vents, a cover, and a raised rack in the bottom give just the right humidity to keep meat market-fresh for *days.*

It has many other improvements you'll want to see. And maybe the biggest advantage is the Economizer Sealed-in Mechanism. Proving Kitchen records show it's a big money-saver in current cost. "10 hours out of 12 it uses no current at all."

Let your nearest Westinghouse dealer show you. You'll find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric."

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., MANSFIELD, OHIO

Westinghouse Refrigerators

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LONG, LOW-COST OPERATION

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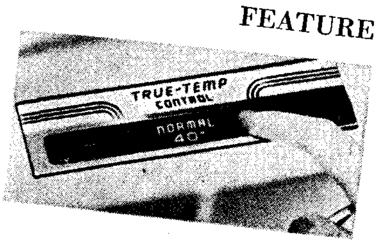
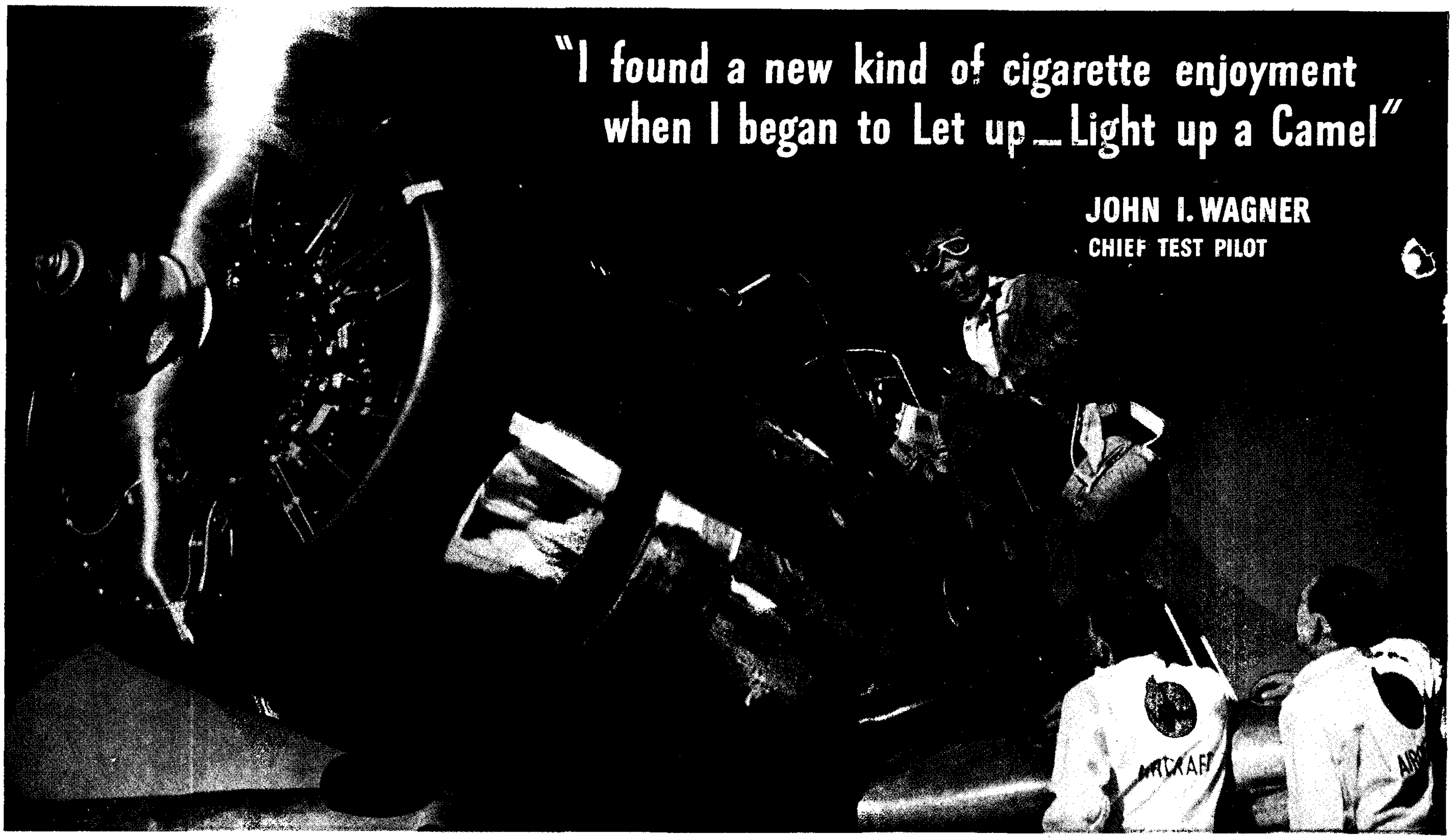
FEATURE



NEW!
TRUE-TEMP control provides cold you can count on!

When you set the TRUE-TEMP dial at the temperature you want, it holds that temperature no matter how kitchen temperature changes.

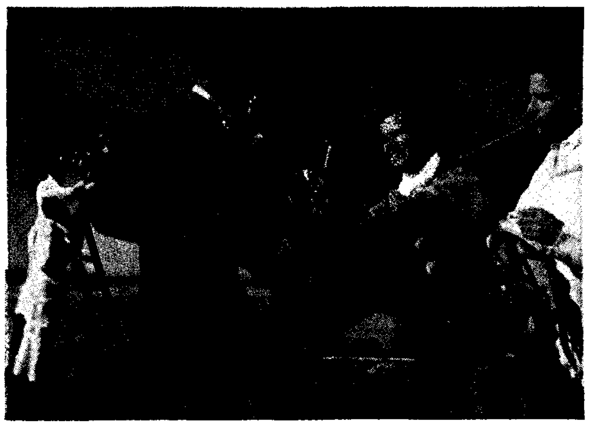
* Certified records of performance in Westinghouse Proving Kitchens show what your Westinghouse Refrigerator can *SAVE* under actual home conditions.


"I found a new kind of cigarette enjoyment when I began to Let up—Light up a Camel"
JOHN I. WAGNER
CHIEF TEST PILOT
AIRCRAFT

1 ALL WOUND UP AND READY TO GO. That's John I. Wagner enjoying a Camel cigarette as he climbs into the cockpit of a shining new Vultee plane. He makes about 40 test flights per month, puts the new models through their paces. A big job, yes. But perhaps the hard work and adventure make the enjoyment of life's pleasures all the keener—for he certainly admires Camels! Discussing his work and interests recently with a newspaper man, John Wagner said: "After a test flight, it's swell to let up—light up a good-tasting Camel."

2 HERE HE GOES! Below, the snow-capped Sierras...the browns and blues of California. A flier must be sure of his nerves. And Wagner, like Lee Gehlbach, Col. Roscoe Turner, and other famous pilots, prefers to smoke mild, good-tasting Camels.

3 THE CLASSIC TEST of planes and men — the power-dive. The start: 20,000 feet up... now put her nose down...motor *wide open*...wings scream ...the pull-out...and the dive is over. How would you like to do that 40 times a month... *or once?*



4 BACK ON terra firma, and it tastes good to let up — light up a Camel again. "I changed to Camels several years ago and found a new smoking delight," Wagner says. "Camels are swell — milder, non-irritating, packed with full, round flavor."

5 "THAT CAMEL MILDNESS has meant a lot to me," he goes on, "because I'm a real steady smoker and Camel is one cigarette that never tires my taste—just keeps on giving me smoking pleasure at its best." Camels will appeal to you too!

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